









THE  
**CALCUTTA REVIEW.**

VOLUME CVII.

July 1898.

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THE  
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

*No. 213—JULY 1898.*

ART. I.—THE DIVINA COMMEDIA AND THE  
MASNAVI:

DANTE'S *Divina Commedia* and the *Masnavi-i-Ma'navi*, or Spiritual Couplets, of the Persian Jalaludin Rumi are both alike documents of the highest importance for the comparative study of religions and religious developments. The *Masnavi* was written in the latter half of the 13th century of the Christian era, and the *Divina Commedia* in the early years of the 14th century, and the two poems are thus very nearly contemporary. Both alike are veritable encyclopædias of the religious sentiments, beliefs and speculations of the time, written by men who were at once sincere believers in their respective systems and thoroughly competent expounders of them. Both poems again are masterpieces of literary form. Dante is admittedly the greatest of Italian poets and Rumi is almost equally admired in Persia.

Travellers are always most struck at first by the obvious differences between home and foreign manners and customs. It is not till later on that they see the general similarity of human nature everywhere. The student of Dante passes through much the same experience. The intervening six centuries seem to have placed an insurmountable barrier between himself and Dante. The ideas of the old poet seem so absurd, grotesque and fantastic that it almost looks as if his mind worked differently from ours. What are we to make of these strange Chimæras? The terrible Minos passing sentence with a flick of his mighty tail; the great slough of pitch with the feet of sinners sticking out of it like so many milestones; the troops of venomous demons falling foul of one another in their eagerness to secure their prey; the monstrous Centaur who is so obliging as to give the pilgrims a mount; Lucifer himself gnawing men who have no bodies to be gnawed, and yet tamely allowing the pilgrims to make a ladder of his huge, shaggy legs—all bewilder us. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, boldly proclaims that the grotesque is a mark of the highest Art; but this hard saying does not clear the difficulty up, at least for inartistic

readers. Dean Church offers an apology for these "gurgoyles" which seems more reasonable. He says that the subjects handled by Dante could be taught only through symbols, and that he was forced to use such symbols as his hearers could understand. A story is told of a schoolmistress who held a child's fingers over a candle, in order to convey to its mind some idea of Hell. Her method showed more zeal than discretion, but was probably effectual. Dante taught his dull pupils in the same way. He, so to speak, burned their fingers in the candle.

What strikes us as offensive and irreverent in Rumi's symbolism may be explained and accounted for by the same considerations. Wishing to convey some idea of the soul's longing and love for God and its desire for intimate spiritual communion with Him, he availed himself of the language used by an earthly lover to the object of his affection. In this he was by no means singular. A host of mystical divines in Europe, as well as in Asia, have used similar language, and many of them with much greater license than he allowed himself. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who has been called the last of the Latin Fathers, and who was, perhaps, the best representative of the mind of the Church in the 12th century, in his exposition of the Canticles, uses language quite as sensuous as any to be found in Rumi. Indeed, some faint echoes of this language may be detected in devotional poetry of the present day. In one of his letters Mr. Kingsley expresses a strong opinion that all images derived from the Canticles ought to be rigorously excised from hymns used in the services of the Church.

These considerations may serve to explain the use of gross material symbolism by mediaeval writers, but cannot make it palatable to modern readers. They cannot stomach such coarse pabulum as some of the descriptions in the *Inferno*. Dante-worshippers put this down to squeamishness and over-fastidiousness; but is there not a better and weightier reason for it? Is not this gross symbolism repugnant because it is, at any rate at the present time, positively misleading and mischievous? Macaulay remarks that Milton's description of Satan is more impressive than Dante's because it is more vague and indefinite. A Spirit is essentially a thing of mystery. A poet who strips off the mystery and rigs a Spirit out with hoofs and horns and shaggy hide, makes him ludicrous according to our present notions. And the same principle applies to the entire unseen world. To define is to limit, and to limit is to degrade, the unseen. To use a term of Logic, intension is gained only by the sacrifice of extension. Nowadays when a man talks of God as familiarly as if He were a man in the next street, he is set down

as a charlatan. This gross symbolism was good relatively to its date. It is not good absolutely for all time. It is only adapted to convey crude ideas of the unseen world to people of small intellectual capacity, and those of more advanced intelligence have good and solid reasons for disliking it.

We have dwelt on this point at some length because readers of Dante are often in danger of being carried away by the enthusiasm of recent critics of that poet. It should be borne in mind that the cult of Dante, now so prevalent, is the outcome of that reaction in favour of mediæval modes of thought and sentiment—that “desire to find something deeper and truer than satisfied the 18th century”—which manifested itself first in the domain of æsthetics in Germany, and next in the domain of religion among the Neo-catholics of France and the Oxford Tractarians in England. In estimates of Dante emanating from adherents of these schools of thought we must not expect to find wholly unbiased criticism. We have entered a region of faith, where to question is to sin. Thus, when Lamartine ventured to say something disparaging of Dante, M. Ozanam treated him almost as a blasphemer and a moral delinquent. And even Dean Church, though we feel constrained to admire his eloquence and scholarship, does not write like a man entirely free from prepossession and bias. He surveys all Dante's work and pronounces it without exception very good.

We must discount somewhat of this over-appreciation. But we do not fall a whit behind these critics in our recognition of the substantial and invaluable service rendered to humanity by the author of the Divine Comedy. Religion, in one shape or another, never ceases to preach and proclaim the reality of the unseen world; but it has seldom, if ever, found more potent and faith-compelling voices than that of Dante or that of his Persian contemporary. Now-a-days we have lost the key to their symbolism; we are out of touch with it; it does not appeal to us, but rather repels us. Nevertheless we see that these men, each in his own way and according to the light that was in him, were enforcing the eternal verities, that a God exists and that man has a soul to be saved or lost.

Not only did Dante and Rumi deliver one and the same great message. They both used the same theological language, namely that of Scholasticism. Dante implicitly follows St. Thomas Aquinas, while Rumi employs the terminology of the Mutakallamin, the Schoolmen of Islam. Scholasticism has been defined as the union of a theological subject matter with a philosophical method. The Schoolmen took the simple statements of the Bible and of the Koran, classified, compared, analysed and drew deductions from them according to the

rules of Aristotelian logic and by the aid of Aristotelian forms of thought. They represented this process as a mere development and unfolding of truths previously latent in the sacred writings; but it amounted to more than this. Not only did it express the doctrines of the faith in a strange and novel language, but it also profoundly modified men's conceptions of those doctrines, their ways of picturing and making them intelligible to themselves. Just as an acid added to an alkali produces a salt, Aristotelian forms of thought made religious doctrines different from what they were before. Aristotle, the "Master of those who know," has exercised an equally potent influence on the theology of Dante and on that of Rumi. The technical terms used by each are mostly identical, as may be seen from the list given by Schmölders in his "*Documenta philosophiæ Arabum*."

Nor is this surprising; for the School-men of the East and West both drew their information from the same sources. Neither could read Greek, and both had to depend on the authority of Arabic translations. Dante places Averroes, not among the heretics and schismatics, but in the respectable company of the great philosophers.

There was another influence besides Scholasticism which deeply influenced both Dante and Rumi, especially the latter. This was Mysticism. In its widest aspect, Mysticism may be regarded as an endeavour by religious minds to attain more abstract and elevated conceptions of the Supreme Power wherein we live and move and have our being. In his "First Principles," Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "We are obliged to regard every phenomenon as the manifestation of some power by which we are acted on, and though omnipresence is unthinkable, yet, as experience discloses no bounds to the diffusion of phenomena, we are unable to think of any bounds to the presence of this power, while the criticisms of science teach us that this power is incomprehensible." Religion is always trying to conceive and picture this power to itself, and Science is always showing its conceptions to be open to objection. And after a while Religion, though still clinging as firmly as ever to its conviction of the existence of the Supreme Power, is led to seek for some higher and wider conception of that Power.

Religious minds, in proportion as they feel the influence of scientific criticism, come to see that the Supreme Power is something more mysterious than popular conceptions represent it to be.

Thus in the 4th century B. C. some of the more cultivated Athenians grew dissatisfied with the prevailing conceptions of the Deity embodied in Kronos, Zeus, Ares, Aphrodite and the other gods of the period, and set up a sort of esoteric cult,

which propounded and inculcated more elevated conceptions. This cult was called the "Mysteries" of Eleusis, and those who were initiated into these Mysteries assumed the name of Mystics. The name and the mental tendency and sentiments denoted by it passed on to Christian thinkers through the medium of the Neo-platonic philosophy of Alexandria. The writings of Clement and Origen, the "Christian Platonists of Alexandria," diffused mystical modes of thought amongst Greek theologians, and those ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, the disciple of St. Paul, which appeared towards the end of the 5th century, did the same for the Western Church. Dionysius was regarded as almost an inspired authority. Dante arranges his angelic hierarchies, the "Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Princedoms, Powers," the lineal descendants of Plato's "Ideas," in the precise order given by Dionysius; and Abelard was held to have committed one of his most heinous offences in questioning the identity of Dionysius with St. Denis, the patron saint of France.

In the hands of the Neo-platonic commentators Aristotle himself acquired a Neo-platonic colouring and the Arabic translators received and transmitted him with this blend to East and West alike. The Dabistan records an opinion that the belief of the Sufis, or Persian Mystics, is identical with that of the Platonists, and Mr. Grote notes the resemblance of the ideas of Hafiz to those in Plato's *Phædrus*.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Mysticism is a term used very loosely. Sometimes it is used to denote allegorical interpretation, sometimes emotional religion in general. But, as used accurately, it means the endeavour to attain truer, deeper and more abstract conceptions of the Supreme Power that pervades and sustains the Universe. It stripped Deity of emotion, intelligence, will and personality, and tried to think of it as "Pure Actuality", the all pervading Essence and Soul of the Universe, having its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere. The Universe was not brought into existence by the fiat of a Divine Architect, but generated by a series of emanations out of this abstract Being, each of such emanations containing more or less real Being, in proportion to its proximity to its source. Man, the last of the emanations, has thus some particles of the One Real Being immanent within him, and by introspection he can see and realise it. This is done, not by the reason, but by spiritual illumination and intuition. The Mystic must mortify "self," abstract himself from the distractions of sense and cogitation, and may then behold the truth in the ground of his own soul. "Introrsum ascendit," to use his own phrase.

Captivated by love of his Divine Original, he strives for communion and re-absorption therein.

In the "Convito," Dante says that the human soul, through its highest "potentiality," the Reason, which is the part least affected by matter, may, in some favourable cases, actually participate in the Divine Nature. In the Paradise, he explains his meaning by saying that Reason has the potency of receiving impressions as well from the senses as from the Divine Intelligence, exactly as wax can receive impressions from a seal. This is Aristotle's doctrine of the "Passive Intellect," the highest function of the individual human soul, which participates in and is illuminated by the universal "Active Intellect" that pervades all things. And this same "Active Intellect" was afterwards developed by the Neoplatonists into the Logos, the 'Aql i kull of the Arabic translators and of Rumi's poem. But an orthodox Catholic like Dante, when talking of the participation of the individual particular human Reason in the universal ubiquitous Reason, did not, of course, mean what out-and-out mystics meant. Elsewhere he says: "A wiser than thou has erred in making the soul disjoined from passive intellect (Intelletto possibile)." The person referred to is Aristotle or Averroes, and the error consisted in the virtual denial of personal immortality. For according to this view only the universal Intellect, the impersonal Anima Mundi, was really enduring and eternal. Averroes was condemned by the ninth Lateran Council on this very ground. In the last quoted passage Dante seems to confuse the passive with the active intellect, but his meaning is perfectly clear.

Dante's account of the beatific vision itself suggests mystical analogies. Catholic theologians, treating of what they term "experimental mysticism," say that Deity is perceived by the rapt energumen as a "luminous darkness." Probably they mean to convey the idea that he is "blinded by excess of light," as he approximates to the Fount of light. This idea is the leading motive, so to speak, of Dante's symbolism in the Paradise. As he draws nearer and nearer to the Empyrean Heaven, he sees Beatrice become brighter and more beautiful, and the light grows more and more dazzling till he beholds the ineffable splendours of the Light of Lights.

Dante is quite in accord with Rumi in his view of spiritual knowledge (gnosis, or ma' rifat). It is Virgil, the type of earthly knowledge, who conducts him to the top of the mount of Purgatory; but Beatrice, the type of spiritual knowledge, leads him on from that point to the Empyrean Heaven, and it is St. Bernard the contemplative mystic who introduces him to the beatific vision. With him, as with the Neo-platonists, Aristotle's "Theoria," the conscious activity of the speculative intellect, meant the intuition of (theou orāsis), and the object it aimed

at was to behold, God. He quotes from Boethius : "*Cernere Deum est finis.*" Further, he agrees with the Christian mystics that this end could be attained only by those who followed the monastic life of contemplation. Bonaventura's influence is here clearly apparent.

On the other hand, the mystics' disregard of outward forms and ordinances is altogether repugnant to Dante. In his parable of "Moses and the Shepherd," Rumi affirms the indifference of outward observances to the spiritual man, and elsewhere he argues that mistake of fact is a valid excuse for even idolatry. Dante will have no such laxity. "*Nulla salus extra ecclesiam,*" is his inflexible rule. All who lack the seal of baptism, from whatever cause, are rigorously excluded from his Paradise. The exceptions to this are only apparent, and prove the rule. Statius had been converted by Virgil's "Pollio," which nearly all the early Fathers except St Jerome held to contain prophecies of Christ. (Compare the line in the "*Dies Irae*" which runs, "*Teste David cum Sibylla.*") Trajan had been delivered by the intercession of St Gregory, and Rippius by the excellent certificate of character given him by Virgil in the *Aeneid*. Nevertheless Dante tempers the rigour of the strict law by an infusion of equity. Experience had taught him that it was impossible to draw a hard and fast line between the Church and the World. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that there was nearly as much of the old Adam in the one as in the other. "*Cucullus non facit monachum.*" Characters shade off into one another by imperceptible degrees. Moved by these considerations, he did not consign the virtuous heathen and unbaptized infants to the bottomless pit, but located them in the "*Limbus Patrum,*" which is not a place of suffering at all. And in his Purgatory he provided another place for all souls of intermediate characters, neither very bad, nor very good. It may be noted that Purgatory was not established as a dogma of faith till 1438 (by the Council of Florence).

It may be observed here that Rumi, after dispensing with established ordinances, found it necessary to establish others of his own invention and thus drew down a Nemesis upon himself.

He says he found the "Romans" to be persons of very torpid and unemotional temperaments, and that he accordingly introduced music and dancing into the religious services of his "*Maulavis,*" in order to brighten them and excite their religious emotions. Anyone who attends one of the services of the "*Dancing Darveshes*" at Pera may see what they have come to. They suggest anything but true religious emotion. The Imam watches the steps of the energumens, as they waltz



round the room, with all the critical air of a dancing master, and the enigmata themselves look as if they were going through a mechanical routine. St. Bernard says that spiritual torpor (*Accidia*, Rumi's *Taqid*), is a very common incident of the monastic life; and, if one may judge from appearances, a routine of dancing produces this state of mind quite as much as a routine of rites and ceremonies.

In their use of allegory and allegorical interpretation Dante and Rumi are entirely in accord. Allegorical interpretation is the never-failing resource of those who wish to put new wine into old bottles—to infuse a new spirit and significance into the ancient letter. By its aid Philo, the contemporary of St. Paul, contrived to read nearly all Greek Philosophy into the Old Testament. Clement and Origen, the Christian Platonists of Alexandria, fortified by his authority and by that of St. Paul himself, applied the same method to the New Testament, and managed to read into it much Neo-platonist philosophy. Origen modestly contented himself with ascribing three senses to the words of Holy Writ; but later Christian expositors added a fourth, and thus Christian exegesis came to recognise four distinct meanings, the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the anagogical, enumerated in the following couplet,

“*Litera gesta refert, quod credas Allegoria,  
“Moralis quod agas, quod speres Anagogia.”*

The Persian Mystics went still further and attributed no less than seven meanings to every word of the Koran. Some Christian authorities laid down the wholesome rule, that arguments could be based on the literal sense only; but this was a mere counsel of perfection. Thus, for instance, the claim of the Church to pre-eminence over the Empire was supported by the fancied analogy of the sun and moon, and by reference to the two swords of St. Peter. In the “*De Monarchiâ*,” Dante himself discusses these arguments as gravely as they were propounded. In his dedicatory epistle to his patron, Can Grande, he clearly intimates that the Divine Comedy has many meanings besides the literal, and that all who wish to comprehend it must look beneath the surface. It is precisely this allegorical element which constitutes the main charm of the poem. “The eye sees what it brings with it to see.” People read into the poem their own feelings and experiences, their own memories and hopes, and thus it becomes a sacred book to them, and they resent all criticism of it as a sort of profanity. Even the most unsympathetic reader can hardly fail to be touched by the poet's noble allegory of Beatrice—the lost idol of his youth transfigured into the inspiring and guiding angel of his riper age, a veritable

"Santa Sophia," like her prototype of whom it was said: "She is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted image of the power of God, and the mirror of his goodness."

There is no Beatrice in the Masnavi; but it is full of allegory from beginning to end, and this is what is chiefly admired in it. An English student of the poem once told his Munshi that he did not care to go behind the literal sense, and the Munshi replied with truth that, if he was going to stop there, he had better leave the poem alone altogether.

The main difference between Dante and Rumi is, of course, that the first was a man of action and the second a man of contemplation pure and simple. It was said: "There is no monkery in Islam;" but Rumi was a monk to all intents and purposes. Stirring events were taking place around him, but they affected him not. Balkh, his birthplace, was taken by Chingiz Khan when he was a child, and his parents had to flee from one place to another till they at length found an asylum at Qonia, the Iconium of St. Paul, in the dominions of the Western Seljuk kings; and thenceforward Rumi was dead to the outer world.

In the West some very advanced Mystics, such as St. Bernard and St. Theresa, have at times emerged from their cloisters and shown the greatest practical capacity; but it is not so in the East, and Rumi was a mystic of the true dreamy Oriental type, capable of nothing but contemplation.

"The East bowed low before the blast  
In patient deep disdain,  
She let the legions thunder past,  
And plunged in thought again."

On the other hand, Dante was a man who played a considerable part in the active drama of his time. He had taken part in the government of Florence and been banished by the opposite faction before he reached the midway point of his life's journey, and afterwards he lived at various courts and was employed as ambassador to Venice and elsewhere. Throughout his life he was more or less concerned in the struggles of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and was always warning and exhorting the princes and peoples of Italy, after the manner of an Isaiah or a Jeremiah. He was a politician to the core, and carried his politics with him into his loftiest reveries. When Beatrice leaves him in the Emyrean heaven, she does not recite a doxology or a benediction, but points out the vacant throne reserved for his favourite, the Emperor Henry VII. Of course this has led many, like Voltaire, Lamartine and Landor, to see in the *Inferno* nothing beyond a malignant outburst of political animosity. But the answer to this seems to be, that Dante consigns his friends

and foes alike to eternal punishment. Cavalcante, Brunetto Latini and Frederic II fare no better than Filippo Argenti and Boniface VIII. The poet, as Tennyson says: "Was dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." Dante was, no doubt, a good hater; but he had good and just cause for hating most of those whom he put in his pillory. He was a merciless, but yet a fairly impartial, censor of his time. He has said very hard things of the Church; but anyone who takes the trouble to look up the history of the 12th and 13th centuries may satisfy himself that they were not too hard. The one object of the Roman curia seemed to be to assert its claim to supreme temporal dominion, and in pursuit of this object even the greatest Popes, such as Gregory VII and Innocent III, did not shrink from provoking internecine civil wars and continued anarchy. In Dante's view the only possible saviour of society, the only Ormuzd who could make head against this Ahriman, was a powerful emperor, and he accordingly treated all opponents of the emperor as children of darkness and consigned them to the bottomless pit. Florence sentenced him to death; John XXII tried to dig up his bones, and the Council of Trent condemned him as a heretic; but few would now deny that he was right and they were wrong.

Rumi had no time for such merely mundane work as making war on the miscreants who would not render to Caesar the things which were Caesar's. With "the lesser warfare"—that against infidels and heretics—he had no concern. His time was devoted to the "greater warfare," namely the spiritual combat against his own lusts and passions, and all the other obstacles to communion and re-union with "The Truth," or sole real Being. The Masnavi begins with the words:—"Hearken to the reed-flute" This is the instrument whose quaint, weird and plaintive notes may now be heard in the Pera services. The reed-flute sings, not to the ear of sense, but to the inner spirit, the tale of its love for its native osier bed, its sufferings through banishment therefrom, and its ardent desire to return home. It is a type of the soul, which feels a similar love for its divine home; has to bear similar pangs of absence, and indulges similar hopes. Love is the basis of the whole system. Aristotle called tragedy "the purification of the mind by pity and terror;" and it may be said that the Masnavi is an attempt to purify religious sentiments by the emotion of love. It is the motive which impels the pilgrim to start on "The way," and at once his "Plato and his Galen"—the guide of his intellect and the medicine which cures all his spiritual ailments. Love answers all doubts and puts carnal reason to silence. Reason suggests that "The Truth," the Supreme Power by

which we live and move, is only a blind Necessity, compelling us to go this way or that, and inflicting as much evil on us as good ; but love has its answers ready. It explains all the troubles and trials of this mortal life by the analogy of earthly love. An affectionate child makes excuses for its father's cruelty, and a lover for the coquetries of his mistress, now looking at him with frowning eyes and now encouraging him by the smile on her lips. Some evils may be probationary, some medicinal, and some due to "Not-being," which is at once nothing and yet a very pernicious something. Even death itself is presumably the gate to a higher form of life. "I died as earth," the poet says, "and rose a plant ; I died a plant and rose an animal ; I died an animal and rose a man. I shall die a man and rise what passes human conception."

The poet, following Aristotle, means to say that earth, absorbed into plants, rises to vegetable life, and plants, eaten by animals, are absorbed into animal life, and so on. Milton has the same idea. As to "Compulsion," Rumi says the word makes him angry. When the pilgrim's will is identified with the divine will, he rejoices equally whatever befalls him ; for the rain drop of his own will has become the pearl of divine will. Love divines the truth contained in the text : "Allah is nearer to us than our neck veins." Love incites us to dig for the "hidden treasure within us." It apprehends the truth contained in the tradition : "There are times when I am so near to Allah that neither angel nor prophet can attain to it."

The Mystic can at times "shake off outward sensations and reflection on them, like leaves off a tree," and realise the unseen as vividly as ordinary people realise what they see and handle. Rumi tells a story of an old man who refused to weep for his dead children, on the ground that he could withdraw at will into this state of abstraction and behold his dear ones still playing around him. The poet seems at times to be caught up into the third heaven, like St. Paul, and talks in a way that makes sober-minded people think that he is beside himself. Nevertheless this high spiritual exaltation was not the invariable and constant habit of his mind. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*. As with St. Paul, his love towards God involved love for man as a corollary. And he concludes his "Testament," which sums up his practical teaching, with the weighty words : "The best man is he who doeth good to men, and the best speech is that which is short, and guideth men aright."

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NOTE.—Want of space compels me to omit all notice of other parallels between the Divine comedy and the Masnavi, especially the resemblance of the marvels seen by Dante in his vision to those seen by Muhammad in his ascent to heaven. Both Dante's and Muhammad's visions seem to have been inspired by the Talmud (See Deutsch on Islam).

## ART. II.—BHOTAN: THE UNKNOWN INDIAN STATE.

L YING within the confines of common-place Bengal is to be found a foreign country of independent government, with the internal affairs and the geography of which we are, perhaps, less familiar than with those of Tibet or Corea. This unexplored land has its southern limit scarcely 320 miles from Calcutta, one point of it being only 32 miles from a busy railway track; while, recently, a branch line has been opened, with two little stations, rejoicing in such names as Dam-Dim and Mál Bazár, pitched right upon the foreign boundary. It is beset on every side, save the N. and N. E., by districts ruled by regular Bengal officials—parcelled-out, well-ordered, taxed, policed, in large part occupied by European land-owners. Nevertheless, in spite of this proximity, the territory remains to this day neglected, unknown, uncivilised.

Bhotan,\* the country to which we are referring—although touched everywhere along its southern border by such sober, jog-trot districts as the Duars and Kamrup, with Sikkim now in great part opened up on its west, and Assam clasping it closely on the south-east—continues, even in 1898, absolutely uninfluenced by British ways, or by British law and order. Embedded it may be, indeed, in the thick of the civilisation we have given to India, yet Bhotan survives, the only barbarous State within our actual frontiers. Journey 320 miles or so from the metropolis of India, and we stand within the limits of a kingdom where decent government is despised, where oppression, murder, and civil war are normal conditions, where even slavery exists (let our philanthropists be told it with bated breath) unchecked.

Now, to begin with, here is a strange fact. A British representative has been posted in every other Native State within our Indian borders except in Bhotan. Even in an autonomous realm such as Nepal, with which we intermeddle so gingerly, we have been careful to keep installed in the capital a Political Resident of advanced military rank, attended by an English medical officer and an English engineer. So, too, in Kashmir and Ladak, and in an exterior kingdom such as Afghanistan, the Viceroy possesses his accredited agents. Here, however, is the one curious exception. In Bhotan is placed not a single

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\* The usual spelling *Bhutan*, adopted by the Indian Government on Hunterian principles, is incorrect. The name is really derived from the word *Bod*, the Tibetan designation for their own country, which is pronounced everywhere, except in Ladak, as *Bhôt*, or *Bhö*. Thus the name should properly be spelt *Bhotan*, a term first applied to the country by the Gurkhas and said to mean "the end of Bhot," i. e., of Tibet. In Bhotan itself the people call their land *Druk-yul* or *Ayul*, sometimes also *Dharma-yul*. The Tibetans style it *Lho-yul*, and the Lepchas of Sikkim call it *Pru*.

British emissary to influence public affairs and to report progress to the Imperial Government. Of what may be doing there, we are practically ignorant ; and, perhaps, it is as well that we should be so. Indeed, the last occasion on which we had any political dealings with the country, was 33 years ago ; and then it was only because we could hardly help taking action.

The history of our relations with Bhotan since British rule began in Bengal is a brief, yet not uninteresting, chapter.

In 1772 occurred the first connection of the Indian Government with this State. Kuch Behar having been plundered by Bhotanese, the Nazah Deo appealed to the British for protection. Accordingly, troops consisting of only two companies of sepoy, with two pieces of cannon, under command of a Captain Jones, were sent to the rescue. This small force, without any difficulty, wrested from the invaders the chief town of Kuch Behar, which they had garrisoned, and, clearing all before them, followed the Bhotanese into their fastnesses, recovered the young prince, who had been kidnapped, and gutted Daling and other of the native forts.

Bhotan practically lay at the mercy of the Company through the energy of this redoubtable Captain Jones. Here, however, the great Tibetan Lama of Tashi Lhünpo intervened, transmitting to Warren Hastings so modest, yet withal so dignified, a letter, that the Governor-General was touched, forgave the Bhotanese, and restored the lands they had held prior to their aggression on Kuch Behar.

In 1774, Mr. George Bogle, commissioned by Warren Hastings, visited these regions on his way into Tibet. He brought State letters to the Deb Raja of Bhotan and was well received everywhere in the country. He made a sojourn of four months at the capital ; and this period was spent in collecting information concerning the commercial products of Bhotan. As evidence of the sagacity and keen interest with which Hastings prosecuted the smallest enterprise, it may be mentioned that he had given injunctions to his agent to plant potatoes at various stages on the journey. This Bogle did at many places in Bhotan, and the potato is now a common vegetable in the land. Next, in 1783, the Governor-General despatched Lieutenants Turner and Davies and a surgeon named Saunders on a political mission to Bhotan and Tibet ; and these three likewise experienced excellent and respectful treatment. Again, in 1811, the country was entered by an Englishman—not an official this time, the traveller being Mr. Thomas Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb, who ultimately succeeded in penetrating as far as Lhása in Tibet. Both in going and in returning, Manning staid sometime at

Paro, the chief town in the north-west of Bhotan, where he performed certain medical cures on the people.

We now come to less favourable dealings with the country. The Duars had not yet been incorporated with Bengal, but belonged to the Aham princes. With a view to stopping the raids of the Bhotanese, the proposal was made to hand these low lands at the foot of the Himalayas over to Bhotan itself. The Indian Government sanctioned this course about the year 1830; but, as soon as the Bhotanese had been constituted masters of the territory, they carried the normal system of their land into the Duars, and thus violence and rapine increased there tenfold. In order, therefore, to repair the mischief we had done to the inoffensive inhabitants in giving them over to such rulers, a Captain Boileau Pemberton was despatched on a mission into Bhotan, to effect, if feasible, the transfer of the lowlands to British charge. During 1837-38 Captain Pemberton travelled over a great part of the country, visiting Panakha, Tongsa, Lingtsi Jong, and other towns, the head-quarters of various petty chieftains, for the purpose of carrying through the negotiations. Although accompanied by an escort, the envoy was treated with the utmost insolence, short of personal violence. Eventually nothing satisfactory came of the mission, the only tangible result of it being a fine collection of plants and seeds amassed by Dr. Griffith, of the Seebpore Botanical Gardens, who had accompanied Pemberton as naturalist and who wrote a meagre narrative of the expedition. Later, however—in 1842—the Indian Government insisted on receiving the Duars from Bhotan, at the same time guaranteeing a yearly payment, as compensation, on condition of all the old raids ceasing.

This promise of compensation was, nevertheless, the ruin of the whole transaction. The Bhotanese regarded the payments as an evident confession of weakness and pusillanimity on our part. The raidings were renewed, and even increased in violence. A Warren Hastings, with firm-held reins and poised whip, was, however, no longer the ruling spirit of our policy. Gentleness and concession then, as now, were always tentatively put forward first. For twenty-two years the system of mild remonstrance continued. At length it was found that something more active was required; yet it only took the form of another mission into the land, a method of treatment which those murderous mountaineers neither understood nor cared for.

At any rate, in 1864, the Hon'ble Ashley Eden was sent as envoy to Bhotan, to arrange all differences and come to peaceful terms. His progress to Panakha, in the centre of the mountains, was marked by ridicule and insult at every stage.

Arrived at this place, where the Chieftains were assembled to treat with him, his want of "appearance," it is said, as well as of firmness, led to all manner of insolence from these ecclesiastical banditti. One of them, for instance, took a large piece of wet barley-meal out of his tea cup, and, with a roar of laughter, rubbed the paste all about Mr. Eden's face. He then pulled his hair, slapped him on the back, and indulged in several disagreeable practical jokes. At length a treaty with the Bhotan Government, containing terms most humiliating to the British authorities, was signed by Mr. Eden at Panakha, that gentleman endorsing on each copy, however, that he had signed it "under compulsion." On the return of the mission, therefore, nothing was left to our Government but to repudiate the convention and at once take active steps to punish the insults heaped on Mr. Eden, which, truth to tell, he had, in part, brought upon himself.

The result was the Bhotan campaign of 1864-65, the details of which are too lengthy to recapitulate, and are, indeed, fresh in the memories of some who took part in it and who are even still on active service in India. Notwithstanding one or two unfortunate incidents, such as the repulse of our troops by the Bhotanese at both Diwangiri and Bala, and the captured guns which the "Tongsu Penlow" refused to restore, the end, as a matter of course, was victory to the British arms. The war, however, lasted nearly two years and cost an immense sum of money. Strange it seems that, in the present day, such comparatively small affairs as the Bhotan war and the current Frontier expeditions in the North-West should be always so long-protracted and prove so disastrous, both financially and in loss of officers and men; while, on the other hand, in Hastings' day, a Captain Jones, with his handful of sepoy, could make short and cheap work of a similar expedition!

As to the end accomplished by this expensive business, many persons characterised the peace-terms concluded as damaging to our prestige, and Lord Lawrence was naturally blamed; but solid advantages really ensued. A large tract, adjoining the eastern side of Darjeeling, was taken from Bhotan and turned into a Sub-division under direct British rule. This comprised a stretch of country 850 square miles in area, lying between the rivers Teesta and Jaldhāka, known now as Dalingkot and including the well-known modern station of Kalimpong.\* Then, the Duars districts were put on a new footing for protection from further molestation, and a force of

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\* It is sometimes stated, as for instance in Sir R. Temple's *Life of Lord Lawrence*—that, after the war, Bhotan ceded the Duars to us. This is an error. The Duars was already under British rule; the tract ceded to us was the large district of Dalingkot, north-west of the Duars proper.



Bengal Infantry was stationed at Buxa, where is situated the main passage into Bhotanese territory. Moreover, the old bribe-like payments were now commuted into an annual subsidy of £5,000, to be paid direct to the Ruler of the State to enable him to control his subjects. Perhaps, the most conclusive evidence of the sufficiency of these terms may be found in the present flourishing condition of the Duars, with their magnificent reaches of tea-gardens, and in the almost English appearance of the villages and homesteads which now dot the beautiful valleys of Dalingkot. Where once hamlets were periodically burnt to the ground and women and children carried off into slavery, there now dwell a peaceful and prosperous populace. There the Forest officer and the Scottish missionary are both at work; and, as a result, not a few Christian churches and schools may be seen nestling amidst picturesque woodlands.

But in the ganglion of darkling mountain ranges to the east and north, which rise one behind the other in ascending tiers, until in the far-distance the furthest range, loaded with perpetual snows, pierces with whitened cones the very heavens,—there, indeed, do the strange and turbulent people of Bhotan still hold as their own an immense and by-no-means unproductive territory.

To throw some light on these regions, of which so little is known to the general public, and from which at present we are all shut out, is the main purpose of the following pages. For, indeed, Bhotan is a unique part of the world in several of its aspects. It is remarkable not only for the extraordinary physical features it presents, but also for the curious people that inhabit the country, and the almost unparalleled system of government to which they are subjected.

Our sources of information are scantier than one might be inclined to believe. The earlier travellers mentioned above have left few notes concerning this portion of their Himalayan journeys. Moreover, when one turns to the Reports of the two political expeditions of the present century, the writers are found to record little that can be made use of from the ethnological and geographical standpoints. Fortunately, in addition to their narratives, much information has accumulated in recent years from quite another source. We refer to the secret journeys undertaken by the native agents of the Survey of India. Hill-men, specially trained, have been despatched, under various disguises, into the mountains of Bhotan, just as similar emissaries have been sent into Tibet. It is from the diaries and route surveys of these indefatigable explorers—the records of R. N., P. A., M. H., and others, who, from motives of caution, are known only by their initials—, that a considerable portion

of the facts which we have been at pains to sift and assort, have been derived.

The country known to us as Bhotan comprises the huge block of the Indian Himalayas bounding that portion of Bengal which lies due north of Calcutta and of its adjacent districts to the East. It is, as we say, huge ; for it occupies the whole of the Himalaya mountains lying betwixt the meridians of longitude  $88^{\circ} 52'$  E. and longitude  $92^{\circ}$  E., with the exception, on the westernmost side, of a piece where the Chhumbi valley protrudes southwards down from Tibet. Reckoning by map measurements only, the country is 185 miles from west to east and has an average breadth of 81 miles from north to south, and thus we get for general size an area of some 14,900 square miles. But, of course, the actual surface area is much greater, Bhotan being among the most crumpled of territories ; and, if the deep valleys and steep mountain slopes were pulled out flat, we should find a superficies of, perhaps, over 20,000 square miles. Chhumbi and Sikkim bound this realm on the west ; Assam and the curious little State known as the Tawang Raj limit its extension to the east ; while the northern boundary is, naturally, Tibet, the frontier line there keeping mainly along the 28th parallel of latitude.

### MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS.

Although with really much surface fitted for, and devoted to, pasture and cultivation, Bhotan is substantially all mountain. The vertebral column, or main range, of the system of this part of the Himalayas is that which here forms the Tibetan frontier line. Along this column rise the stupendous snow-capped peaks which may be seen sometimes, from points of vantage, even far away in the Indian plains—Hooker saw two or three of the Bhotan peaks while standing on a spot 210 miles distant from them. Radiating from the frontier range, mostly in a south-eastern direction, are many offshoots, decreasing in altitude as they make to the south, each of which gives forth numerous branching spurs, running both to the east and to the west. These south-east trending offshoots, with their army of protruding spurs, which themselves send out lesser spurs, make up the mountain-system of Bhotan.

But, as we have said, we must journey up to the great line dividing this country from Tibet to find the giant summits of the land. A singularly unbroken wall of mountains is this great frontier line ; and, contrary to what characterises most other parts of the main range of the Himalayas, it is pierced only in one place, to admit the passage of a south-flowing river. Accordingly, with this single exception—that of

the Tibetan Lhobrag, which eventually becomes the Manas—the frontier-range is both the source and the main watershed of all the rivers of Bhotan.

However, let us approach the giants of the northern wall and see what they are. First, at the westernmost end—in fact at the very north-west corner—we have the wondrous towering mass, the loftiest dome of which, ever robed in folds of snow, is the famous Chomolhari—"The Lady Goddess Mountain—," 24,100 feet in height. What a mystic summit this has always been—its apex visible even from a ridge not six miles from Darjeeling, yet somehow constantly puzzling our Indian surveyors, so that its exact situation is to this day only approximately determined. Although thought to be an isolated peak, Chomolhari herself does not really stand in solitary grandeur. She is closely attended by about nineteen other, smaller, peaks, each sufficiently lofty to be hooded with cowls of perpetual snow. The lady goddess whom the mother mountain is accounted to represent, is the mighty Buddhist deity, Dolma; whilst the nineteen minor summits, shaped like unto herself, are held to be the branch emanations of the goddess, which are everywhere worshipped in Sikkim and Bhotan under the designation of the Dolma *kyilkor*. There is said to be a shrine at the foot of each peak, dedicated to the respective emanation of the goddess personated overhead; and the whole series of mountains are sacrificed to on certain days, as visible incarnations of Dolma and her retinue.

Passing now along this great northern frontier range much further eastwards, we shall at length reach another immense matrix of ice-crowned giants, situated in latitude  $28^{\circ} 6' 30''$  N., longitude  $90^{\circ} 33'$  E.; but, as the assembled summits cover considerable ground *en masse*, this estimate of position must be taken as that only of the centre of the group. These peaks are styled by both Bhotanis and Tibetans as KU-LHA GANGRI and his KOR, or circle of attendants. KU-LHA GANGRI is the principal summit, 24,740 feet in altitude, situated slightly to the west of the others, and is accredited to represent Kuvera, the king of the Tibetan *Nöjin*, or mountain demons. Another, a round-topped peak, is denominated KU LHACHAM, the wife of KU-LHA, and runs up to 24,485 feet. Due north of the main summit rises MUG-DZIN, "the holder of the mist," 22,300 feet; while further N. E. stands Chenraszigs Ri—quite in Tibet, but belonging to the group—over 24,000 feet in height above sea-level. Others of this assemblage of monsters are named Lonchhen Gar, Chhakna Dorje, and Namgyal, all approximately over 21,600 feet in altitude.

Continuing to the E., there is still another frontier group belonging to Bhutan, the twin Dozam peaks in longitude  $91^{\circ}$

30' E., 20,980 feet and 20,570 feet respectively. The two native explorers, U. G. and R. N., who are the only agents of the Survey office that have succeeded in penetrating these remote regions—both describe the country just north of the twin peaks as an aggregation of towering cliffs and profound gorges, of a character uncommon even in Tibet. There are no slopes to the mountain summits; the sides being composed of processions of rocky steeples, shattered into gigantic splinters, standing apart from one another and each one rising up from depths horrible to gaze into. Wherever there is a sloping channel above the rifted rocks and sheer precipices, there one is sure to behold an enormous protruding glacier. Nevertheless, amid these desolate, ice-bound regions some of the largest and most notable Buddhist monasteries of the district have been erected, the principal being the Panpa-chhakdor and the Kharchhu Gompa. At the latter place, U. G. alleges, are preserved great bronze bas-reliefs, brought to the monastery in mediæval times from the famous temple at Bodh Gya in India. To Kharchhu come pilgrims from Bhutan, to carry back with them bottles of sacred red-coloured water (probably ferruginous), which percolates, in a mysterious manner, into a cavern, and is averred to be the urine of Padma Sambhawa, the founder of much of the Tantrik ritual in use in Bhotan.

We must now leave the Northern range, the passes over which shall be enumerated when we come to consider the commercial relations existing between Tibetans and Bhotanis. Of the subordinate ranges, ramifying southwards throughout the length and breadth of the country, little that is distinctive can be specified. Given off at a great height from the bounding line of the snowy peaks, they do not so rapidly descend in altitude, as they approach the plains, as do the corresponding ranges in Sikkim. Indeed, within 25 miles or so of the British frontier peaks occur on these subsidiary spurs measuring from 15,000 to 18,200 feet in height; and in Bhotan this means a cap of perpetual snow. The valleys between the ranges are not so elevated and shallow as the northernmost valleys of Sikkim. They are, on the contrary, cut very deep, even close up to Tibetan territory; but, though so deep, they are not gorge-like, but thrown widely open. Pine trees and rhododendron of every variety clothe the valley sides up to 10,000 feet; and in the bed of every great valley is seen a well-supplied river, hurrying southwards. Fine pasture grounds, tenanted by herds of thousands of tame yak, cows, and sheep, occur up to 13,000 feet, especially in the Punt'ang and Tur Chhu valleys, in East Bhotan. So far as our information goes, monster moraines, shattered rocks, snow-fields and glaciers are generally less observable than in

North Sikkim. On the whole, there is less of ice-bound desolation in the northern regions than might be imagined so close up to the great snows which separate this realm from the elevated and wind-swept valleys of Tibet.

The principal rivers are those which eventually coalesce to form the Manas of the Indian plains. Of these the main branch is that which, as the Lhobrag Chhu, enters Bhotan from Tibet through the only gap in the frontier range. The Lhobrag itself is made up, in Tibet, of three independent streams of great size, which unite their waters only a few miles north of the Bhotan boundary line. After confluence, these waters tear their way at a steep gradient through the frontier mountains, forming a violent and particularly tortuous river, which, the explorer alleges, is crossed by no fewer than thirty bridges within its first 40 miles within Bhotan territory. The exact point of entrance of the Lhobrag Chhu from Tibet should be set down. Duly corrected, it is in latitude  $28^{\circ}3' N.$ , longitude  $91^{\circ}3' E.$  After it has received the Kumang Chhu from the East and the Bigyá Chhu and Ungcha Chhu from the West, its name seems to be changed to Kuru Tsangpo. Its gradient becomes very steep, and there is a continuous succession of cascades. In latitude  $27^{\circ}15' N.$  it has positively descended to 2000 feet altitude, when it receives an accession of volume from the Shong-nga Chhu. Here is an important bridge, with a guard. Lower down comes in the great Dangma Chhu, with branches draining the whole of the Tawang Raj; whilst, a few miles before reaching the Indian plains, the whole drainage of Central Bhotan is emptied into this river, by conjunction with the combined Punt'ang Chhu and Mati Chhu, the latter bringing down all the waters of the Tongsa province, including those from the great glacial valleys on the *western* flanks of Kulhagangri. Thus the Manas River, which flows forth into Bengal at Nyis Bagh Duar, really answers for the drainage of fully one half of Bhotan, besides that of Tawang and of extensive tracts in Tibet.

Of the other rivers appearing on the Indian plains from the mountains of Bhotan, we have, in the extreme west, the Jaldhaka, known in the land of its birth as the Di Chhu; the Amo Chhu, draining the Chhumbi valley and the flanks of Chomolhari, which enters Bengal as the Torsa; the Wong Chhu, tapping all the valleys of the Thingbu province, which shows itself below as the Raidak River of Kuch Behar; the P'o-mo Chhu, draining the extreme north of Bhotan in the Pauakha province and arriving on the plains as the Gadadhar River; together with two or three other minor affluents.

All these rivers have an extraordinary number of feeding

streams in their course through Bhotan, each of such stream issuing from one of the incredibly numerous by-valleys lying between the minor spurs of the subordinate mountain ranges. Thus, although it is such a maze of interlocking mountain lines, so well-watered is the whole country that, but for the chronic internal dissensions of the people, Bhotan might be one of the most productive, as it certainly is one of the most fertile, of Indian States. The contrast between the arid slopes of the great hills of the Simla districts and the rugged-sided, but well-timbered and luxuriantly-verdant, valleys of Bhotan shows the striking differences of physical feature to be found in the Himalayas. In the one, water is to be seen only far down in the rocky depths, at the very roots of each mountain ; in the other the life-giving thing is not merely to be seen, but the music of its falling runlets, streams, and rivers is to be heard everywhere, an incessant echo in the ears, however far up you may have ascended the gloriously-wooded heights.

#### FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

The Government to which this country has been long subject, is a curiosity. It is a strange hybrid, unparalleled elsewhere, although in some sort approaching the system in vogue in Tibet. It is partly an ecclesiastical monarchy, partly oligarchical, partly under a dual sovereignty, partly controlled by feudal barons of the mediæval British type.

In theory, we believe, the chief spiritual personage in the realm is King of Bhotan ; though, as we shall see, he has no real authority, and the reins of his government are guided by a temporal sovereign, who, however, depends for obedience to his administration solely on the good-will of, and amount of support accorded him by, a powerful oligarchy of petty chieftains, who enjoy more or less of independence in their respective principalities.

This chief spiritual personage is known to us outsiders by his old "Company" title (derived from Nepalese sources) of the Dharma Rajah. In Bhotan itself, nevertheless, this name seems to be practically unknown. There his nominal subjects style him the DRUK GYE-PO, and sometimes Chhoi-kyi Gyé-po, the former title signifying literally the "Thunder King" and really meaning that he is king of the Drukpa, or "Thunderer," sect of Buddhists. His motto, engraved in the centre of his official seal, is *Bdag Druk Yin*, "I am the Thunder."

In accordance with the beliefs prevailing in Northern Buddhism, the spiritual king of Bhotan is supposed to be the current Incarnation of a real character who was illustrious in the past history of the country. As a matter of fact, all the Dharma Rajahs, or Druk Gyé-po, during the last 200 years, have

been the successive incarnations, or appearances in the flesh, of a certain defunct hero named Shabdung Ngag-wang Namgyal. Truly, moreover, this man deserved to be thus perpetuated. He was not born until he had been forty years in his mother's womb; and when she, at length, brought him forth, he was grey-bearded, though his skin bloomed like the rose, and there exhaled from him, as it were, the scent of a lotos. His first actions were to apologise to his mother for the inconvenience his protracted delay in birth had caused her, and then to preach a Sanskrit sermon. Apart, however, from the legends connected with his nativity, the real Shabdung Namgyal was a remarkable individual. He proved himself to be talented as a religious reformer, a learned author, and a skilful mechanical engineer—qualities not often found in combination. A number of large bridges, some of iron chain construction and some of stone, several being of great length, are said still to survive in the country, as well as in Tibetan territory just over the border, all of which were designed by the saint and executed under his personal supervision. He also erected the great fortress at Tâshichhoidzong. His religious reforms placed the Buddhism of Bhotan, which was of a puerile character, on a philosophic basis; abolishing several practices inconsistent with the very essence of the faith, such as animal sacrifices and marriage of lamas. As to his literary works, they comprise as many as twenty-two volumes.

Each *Druk Gye-po* is, when he comes to the throne, a mere infant; because, on the death of his predecessor, his spirit, or *las* (as it is termed), is supposed to pass into a child as yet unborn. The child thenceforward becomes a *Trulku*, or Incarnation; but his whereabouts and identity are unknown, until, by an elaborate process of divination, the individual infant is "discovered," and by various tokens of precocity indicates that he is the new earthly being in whom Shabdung Namgyal has taken refuge. He can thus be trained from childhood into the orthodox ruler, with the semblance, but no reality, of political power. He usually resides in the Namgyal monastery at Tâshichhoidzong, the capital; but goes on a round of visits to two or three other establishments in different provinces of Bhotan, according to the season. When seen, the Dharma Rajah is invariably seated on a sort of altar with carved lion supports, and receives from all the homage due to a divinity.

The acting sovereign of Bhotan—co-ordinate in power, though not in rank, with the Dharma Rajah—is another personage, who is designated the *Deb Gye-po*, or Deb Rajah, *i.e.*, "Ruler of the Records." He is a layman and always a man in years and experience. He dwells in the Deb-khang palace at Tâshichhoidzong, and, if he happens to be an individual of enterprise and determination, can exercise considerable autho-

rity throughout the country. To him are paid all the fiscal dues levied in each province ; and out of these he assigns a stipend to maintain the ecclesiastical pontiff, and apportions shares of varying amounts to each of the regular monasteries all over the kingdom. As a rule, however, the Deb Gyé-po governs in fear and trembling. He is not, be it remembered, an hereditary sovereign, but owes his elevation to the craft and military prowess of, perhaps, two or three of the petty chieftains, or barons, in the provinces. It is, therefore, his policy to allow his supporters considerable voice in the management of affairs and to lose few opportunities of oppressing those provinces whose chieftains were unfavourable to his promotion.

And this reference introduces us to the real state of politics in the country. Bhotan is divided into nine provinces, each one of which is subject, in nearly all practical matters, to the personal interests and will of a wild, war-loving chieftain. Moreover, much of the spirit of the old Highland clans of Scotland is observable in these separate interests and governments. Each chieftain has about him a large official staff and followers without whose support he would be helpless. This partisanship is partly maintained by fostering a spirit of rivalry with the other provinces in the kingdom ; and the further incentive of booty to be gained combines with emulative envy to bring about raids and reprisals between different provinces. In this way the people are ever ready for broils ; causes and grievances are quickly embraced, and, although alliances with neighbouring districts may, through policy, be kept up for a time, each province is substantially ever on the watch for its own aggrandisement.

There are, as we have intimated, nine provinces in Bhotan, each of which is practically independent of the other ; and their autonomy is, to a certain extent, indicated by the fact that traders and travellers from one province have to obtain a permit from the ruler if they desire to pass through another province. Furthermore, any baggage or merchandise carried is subjected to heavy exactions on entering the new jurisdiction. These payments are made at the great stone bridges which span, at several points, the boundary river, or rivers, of each district. Every province forms the barony of a petty chieftain, who resides at the principal town and who bears the curious designation of PÖNLOB (the "Penlow" of the newspapers when the Bhotan war was in progress), meaning "Teacher and Pupil," and implying that he is master of his own province, though subordinate to, or "pupil" of, the Dharma and Deb Rajahs. To the Pönlob accrue all the tolls on merchandise, a proportion of which he is supposed to render up to the central Government. The nine provinces of Bhotan may be



arranged as follows, in their order from West to East :—

PARU ; THINGBU ; PANAKHA and TAKHA ; ANGDU-P'ODANG ;  
TONGSA ; PUM-T'ANG ; KURU-TOD ; and KURU-MAD.

The last two, though separate provinces, are supposed to form only one barony, or principality. They are styled colloquially *Kurtö* and *Kurmé*. Thus there are only eight Pönlob.

There is a further division of these provinces into Jongs, or districts, each under a Jongpön, or fort-master, who, in some cases, seems to have shaken off the legitimate authority of the Pönlob and to have become independent of his jurisdiction. This official has his seat at a large fortified town, collects revenue, and generally owns a good number of slaves, who are mostly refugees from provinces, or districts, with which he is at variance. According to the report made by the native explorer R. N., the various De, or districts, into which each province is sub-divided may be thus grouped ; the head-quarters being situated at a town, the name of which may, for convenience sake, be applied to the district governed therefrom :—

PARU.	{ Sang-pe Jong* Tump'yong Jong. Báte Jong. Dugya Jong. Chamutse Jong.	ANGDU- P'ODANG.	{ Tiglé-gang Jong. Ula Jong. Tsangchhukha Jong. Angdu-p'odang Jong.
THINGBU.	{ Chhukha Jong. Kabcha Jong. Darber Jong. Lingshi Jong. Tsimo Jong. Bala Jong.	TONGSA.	{ Shabgong Jong. Tongsa Jong.
PANAKHA.	{ Gyaty'a Jong. Nubgang Jong. Panákha Jong.	PUM-T'ANG.	{ Ora Jong. Byákha Jong. Pum-t'ang Jong.
TAKHA.	{ Tákha Jong. Chirang Jong.	KURME.	{ Shong-nga Jong. Táshigang Jong. Ke-uga Jong.
		KURTÜ.	{ Lingtse Jong. Tashi-yangtse Jong.

The chief town, or capital, of Bhotan is situated in the north of the province of Thingbu. In our maps its name is usually spelled Tassishudong ; but the orthography ought to be Táshichhoidzong, as that is the correct pronunciation of the Bhotani spelling of the word, which is *Bhrashis-chhos-rdzong* "the fortress of auspicious doctrine." The place is 8,160 feet above sea-level, and the observed position seems to be lat. 27° 25' N., long. 89° 39' 10" E. It is a strongly-fortified place, approached from the west by a long stone bridge, on many piers, across the Woug Chhu. The Deb Rajah lodges in the *dzong*, or citadel, and the Dharma Rajah in the Táshichhoi Ling, or abbey. The town is too cold for winter residence ;

\* Colonel Thuillier, who edited R. N.'s report, applies the word "Jong" as if it signified "district ;" but *De* is the proper word to employ, *Jong* (really *Dzong*) meaning the fortress at head-quarters. In our list, we have re-arranged R. N.'s list and corrected the spelling.

and the whole court retreats to lower latitudes at that season. Of the other towns, Páru and Tongsa Jong are the largest in the country, Panákha coming next. In these places the fortress is not always within the circuit of houses, but stands, perhaps, half a mile apart, perched on the top of some precipice. A great feature of many of these large villages, or towns, is the bridge, often a suspension one, across the adjacent river, by which alone it can be entered and at which a guard is posted for fiscal and defensive purposes.

#### TRADE AND THE PASSES.

Connected with the situation of the towns is the subject of commercial relations with exterior nations. Bhotan carries on a continuous traffic with Tibet, except at times when hostilities are on foot—a not infrequent position. Trade to the North, and *vice versa*, proceeds by way of the great passes (*lā*) across the barrier-range of the Himalayas; and each important town appears to have its own route and its own pass over the frontier. The frequent enmity and constant rivalry between the different provinces render this arrangement almost essential. Thus we find that the trade of Páru with Tibet proceeds altogether by way of a low pass, the Pempa La, which allows easy transit to the Tibetan town of Phari Jong. The merchants of Panákha, in their journeys to Gyangtse and Shigatse, far within Tibet, travel up the valley of the Mo Chhu to their own private pass, the Urgyen La. Angdup'odang makes use of the Namtse La, over which Panákha traders have a joint right of way. But the most famous pass of all is that controlled by the men of Punt'ang, the lofty Monla-khachhung, situated at the eastern base of the Kulha-gangri peaks. It offers the shortest route between Bhotan and Lhasa; and although 17,400 feet high and bordered on both the Tibetan and southern sides by mighty glaciers, is yet considered an accessible pass, and is much used. Caverns on either side are conveniently situated and provided with fuel; and within their spacious depths refuge may be taken from the overwhelming snow-storms which often detain travellers two or three weeks in durance. The easternmost provinces of Kurtö and Kurme are well-provided with trading-routes into Tibet, one leading, *via* the valley of the Manas, to Lhakhang Jong, the chief traffic mart in the Lhobrag province of Tibet, and the others making exit from Bhotan over the Eastern Frontier into the State of Tawang. A great drawback to commercial enterprise in this quarter is the insatiable rapacity of the Tibetan officials, especially of those stationed at Lhakhang Jong. Their proceedings give rise to constant broils between the two countries; and the blackmail demanded has exercised a paralysing influence

over trade. The Tawang men, however, enjoy special concessions from both countries, and much of the traffic has fallen into their hands. A certain amount of traffic has always passed between Bhotan and India by way of Diwangiri, Buxa, and one or two other of the Duars, or *ghats*. But since the opening of the trading post of Yatong, in Chhumbi, under the British treaty with Tibet, that place has become the chief market of exchanges with India.

As exports, Bhotan offers tobacco, generally largely adulterated with various other leaves, but very popular in Tibet; silk fabrics of good make, chiefly red in colour; *yultha*, a cotton cloth; rice, sent up to Lhása and Shigatse for the consumption of the Chinese soldiers quartered in Tibet; dyes of two kinds, one derived from the dried bark of a creeper named *chud*, producing a brilliant deep red, another a yellow dye, yielded by *Symplocos racemosa*; brass utensils in large variety; and Indian silver ornaments. In exchange, the chief imports from Tibet are salt and wool; but tea-bricks, musk-pods, blankets (from Gyantse), and earthenware goods are much in demand. From India are bought broadcloth, silks, haberdashery, trinkets, &c., but little if any tea.

#### THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND.

The natives of Bhotan (who are known in Tibet under the general designation of *Lhopa*) divide themselves into three races, namely, *Drukmi*, or genuine Bhotanese, occupying the western and central districts; *Chingmi*, the inhabitants of the country east of the main branch of the Manas River, and *Lebo*, immigrant settlers from Tibet, chiefly found in the North-East. All the people seem to be a singularly stalwart and powerfully-built set. The men have huge limbs and are often very tall; being much larger physically than Tibetans or the Bhutia denizens of Sikkim. They are, moreover, a very swarthy race and in colour considerably darker than the natives of Tibet. Quarrelsome to a degree and of untamed and independent disposition, they are by no means easy to manage when taken into employment. Many who from various causes have had to flee from their own land, and who have settled in Sikkim or the Duars, are from time to time offered work in tea-gardens, or as load-carriers in Darjeeling; but they generally prove intractable and disaffected and soon throw up any engagement. Notwithstanding their enormous physical strength, they do not appear to relish ordinary coolie labour. Nevertheless, in their own country, they are not at all a lazy people. Indeed, as cultivators, they are industrious and painstaking; raising, on the numerous plateaux and alluvial flats adjacent to rivers, large crops of cotton, hemp and flax, in

addition to ordinary cereal products. Such crops require much patience and manual exertion, but in these cases the cultivators are working directly for themselves.

As to the women, they are physically often as strong as the strongest men and labour equally with them in the fields. They seem to be in no way the down-trodden sex, and, unlike their Indian sisters, often take the lead and even thrash their husbands. We say "husbands" advisedly, because here, as in other Tibetan-peopled lands, polyandry is a prevailing custom, a woman frequently marrying two or three brothers, living as wife with all three, and keeping house for them conjointly. However, it is the eldest brother who chooses the bride, pays her price to her mother, and goes through the marriage ceremony with her. But, on the completion of their brother's nuptials, the two next brothers to him *ipso facto* become her husbands also and are entitled to live in the home, with equal rights of cohabitation. Should there be a fourth son in the family, he is not, in Bhotan, admitted into the marriage circle, but must either procure some wife for himself, or, which is the usual custom, enter a lamasery, whereby celibacy is nominally enforced upon him.

Should the eldest brother die, the woman is bound to continue spouse to the surviving members of the marriage circle, unless she performs a divorce ceremonial before the burning or burial of the corpse. In this case she must, in the presence of the other brothers, their maternal uncle (called *ashang*), and her maternal uncle, lift up the hand of the dead man, and, with a piece of spinning cotton (*rekü*), bind her forefinger to his. She then withdraws her hand sharply, snapping the thread in twain, and thereby dissolves her tie to both the dead man and his brothers, who are now at liberty to seek a fresh wife elsewhere. But, as will be seen, this freedom all depends, not upon the men themselves, but upon the wishes of the woman. Such a ceremony is denominated *kü-pa chö-khen*, "breaking the knot."

In Bhotan, before a girl may be married, a certain payment must be made to her mother, varying in value from 200 to 900 rupees, according to the rank of the bride's parents. This is termed the mother's *nu-rin*, or "suckling charge." Betrothal of from one to three years' duration usually precedes actual marriage; and for this space the man is considered more or less in servitude to the girl's parents.

An orphan boy of property is always married, as a child, to some grown-up woman, who takes charge of him, first as nurse and subsequently as wife. She thus, naturally, acquires the direction of all his affairs and generally complete mastery of his personality. However, in Bhotan there is this peculiarity,

that both polyandry and polygamy exist side by side. Thus, unlike the usage north of the Himalayas, where only a series of actual brothers share the one wife, here it is allowable for any one of the brothers to have another wife in another household and a third even in a third household. This system brings about a gross state of immorality unknown in Ladak, Sikkim, or Lahul.

Where a woman is an only child of her parents, and inherits, or will inherit, any small holding sufficient to support herself, she is accorded special dignity, and may choose a husband for herself. This man may not bring his brothers to share the domestic hearth, neither does he take the bride to his own home. In a sense, he is considered her property and must come and take up his abode in her house, performing personally, if necessary, the manual duties of the small estate. Such a husband is designated a *makpa*, or "moth." He may be discarded by the wife, if she takes a fancy to a new bridegroom, the first man having to turn out to make room for his successor. Frequently parents with an only daughter cause her to select a *makpa* husband at a very youthful age, when she is about fourteen years old, and he comes into the home and labours for his father-in-law.

Most houses in Bhutan are substantial structures built of blocks of granite and limestone which are well-cut into massive oblong pieces. As timber is plentiful, two or three of the side-walls, especially in the upper storeys, are commonly composed of wooden planks. Many houses, however, are of stone throughout, and are as solid-looking as some old Norman keep in England. The family live upstairs, to which a rough ladder gives access; the ground-rooms being used as stables for cattle and store-places for wood and grain. This land being a country of sudden forays from people of neighbouring districts, all dwellings are, in a measure, provided with certain defensive outworks—generally a stout lime stone wall is seen engirdling some tall house very tightly, imparting to it somehow the curious aspect of a monster cup in too small a saucer.

A little more must be said concerning the occupations of the inhabitants, to which some allusion has already been made.

Meteorological action in past ages has formed, upon and in the sides of the subordinate ranges and spurs which throng the whole region, an incredible number of small plateaus and denuded flats. These have become generally crowded with pine, oak, and rhododendron; but, when diligently cleared of such arboreal over-growth, the level or sloping grounds thus laid open make most excellent fields for agricultural purposes. Again, the valley floors on either side the inevitable rivers, with their tracts of alluvial soil, afford still more product-

ive space for husbandry. Accordingly, the main support of the Bhotani, when he is not engaged in internecine warfare, is derived from cultivation of the land. Unfortunately for him, the produce of his labour, which in this fertile and moist country is abundant, is subjected to heavy black-mail. Although a large body of agriculturalists have holdings of their own, inherited from father to son, both the neighbouring monastery and the Jongpön of the district have large claims upon the yield of the soil. Tribute to the one and taxes to the other have to be paid in kind, in the shape of grain or butter ; and it is asserted that one-half may be reckoned as the usual outgoing in this direction. Moreover, personal labour, or its equivalent, has to be rendered to effect the transport of all travelling officials through the district ; while food also has to be supplied to such personages and their followers.

Amongst the crops cultivated should be mentioned wheat, rice, barley, buckwheat, and *pharpar*. A very coarse kind of barley, which requires only 60 days to come to maturity from the date of sowing, is grown in the higher valleys. The plan in the case of all cereals is to scatter the seed on the hard surface of the ground and then plough it in. In the lower valleys flax and hemp are largely cultivated. The great stand-by with the people appears, however, to be their vegetable crops, the favourites being radishes of two or three kinds and turnips. Radishes are seen in every nook and corner, and are eaten cooked as well as raw. Carrots and potatoes are also much planted now ; whilst every cottager indulges in a fine variety of pot-herbs. In certain of the broader valleys the breeding and pasturing of cattle are the staple employment of the people. This pursuit is especially followed in the valleys of the Amo Chhu and Wong Chhu in West Bhutan and, again, in that of the Shongnga Chhu in the far East. Immense herds of Indian cows and half breed yaks are reared, and the animals themselves are of large size, yielding much milk. The main purpose in view is the production of butter, so lavishly consumed in the country both as food and for use in the temples. Huge supplies from the herds in the Jaldháka, Amo, and Wong pastures find their way up to the great towns in the North, such as Páro, Tashichhoidzong, and Panakha.

In other districts, Punt'ang for instance, the manufacture of cloth and of blankets occupies large numbers, chiefly of the women. The wool for this purpose is mainly brought from Tibet. Again, a considerable portion of the inhabitants in all parts of the country resort to trading operations, and an active interchange of commodities is carried on over the northern passes with Tibet, and, *via* Diwangiri, with Assam and Dacca.

There is, however, one calling which has yet to be mentioned

and that one by no means the least popular. We refer to the religious profession. Buddhism of the unreformed Tibetan cult is, as we have seen, a great power in the land. The large number of *gelong*, or monks, of that faith are mainly recruited from the lowest orders of society. As celibacy is the nominal rule among ecclesiastics, and as only three brothers may marry one wife, where there are four or more sons the others enter the monastic life. All illegitimate children of monks become monks or nuns. A proportion of other youths of their own inclination take the vows. The majority enter this calling as boys, each being attached at first as pupil, or rather servant, to some elder monk. Many, in their subsequent career, are occupied in agricultural work connected with the monastery. varied by long periods of idleness and vagabondage. Only a few devote themselves to study and the practice of mystic rites and these often amass fortunes by the pursuit of their profession as Tantrik lamas.

#### FIGHTING CAPABILITIES.

Probably the continuous tumults prevailing in their country have hardened the people of Bhutan to military warfare. At any rate, it is a fact that the Bhotanese exceed infinitely in reckless courage all their racial brethren save the Khampa tribes of Eastern Tibet. An ordinary Tibetan, no less than a Ladaki is a despicable coward beside a native of Bhutan. In the campaign of 1865, our own officers had considerable experience of both the bravery and military ability of these turbulent mountaineers. They gained several noteworthy successes against the British forces; and, as their weapons and defences are of the most primitive nature, these reverses to our arms, as well as the extent to which they managed to prolong the contest, are all the more creditable to their pluck and indomitable spirit of resistance. Sir Charles Macgregor, in describing the capture of the fort at Dalingkot, which, with only 60 Bhutanese within it, was held with much tenacity against our attack, accords them this tribute:—

“We have been accustomed to regard these Bhutias as a despicable, pusillanimous race, and yet we see them with stones and arrows offering no contemptible defence to some 500 or 600 men with Armstrong guns and inflicting on them a loss of 58 killed and wounded. It has been also the fashion to laugh at such arms as arrows and stones; and yet I doubt, and the statistics of action in general will bear me out, if we would have lost many more men if the enemy had been armed with muskets. The arrows are all sharp-pointed and fly with great precision, having penetration enough to go through a man's body; while on this occasion one man was killed and several received very nasty gashes from stones.”

In the feuds between the different provinces the natives still hold to their primitive weapons of warfare; and although many matchlocks and English guns of obsolete pattern are now in their possession, and they manufacture their own gunpowder, the bow remains the favourite instrument of combat. When discussing its advantages, the silence of its action is the point they chiefly commend. Nevertheless, in fighting, silence is by no means a Bhotanese virtue; for their manner is to charge forward to the attack uttering in chorus unearthly howls like a troop of jackals. For defensive works every town and every point of vantage in Bhotan has its stone-built fort, generally erected on some commanding crag above a stream or river. The water difficulty, in case of siege, is, in several instances, overcome by means of covered flights of steps down to the river. Thus the large village of Angdu Chhoiling is protected by the great fort of Byako Jong (altitude 9,300 feet), built on an eminence overhanging the Punt'ang river. This fort is one of the largest in the country, having a wall of solid stone about a mile in circumference: whilst the erections within the circuit of the wall are stated to rise to a height of 150 feet and are occupied by the Jongpon and his retainers. There is no water in the fort, but a well-built covered way has been constructed leading to a spring near the river bank from which the supply is obtained. This is an example of the elaborate means of defence adopted throughout the land. Another resource is the building of stockades styled *M'akra*, or *P'akru m'akrang*, which are erected on a magnificent scale, wood being everywhere ready to hand. Sir C. MacGregor, in his narrative of the Bhotan Campaign of 1864-65, alludes to these stockades: "The enemy only expected an attack from the front, and had prepared the ascending road in a manner which would have done credit to a European engineer. Every turn in it, every spot whence it was exposed, was strongly barricaded, and these were made so close together, that the enemy evacuating one could find shelter behind the next before we could arrive; while each would offer an obstacle to our progress. If we had attacked by this road, we should have lost 100 men at the least."

Again describing the Bhotanese victory at Bala on February 15th, 1865, Sir Charles writes "The Bhutias, elated by their success, continued their tactics of approaching us by a series of breastworks, and erected some in the bed of the river within two miles of our camp. Again we made a feeble attempt to drive them off; but as the attack was only half-hearted, it of course failed, and a frightened retirement commenced and might have ended in a *sauve qui peut* flight, if it had not been for the gallantry of a native officer in charge of a small party of cavalry who, estimating the Bhutias at their worth, soon put



them to flight. Such is the account of the occurrences at Bala, and it is a very sickening one."

### RELIGION OF BHOTAN.

Technically, the Buddhism of Bhotan differs from that form which is considered orthodox in Tibet. The Gelukpa School of Buddhism, which embodies the reforms inaugurated by Tsongkhapa in the 14th century A. D., is the established creed of Tibet; while in Bhotan they reject Tsongkhapa's teaching and profess to be a Red Cap sect, following an elder school of the faith, known as the Kargyu'pa, which still has many votaries in Tibet and especially in Ladak. Bhotanese Buddhism, however, claims to be a reformed edition of the Kágyu'pa teaching, and, indeed, has the dignity of being a distinctive school in itself, styled LHO-DRUKPA. This variety of the creed owes its origin to the learned lama who founded the great monastery at Tashichhoidzong, and, with it, the new school, about the year 1660. We have already referred to this personage, Shábdung Ngagwang Namgyal, who still becomes incarnate in the successive Dharma Rajas of Bhotan. Both the Lho-drukpa sect and the Kágyu'pa, which was the established religion of Bhotan during several centuries previously, deal largely in magical ceremonies and the fanciful superstitions prescribed by the Buddhist Tantras. Much of the ritual and the eclectic methods of gaining good things in the circle of transmigratory existence belong to the system invented and expounded by Padma Sambhawa in the 8th century A. D. Indeed, no literary work is more popular in the country than that which is ascribed to this individual, the famous Padma Tang-yig, or "Lotos Picture-writings."

Curiously enough, the National Sect of the Bhotanese has extended its influence over the border into Tibet, and even to so distant a land as Ladak, where there exists a Lho-drukpa establishment, the Stagna Gompa. But the strangest fact is that all the monasteries standing round the base of mount Kailas, as well as the eight monasteries grouped round the Manasarowar lakes, 800 miles from the Bhotan border, should be considered to belong to this form of Buddhism and to be directly subject spiritually to the Dhama Raja. The chief ruler of the Kailas establishments is the head of the Dindip'u Gompa on the western flank of the mountain. He is locally known as the Lhoba Lama and is replaced every three years by a fresh importation from Bhotan, sent direct from Tashichhoidzong. Similarly, the head lama of Taklakhar in Purang, near the Lipu-lek Pass from Kumaon, comes also from Bhotan. On this account many Lhoba monks migrate into western Tibet, as they can often procure lucrative offices at the head of the various small Gompas which crowd the vicinity of the sacred

Kailas, and which are all, strangely enough, Lho-drukpa in doctrine.

On the whole, the lamaseries of Bhotan are, in modern days, not so popular as they are in Tibet. Every village, indeed, includes a small monastery, and some of the largest towns possess a couple ; but the number of inmates rarely exceeds thirty, or forty. In the lower valleys crops and vegetables are of such rapid and prolific production that prosperity and an easy livelihood cause the life of a layman to be much less laborious and hard to mouth than it is in Tibet. Consequently there is not the same temporal inducement to take monastic vows as in those ice-bound lands to the North where mere existence is the main struggle. Still, the higher lamas have great influence in Bhotan and exact and receive full homage and support from all save the highest official classes. But, as we have seen, civil broils constitute, in many districts, such an important sphere in ordinary daily life, that lay folk of energy and military prowess are in request often outrivalling the ecclesiastics in riches and influence. This in itself gives a position to the secular calling not observable in other Tibeto-Buddhistic lands.

Both nunneries (*ani-gompa*) and monasteries occur throughout the country ; and the former are quite as well tenanted as the latter. The faces of the *ani*, or nuns, are supposed to be kept blackened with deep stains from a vegetable juice named *niija* ; but the staining process, which was originally designed to conceal their good looks and thus promote morality, is not very effectual in that way. To speak the truth, illicit connections between the *gelong*, or monks, and the *ani* are the rule, not at all the exception. When Sir J. D. Hooker made his famous trip through Sikkim, he remarked upon the troop of little boys and girls besetting the precincts of most temples and monasteries. These children, the lamas invariably informed him, were their nephews and nieces, not their own offspring. So, too, in Bhotan, the portals of the little cottages where monks and nuns reside are common resorts of the numerous nephews and nieces appertaining to them. At the larger establishments at Tashich'oidzong, Paro, Tongsa, and other centres, strict discipline under the head of morality and celibacy is enforced ; and all open scandals of the kind are punished by severe castigation and expulsion. When such offences are proved, the usual punishment for a *gelong* is 200 blows from a whip composed of several lashes made of tough creepers, for an *ani* 100 stripes. But in country places the only stripes which monks of the loose fish order have to bear, come from the strong arms of their ebony faced *inamorata*.

Both monks and nuns keep their heads close shaven, and both wear robes of a dingy red colour, made from cloth stained

with the juice of the *chud* root. The *gelong* also have red caps, also a red pouch, in which is carried a small brass flask, containing sacred water called *ngagchlu*. The shoes and caps now worn universally by religious personages throughout Tibet are stated to have been originated by the monks of Bhotan. In Burmah and Ceylon, Buddhist monks go bareheaded.

In the largest towns the monasteries are of considerable size and surrounded by strongly built walls; but they have not the picturesque and fortress-like aspect of similar edifices in Ladak. In villages the monastery takes the form of a square *LHA-KHANG*, or temple, of two storeys, with a row or two of small hovels near it, wherein the *gelong* and temple attendants reside. In the *Lha-khang* the images, altars, and other devotional apparatus occupy the lower storey, which is also the worship-hall. It is generally built with a small vestibule, containing several large prayer-barrels, placed on end upon pivots, which can be made to revolve by persons entering or quitting the edifice. Upstairs are a collection of Tibetan books, a small apartment where the senior lama sleeps, and, perhaps, a room named the *gong-khang*, wherein are stored a few "terrific deities," *i.e.*, gods with fierce faces, as well as the grotesque masks used in honour of Padma Sambhawa.

Other religious erections to be seen are *CHHORTEN*, lime-washed monument-like structures, placed on steps and crowned with a spiral top bearing a ball and crescent. These often have the pounded bones and other relics of some ascetic lama embedded in a cavity in the cube which forms the centre-piece of the *chhorten*. They correspond to the *chaitya* of Indian Buddhism, and—though of very different shape—to the *dagoba* which are so common in Ceylon at the present day. *MENDANG* are found outside villages and at the base of ascents to important mountain-passes. They are heaps of inscribed slabs of stone banked up betwixt low, lengthy parallel walls. Passing travellers frequently deposit fresh slabs duly inscribed. These heaps are about 150 feet long. *MANI KHORLO* are huge prayer-barrels, turning on fixed axles, placed in series under a pent-roof shed. Each contains, wound round the axle inside, a roll of paper upon which have been printed innumerable repetitions of the formula *Om mani padme hum*. *MANI-CHHUKKHOR-CHHEN* are enormous rolls of paper inscribed with the same formula, covered in with strong cloth and placed near descending streams, being made to revolve by means of a long wooden spindle to which a kind of water-wheel is attached.

#### THE POPULAR SIDE OF BUDDHISM.

His religion; so far as the higher tenets of Buddhism are concerned, sits very lightly upon the heart of the Bhotanese.

For example, the cardinal doctrine of transmigration troubles him so little that you never hear him discuss the question of his next re-birth. On the occasion of the death of her husband, a wife, indeed, will attend at the temple to perform the usual *kangsba* ceremonial, the object of which is to hasten the departure of her husband's spirit from the Bardo, or Buddhist purgatory. She provides white beer, or even tea, for the half-dozen gelong who read in chorus the proper treatise, and makes the usual offerings of grain and butter according to her means and social position. But all this is attended to more as a matter of custom and because the lamas require their perquisites on these little occasions. Again, as to the edict of the faith against the slaughter of animals, this is only observed with regard to the killing of wild animals. Game, or "black meat," is not eaten, and the occupation of a regular sportsman is never followed. But, in no country is a larger quantity of beef, mutton, and pork consumed than in Bhotan. Meat is eaten without scruple; and part of the recognised ceremonial observed at a wedding is the slaughter with arrows of two oxen and two pigs, which are publicly cooked by the feasters in large cauldrons. Nevertheless, the semblance of disapproval of killing even tame beasts for food is kept up. A vendor of meat is always spoken of, even in common talk, as *dikchen shempa*, "sinful butcher;" and a woman would say to her daughter: *Dikchen shempa ta gyuk-ti chhimpa bdk shok!* "Run to the sinful butcher and fetch some liver." Of actual religious observances in daily life, the principal are the purely mechanical acts of turning the hand prayer-mill in one hand while one may be talking to a neighbour, and the circumambulation of any temple, or *chhorten*, which one may pass, two or three times, keeping the right side turned towards it in so doing.

For all this, religion of a kind has in one sense, a large direction in what a man does or plans. A Bhotani has the greatest belief in omens and in demons. Every village has its *shibdag*, or god of the soil, to be constantly propitiated; every house has its *t'ab-lha*, who must not be offended. If a man has a journey to go, before undertaking it he consults the *ngag-chhang*, or lama skilled in sorcery, as to its success and the next lucky day for setting out. The seed is not sown, or the crops reaped, without calling in the *ngag-chhang* to coerce the god of the soil to be favourable and to disperse antagonistic demons. When a person is proceeding on any important mission, he carefully observes the omens indicated by the birds, trees, people, he may encounter; and he will even turn back if these are plainly to his disadvantage. If mill-

on the fire boils over and wets the hearth, the *táb-lha* will be full of wrath unless he be instantly appeased by various sacrifices of a trivial character.

Illness, in particular, is always caused by a *ts'en*, or devil, sometimes by a regular bevy of evil spirits. Book-reading by lamas and conjurations of an occult character are, therefore, imperative on these occasions. The object is to expel the malignant beings. When sickness troubles a house, one may generally notice, on the hill-side above it, a number of curious tall wands of wood, rigged with cross-pieces and twine of different colours, the whole closely resembling the masts and rigging of a ship. This is all the more curious because neither Tibetans nor Bhotanese can ever have beheld a ship. But the tradition amongst them is that the favourite dwelling of a demon is of that shape; so to entice him out of the sick man, these toy-masts are ranged attractively outside the afflicted domicile.

#### FLORA AND FAUNA.

Under this head a few notes ought to be appended: for the regions under review are rich in both departments.

The vegetation in the lower valleys and upon the subordinate hill spurs in the southern districts is particularly varied and abundant. From the Indian Ocean flow in the warm, moisture-laden currents which promote the growth of innumerable semi-tropical trees and plants; and the naturalist, in the southern parts, would be bewildered by the wealth of botanical specimens available. However, this luxuriance falls short of that to be met with in the Teesta and Runjeet valleys of Sikkim. Probably the prodigality of the flora of Sikkim arises from the currents of heavy moisture arriving there, without any break or obstruction in their course, from the Bay of Bengal, their first deposit occurring on the slopes around Darjeeling. On the other hand, the supply which reaches Bhotan has had to cross either the Khasia or the Garo hills, and their heights have naturally robbed the influx, *en route*, of much of its fertilising virtue.

A noticeable feature of the flora of Bhotan is the great range of its general character and the continuous gradation of botanical zones represented. The series passes from semi-tropical, or even tropical, vegetation up to the absolutely alpine forms. In the southernmost valleys are a chaos of heat-loving species—of India-rubbers, screw-pines, *Gordenia*, *Stauntonia*, *Lagerstrœmia*, *Terminalia*, the mammoth-flowered *Dillenia*, with various kinds of *Calamus*, and, some way up the spurs, the two striking tree-ferns, *Alsophila gigantea* and *A spinulosa*. At 5,000 feet, semi-tropical trees still abound, while a

large variety of Magnolias, *Hydrangea*, *Talauma*, *Colquhounia*, put in their appearance; under foot are primulas, balsams, and anemones of every modern colour. But the pride and wonder of these forests are the magnificent parasites and creepers. Great tree-trunks are closely packed in climbing epiphytes of the densest tissue; while lovely orchids swing from aloft, performing feats of calisthenic exercise with every conceivable grotesqueness of shape. Amongst the monster parasitic climbers may be noticed especially *Vaccinium serpens*, with its scarlet blossoms, *Blaumontia*, ascending to the giddiest heights, to hang from branch to branch its garlands of huge trumpet-like white flowers, and *Hodgsonia heteroclita*, with massive bunches, all yellow and buff. The spruce-firs and pines have already commenced, and, accompanying the mountains, succeed in different species according to the altitude. A little higher, before you reach 7,000 feet, the rhododendron zone starts into life. Here are *R. Arboreum*, *R. Dalhousiae*, *R. Falconeri*, with most of the fascinating varieties first brought by Dr. Hooker from the Himalayas, several kinds having their flowers delicately scented. The rhododendrons ascend to quite 14,000 feet, a dwarf species (*dali* of the Bhotanese) occurring even higher. In this connection it is worth noticing that the natives assign the general name of *takpa* to all white-flowered rhododendrons, and style every red-flowered species *takma*, saying that the former are male in gender and that all the latter sort are female, though, botanically, of course, this is by no means the case. Further north, along the river-beds and up the slopes of the great scarp ridges, even at altitudes of 11,000 to 13,000 feet, numerous flowering plants occur, including asters, gentians and aconites, with many species of *Tanacetum*, *Ranunculus*, *Clematis*, *Corydalis*, and *Polygonum*. The ravines also are choked with huge specimens of the silver fir, together with an undergrowth of sub-alpine rhododendrons. Higher and higher, towards Tibet, on the ascending shelves of bare grey mountain, entrenching here and there monster saucers, full of deep snow even in mid-summer, we soon encounter the whole series of the alpine flora of Asia—*Astragalus*, *Oxytropis*, *Oxyria* and *Artemisia*. At 15,000 feet have been gathered as many as 204 species of plants, 25 of which were woody shrubs at least three feet high—a fact affording us some notion of how little temperature can stay vegetable growth so long as there is shelter and a fair scope for root development. Neither are slender and bright-hued flowers absent, for on passes in North Bhotan of upwards of 13,000 feet occur the splendid white poppies of *Meconopsis superba*, growing on stems six feet high; while at 14,500 feet may be seen the large sky-blue blossoms of the *Meconopsis Wallichii*, the orange-

coloured *Senecio*, and the "deep blue stars of *Cyananthus*.\* Above 16,000 feet, on such passes as the Monlakhachhung, we cannot look for much else than *Saussurea*, *Pedicularis*, *Saxifraga*, and that loftiest-found of all, *Delphinium glaciale*, with, of course, the mystic circlets of *Arenaria*.

A great deal has been done in recent years to elucidate the more alpine flora of Bhotan by the despatch of trained native collectors on botanical excursions into the interior. In organizing this work, Dr. David Prain, of the Seebpore Gardens, has shown himself indefatigable; while the decipherment of the results of these expeditions has rested almost wholly on him. Several new species of *Meconopsis*, *Corydalis*, and other characteristic genera have thus been identified and published by Dr. Prain. Mr. J. S. Gammie also is an authority on the botany of this region.

Passing now to the fauna, we have space for little else beyond an enumeration of the chief mammalia. Where the lower valleys abut on the Duars terai, there are to be found at least two species of rhinoceros (*Sátok* of the natives); and probably a third, *Rhinoceros lasiotis*. There, also, are to be met troops of wild elephants (*langchhen*), which ascend the forest-clad slopes to a considerable height. Both the tiger (*tag*) and the Indian leopard (*sik*) occur in the southern districts. Further north they are replaced by the fierce, yet less formidable, feline species known to the natives as *Sikmar*, "red leopard," and *Pungmar*, "red shoulders." These forms, which occur up to 7,500 feet, are really *Felis marmorata* and *Felis nebulosa* of naturalists; the latter, curiously enough, being found in Bhotan and also in Sumatra, but in none of the countries intervening between these widely-separated regions. Further north yet, other *felidæ* supersede the last-named. In Panákha and Kurtö, at altitudes of from 11,000 to 13,000 feet, the lovely-coated snow-leopard, *Felis uncia*, is even common. The Ponlob of Tongsa and other chieftains have superb cloaks made of selected skins of the *Sát*, as the Bhotani terms it, such indeed as Rowland Ward has never been fortunate enough to handle: silky white, with jet-black circlets, they form magnificent winter robes of office. *Felis nigrescens* (Hodgson) is the other animal of the family, styled by the hillmen *Juk-kar*, because of the white under-surface of the tail.

The monster wild sheep of Tibet—Hodgson's variety of *Ovis ammon*—is not, it seems, ever caught wandering into

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\* Several of the beautiful *Meconopsis* genus are met within Bhotan. So far the following species have been discriminated: *M. horridula* (light purple), *M. sinuata* (mauve), *M. paniculata* (yellow), *M. superba* (white), *M. Wallichii* (pale blue), *M. primulina* (purple). The new species of this genus lately described by Dr. Prain, *M. bella*, has been as yet found only in the extreme North-West of Sikkim, at 12,000 feet altitude; but it also probably occurs in Bhotan.

Bhotan territory ; but its lesser cousin, *Ovis nahuva*, occurs in large troops in Páru and the north of Thingbu. Two distinct species of musk-deer, as well as the goa and two species of serow are also common ; but the Himalayan ibex is unknown.

However, the more distinctive mammals of this region have yet to be mentioned. First comes the noble *Shárua* stag (*ceruus affinis*), still found in the upper valleys of Bhotan, where Buddhist tenets prevent all molestation of such animals. Its horns reach to 56 inches in length. Next must be noted the curious *Budorcas taxicolor*, well described by the native name *Tákyin*, signifying "horse-ibex." It is not at all uncommon in the Kuru provinces of East Bhotan. A very peculiar horsey beast this is, about eleven hands in height at the shoulder ; and both males and females carry ox-like horns, those of the male being twenty to twenty-four inches in length. Thirdly, we would mention a unique quadruped, half cat half bear, living wholly in trees, with opossum-like habits. This is *Ailurus ochraceus*, the *Wá dongkar*, or "white-faced fox," of the Bhotani. It is a big creature, three-and-a-half feet from nose to tip of tail ; and the contrast between the general colour, a rusty red, and the flat white face imparts to it a bizarre aspect. It spits and hisses like a cat, but is wholly vegetarian in its food. Other animals frequenting the Bhotan territory deserve more than mere enumeration did space permit, especially as several have not yet been differentiated from allied species from which they deserve to be separated. Otters, in great plenty in the many rivers, run to three diverse kinds ; there are also a brock-ferret, styled *Wok-kar*, or "white throat," by the natives, and two badgers, one called *Gynmpa*, the other *Pakdom*. To these might be added various species of marmot, lagomys, and hare, common in the valleys of the North. Curiously enough, the Bhotani classes the hare as a kind of donkey, and looks on the use of the animal as food with abhorrence.

Indeed, in this land, the eating of all wild animals and game, whether mammalian or avian, is strongly discouraged on religious grounds ; and when members of the political mission of 1864 shot birds as ornithological specimens, some violent storms which occurred just after were attributed to the wrath of the great goddess Dolma. Thus, it comes to pass, that Bhotan remains to this day singularly well-stocked with animals as multitudinous as they are multifarious.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.



### ART. III.—THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECT OF THE IDEA OF METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THE Idea of the Transmigration of the eternal entity called the Soul, or “*Ψύχη*,” or “*A'nima*,” or *A'tma*, or *Ruh*, into successive mortal substances, either Human, or Animal, or Vegetable, or Mineral, is neither new, nor unnoticed, in the history of mankind : nor is it in itself unreasonable. I propose to treat it in detail :

#### I. EUROPE.

A. Pythagoras and Empedocles.

B. Homer.

C. Plato.

D. Virgil.

E. Ovid.

F. Lucan.

G. Claudian.

H. Irish Book of Balimote.

A. Pythagoras was born at Samos about 580 B.C., travelled in Egypt, and settled at Crotona, in South Italy, about 540, B.C., the period of the return of the Hebrews from Babylon. He was the first who adopted the title of philosopher ; started a school of philosophy and applied the word *κόσμος* to the Universe, of which he knew so small a portion. Among others of the great ideas to which he gave birth, or perhaps only reduced from oral legends to writing, were these : (1) that the Soul, *Ψύχη*, was immortal, and it was obvious to the senses, that the body was only mortal ; (2) that the immortal Soul passed from one body at its death into another. The idea was called by him *μετεμψυχώσις* (Metempsychosis), or the Transmigration of the Soul from one place of habitation to another ; perhaps the more perfect term would have been *μετενσωμάτωσις* (Metensomatosis), as it was the body which was changed, not the Soul.

There is little doubt that Pythagoras got his idea about the soul from Egypt, which he had visited ; that he derived it from India, is out of all reason, as his idea differs from the Indian idea in important particulars, and from the Buddhist idea *in toto*, while there is a resemblance of his idea to the Egyptian idea, both in essentials and in details.

Empédocles lived at Agrigentum, in Sicily, 460 to 430, B.C. He was remarkable in his life as a thinker and propounder of new doctrines at that particular epoch when the mind of man, both in the East and in the West, was waking up from its torpor. He gave birth to germs of truth, which were deve-

loped in succeeding centuries by Plato and Aristotle; and he propounded the doctrine of Transmigration of the Soul, possibly deriving it from Pythagoras. His end was as mysterious as his life, for he disappeared, and it was reported that he had leaped into the crater of Mount Etna. Horace writes thus :

“Deus immortalis haberi  
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam  
Insiluit.”

Heraclitus Ponticus relates that Pythagoras professed to have been once born as Athalides, the son of Hermes, and then to have obtained a boon from his father :

“ζῶντα καὶ τελευτῶντα μνήμην ἔχειν τῶν  
συμβαίνόντων.”

Consequently he remembered the Trojan War, when, as Euphorbus, he was wounded by Menelaus; and, as Pythagoras, he could still recognise the shield which Menelaus had hung up in the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ; and, similarly, he remembered his subsequent birth as Hermotimus, and then as Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos. It is noteworthy that his was a unique experience in Greek History. Horatius Flaccus alludes to this in his Odes, I, xxviii. 9 :

“habentque  
“Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco  
“Demissum, quamvis clipeo Trojana refixo  
“Tempora testatus nihil ultra  
“Neivos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ ”

The absence of all recollection of acts done in a former state of existence is explained by the Hindu philosopher by the assertion, that at each death the Soul is divested of mind, understanding, and consciousness.

Still, some men did recollect their former existences.

Plato, in the Dialogue of Meno, Vol. I, p. 281, places the following words in the mouth of Socrates:

“Certain wise men and women spoke of a glorious Truth, that the Soul of man is immortal, and at one time has an end, which is called ‘dying,’ and at another time is born again, but is never destroyed. And the moral is, that a man ought to live always in perfect holiness. For in the ninth year Persephone sends the souls of those from whom she has received the penalty of ancient crime, back again into the light of this world, and these are they who become noble kings, and mighty men, and great in wisdom, and are called saintly heroes in after ages.”

“The Soul, then, as being immortal, and having been born again many times, and having seen all things that there are,

whether in this world or in the world below, has knowledge of them all: and it is no wonder that she should be able to call to remembrance all that she ever knew about virtue, and about everything; for as all Nature is akin, and the Soul has learned all things, there is no difficulty in her eliciting, or, as men say, *learning*, all out of a single recollection, if a man be strenuous, and does not faint: for *all inquiry and all learning are but recollection* ('Ανάμνησις)."

If it be true that all knowledge is nothing else than reminiscence, it is surely necessary that we must at some time have learned what we remember:

"ὅτι ἤμιν ἡ μάθησις οὐκ ἄλλο τι ἢ ἀνάμνησις τυγχάνει οὔσα."

But this is impossible: our Soul existed before it came within the human form. Cicero, in his "Tusculan Disputations," I, 24, writes, speaking of the Soul: "Habet primum memoriam, et eam infinitam rerum innumerabilium quam quidem Plato *Recordationem* esse vult superioris vitæ."

Following the order of Jowett's Edition of Plato's Dialogues, I pass on to Vol. I, "Phædo," p 443:

"Cebes answered: 'I agree. Socrates, in the greater part of what you say. But in what relates to the Soul men are apt to be incredulous: they fear that, when she has left the body, her place may be nowhere, and that on the very day of death (of the body) she may be destroyed and perish. If she could only hold together, and be herself, when she is released from the evils of the body, there would be good reason to hope, Socrates, that what you say is true. But much persuasion and many arguments are required in order to prove that, when the man is dead, the Soul still exists, and has any force or intelligence.'

"Socrates replied: 'Whether the Souls of men after death are, or are not, in the world below, is a question which may be argued in this way. The ancient doctrine affirms that they go hence into the other world, and return hither, and are born from the dead. So our Souls must exist in the other world, for, if not, how could they have been born again? But as there is no evidence of this, other arguments will have to be adduced.'

Socrates then works out a long argument to prove that not everything living is born of the dead, and the Soul will exist after death as well as before birth: then comes the greater question, to decide what becomes of the Soul which leaves the body *pure*, and the Soul which leaves the body *impure*. This brings out the terrible theory of Retribution, and at p. 459, Socrates tells us that the souls of men who followed after gluttony, and wantonness, and drunkenness, will pass into Asses, and animals of that sort, and the souls of those

who have chosen the portion of injustice and tyranny, will pass into wolves or hawks : and the souls of those who have practised the civil and social virtues, which are called Temperance and Justice, will pass into some gentle social nature like their own, such as that of bees, wasps, and ants, or even back again into the form of man, and just and moderate men will spring from them ; and he who is a philosopher or lover of learning, and abstains from all fleshly lusts, and refuses to give himself up to them, is alone permitted to obtain the Divine Nature.

Socrates opens out, p. 457, another solemn delusion, which has preyed on the Human mind for centuries, and still maintains its grasp.

"The Soul which has been polluted and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, and is fascinated with the desires and pleasures of the body . . . such a Soul is held fast by the corporeal element, and is depressed and dragged back again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible world and the world below : prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which are seen ghostly apparitions of souls, which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible, and they continue to wander, until, through the craving of the corporeal, which never leaves them, they are imprisoned finally in another body. And they may be supposed to find their prisons in the same natures which they had in their former lives."

Milton, in his "Comus," re-echoes this idea (l. 463) :

" But when Lust,  
 " By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 " But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 " Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 " The Soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 " Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 " The divine property of her first being.  
 " Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 " Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,  
 " Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 " As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
 " And link'd itself, by carnal sensuality,  
 " To a degenerate, and degraded state."

Plato, in his "Phædrus," returns to the subject (Vol. ii, pp. 125, 126). I quote Jowett's "Introduction" page 80, as condensing the matter. Socrates is the speaker : "The Soul is Immortal, for she "is the source of all motion, both in herself and others. Her form may be described in a figure as a composite nature made up of a charioteer and a pair of

winged steeds. The steeds of the gods are immortal, but the steeds of the Soul are, one mortal, and the other immortal. The immortal Soul soars up into the Heavens, but the mortal drops her plumes and settles upon the earth."

"On a certain day Zeus goes forth in a winged chariot, and an array of gods and demigods, and of human souls, follows him; the mortal steed of the soul sinks down to the earth. Yet, if the soul has followed in the train of her god, and once beheld truth, she is preserved harmless; but if she drops her wing and falls to the earth, then she takes the form of a man. The soul which has seen most of the truth, passes into a philosopher, or a lover; that which has seen truth in a second degree, into a king, or warrior, and so on to the ninth degree. In all these conditions the lot of him who lives righteously is improved, and the lot of him who lives unrighteously deteriorates. At the end of every thousand years the soul has another choice, and may go upwards or downwards, may descend into a beast, or return again to the form of man. But the form of man can only be acquired at all by those who have once beheld the Truth, for the Soul of man alone apprehends the Universal, and this is the recollection, *ἀνάμνησις*, of that knowledge, which she obtained when in the company of the gods. Ten thousand years must elapse before the souls of men in general can regain their first lot, and have their wings restored to them. But the soul of a philosopher, or a lover, who has three times in succession chosen the better life, may receive wings, and go her way in three thousand years."

In the "Timæus," Vol. iii, p. 624, we read: "The great Creator considered, that a perfect world could not exist without mortals. If they were created by him, and received life from him, they would be on an equality with the gods: the inferior gods were therefore ordered to form animals, and the Creator would supply the divine and immortal part. Accordingly, souls were created as numerous as the stars, and each soul had a star, but was implanted in a body: they had certain passions, but, if they conquered, then they would live righteously; and, if they were conquered by them, unrighteously. He who lived well during his appointed time, was to return to his 'star,' and there he would have a suitable existence; but if he failed in attaining this, in the second generation he would pass into a woman, and, should he not desist from his evil ways, he would be changed into some brute beast, who resembled him in his evil ways, and would not cease from his lusts and transformation until he returned to the form of his first and better nature."

Again, at page 675 we read: "Thus were created women, but the race of birds was created out of innocent, light-minded

men, who, although their minds were directed towards Heaven, imagined in their simplicity that the clearest demonstration of the things above would be obtained by sight : these were transformed into birds and grew feathers instead of hair. The reason why quadrupeds and polypods were created is, that the Creator gave the more senseless of them the more support, that they might be attracted to the earth. The inhabitants of the water were made out of the most entirely ignorant and senseless beings." This and much more is narrated, and Plato closes the Dialogue with the following words : " These are the laws by which animals pass into one another, both now and ever changing, as they lose or gain wisdom and folly."

Strabo, Book IV, writes :

" Ἀφθάρτους τὰς ψυχὰς λέγουσι."

Valerius Maximus, Book V, and Diodorus, Book VI, could also be quoted.

In the Introduction to the " History of Religion " (1896). is a chapter (xxii) on the " Transmigration of Souls," by Dr. F. B. Jevons, of Durham, no mean authority on such subjects, and as it has been lately published, it may be presumed, that it is an up-to-date view of the subject. The twelve pages of this Chapter go over ground, which is not necessarily part of the argument, but a knowledge of which is necessary to arrive at an understanding of the germs from which the idea rose.

I The general idea of Barbarians was, that after death the individual "*Homo*" rejoined his "totem," and assumed the shape of the plant or animal which was worshipped as the "totem."

II As the religious idea of the human race developed, more advanced ideas came into existence, one of which was the Idea of "retribution in a future state," for acts done during life. These two ideas in some communities existed side by side, notably in Egypt and India. This state of things may have lasted for a long period; but the two Ideas acted and reacted on each other, and at last the artificial combination of the "Retribution" theory with Totemism produced, in Egypt, a real theory of Metempsychosis, but an incomplete one : (1) it was only the wicked who were doomed to Transmigration ; (2) the soul of a man migrated into animals, returning finally to human form ; (3) there was no escape from this cycle ; but, when the human form was again attained, the soul had another trial and another chance of becoming Osiris, which was the Egyptian formula for eternal happiness.

In India the process was different : the idea of Transmigration was extended to the virtuous, as well as the wicked, who passed into animals or men according to their deeds and knowledge. Here is the *genuine* theory of Metempsychosis, or Trans-

migration of Souls ; and man has been introduced into the list of metamorphoses. All men were born again : the good had a good birth, and the bad a bad one, according to their deeds and deserts : there was no escape from this environment, whether the soul behaved badly, or well, he had to be reborn.

Thus far the Brahman : the Buddhist went further ; with him there was no god, no immortal soul, and there could be no transmigration of soul, but a transmission of Karma, or Character (not soul) : the extinction of cravings for delight of the body, or Nirvana, was the object of the Buddhist : this will be described further on.

The accomplished authoress of an Article in the *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1897, "Sculptured Tombs of Hellas," makes the following important suggestions :

"At Athens and Delphi the doctricness of Orphism took strong hold ; but it was in Lower Italy, owing to the teaching of Pythagoras and Empedocles, that they developed most completely, and issued in a Totemistic doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Many a barbarian believed that, after death, he would pass into the shape of the sacred animal which had been his token (Totem) in this world.

The inscription on one Greek vase from Apulia, and on golden tablets from Thurii and Peletia in Italy, suggest something more : 'Thou wilt feel a stream of cold water flowing from the mere of Mnemosyne : in front of it stand guards. Say : 'I am the child of Earth, and starry sky :

"Τῆς παῖς εἶμι καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεϊτος

I am of heavenly birth ; I am parched and faint with thirst ; give me cool water from the mere of Mnemosyne" and they will give thee the divine water to drink.' "

The doctrine is clear : the initiated Soul may not drink of the oblivious waters of Lethe : it is reborn by remembering again, by virtue of the Divine Life in him : this is the doctrine of Plato's *Ἀνάμνησις*. Immortality is but the reassertion of the Divine Life in man.

In their groping after the future, men stretched out their hands into the dark abyss, and, as they advanced in intellect, their speculations became more daring. We must speak and write humbly, for in this nineteenth century A.D., we have no knowledge, only that Faith, the "evidence of things not seen" (Hebrews, xi, 1). The two theories were :

- (1) The continuance of this life in another World.
- (2) Retribution.

In the first theory the future life was very much as the old one : the Chief required his wives, his servants, his jewels, his armour, and his food ; ancient tombs reveal this. In the

second theory the future life depended on conduct in the present.

Later ages struck out new ideas :

- (1) Absorption of the Soul, and practical destruction of its individuality.
- (2) The Transmigration of the Soul into a new body.
- (3) The wandering of the Soul, free from its corporeal covering, in its old earthly environment.

Let us dispose of the last alternative first : it lies outside the limits of an essay on the transmigration of souls from one earthly tenement to another, such as was the case of these poor souls, as described by Socrates in the "Phædo," and Milton in the "Comus," quoted above at p. 95C.

The following quotation is from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," III, Scene 1 :

" . . . . and the delighted Spirit  
 " To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 " In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice ;  
 " To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 " And blown with restless violence round about  
 " The pendent worlds : it is too horrible ! "

In uncultured tribes the idea was, that the soul would not remain quiet unless proper funeral rites were performed to the poor body : this is brought out strongly in the Sixth Book of Virgil's "Æneid," 337 : the boatman Charon would not ferry across the Styx those who had not been properly buried. Moreover, in some cases the spirit came back and vented its wrath upon its nearest relations. This is the real motive of the worship of Ancestors in China.

The Greek and Roman Poets, Homer and Virgil, reflecting the beliefs of their age, give us a most unphilosophical and unsatisfactory substitute for either of the three alternatives.

The Elysian Fields are certainly a somewhat higher type than the sensual Paradise of Mahomet, or the Purgatory of the Church of Rome. Some very bad cases lived in perpetual torture, though the story of Tantalus and Sisyphus both seem allegories of the result of particular vices ; but the position of those who were deemed good seems the most unhappy. Dido still had her sorrows, from which she sought consolation from her dead husband, to whose memory she had been unfaithful. Achilles mourned the change from activity to hopeless idleness, but he retained memory of the past :

" Quam vellent aether in alto

Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores ! "

VIRGIL : *Æneid.* vi, 436.



“Μὴ δὲ μοι θάνατόν γε παραύδα, φαίδιμ’ Ὀδυσσεύ.

“Βουλοίμην κ’ ἐπάρουρος ἔων θητεύειν ἄλλω.

“Ἡ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.”

HOMER : *Odyssey*, xl, 488.

“ Scoff not at death,” he answered, “ noble Chief,

Rather would I in the Sun’s warmth divine

Serve a poor churl, who drags his days in grief,

Than the whole lordship of the dead were mine.”

WORSLEY’S Translation.

When such were the conceptions in the time of Homer with regard to the future condition of the dead—even those who were conventionally deemed “good,” there could have been no contemporary idea of Transmigration of Souls. Centuries later, when Virgil handled the subject, the idea, as described above, had crept in ; the World had advanced, and Pythagoras and Plato had spoken, opening out new vistas of thought.

Virgil, in the Sixth Book of the “Aeneid,” writes (I. 735) :

“ Quin et, supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,

Non tamen omne malum misetis, nec funditus omnes

Corporeae excedunt pestes : penitusque necesse est

Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.

*Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum*

Supplicia expendunt. Aliae panduntur inanes,

Suspensae, ad ventos : aliis sub gurgite vasto

Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.

Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum

Mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus.

Donec longa dies, perfecto tempore orbe,

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit

Aethereum sensum, atque, aurai simplicis ignem.

Haec omnes, ubi mille rotam volvete per annos,

Lethaeum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno ;

Scilicet *immemores* supera ut convexa revisant,

Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.”

Anchises showed to Aeneas some of his descendants who, having been freed from the stain of former lives, and having drunk of the waters of Lethe, were about to assume new forms and enter the battle of life again : this called forth Aeneas’ sad remark :

“ O pater, anne aliquas ad coelum hinc ire putandum est

Sublimes animas, iterumque in tarda reverti

Corpora ? Quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido ? ”

But Virgil, in the *Aeneid*, III, 20-40, describes the transmigration of a comparatively innocent man, Polydorus, son of King Priam of Troy, into a tree overhanging his tomb, from the branches of which blood flowed when they were cut with a knife, and the unfortunate soul thus imprisoned had the power of recognising those who amputated his limbs, and speaking with an intelligible voice :

" Gemitus lacrimabilis imo  
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad aures :  
Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras ? jam parce sepulto .  
Parce pias scelerare manus. Non me tibi Troja  
Externum tulit : aut cruor hic de stipite manat.  
Heu ! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum.  
Nam Polydorus ego : hic confixum ferrea texit  
Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit acutis. "

Ovid, in his "*Metamorphoses*," about the date of the Christian era, naturally touches on this subject :

" O genus attonitum gelidâ formidine mortis !  
Quid Styga, quid tenebras, quid numine vana, timetis,  
Matrem vatum, falsique piacula mundi ?  
Corpora sive rogos flammâ, seu tæbe vetustas  
Abstulerit, mala posse pati non ulla putetis.  
Morte carent animæ : semperque priore relicta  
Sede, novis domibus habitant, vivuntque, receptæ.  
Ipse ego, nam memini, Trojani tempore belli,  
Panthoides Euphorbus etiam, cui pectore quondam  
Sedit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae,  
Cognovi clypeum, lævæ gestaminae nostræ,  
Nuper Abanteis templo Junonis in Argis.  
Omnia mutantur : nihil interit. Errat, et illinc  
Huc venit : hinc illic, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus, èque feris humana in corpora transit,  
In que frans noster, nec tempore deperit ullo,  
Utque novis facilis signatur cera figuris,  
Nec manet, ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,  
Sed *tamen ipsa eadem est : animam sic semper eandem  
Esse.*"

(XV, 153-172.)

Lucan, in his "*Pharsalia*," I, 454, A.D. 60, writes thus with regard to the Druids :

" Vobis auctoribus unbrae  
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi  
Pallida regna petunt : regit idem spiritus artus

Orbe alio : longae, canitis si cognita, vitae  
 Mors media est. Certe populi quos despicit Arctos  
 Felices errore suo, quos ille, timorum  
 Maximus, haud urget leti metus. Inde tuendi  
 In ferrum mens prona viris, animaeque capaces  
 Mortis, et ignatum rediturae parcere vitae."

Julius Caesar, in his "De Bello Gallico," Book VI, Section xiii, writes about the ancient Druids of Britain :

"In primis haec volunt persuadere, non *interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire* ad alios : atque hoc maximè ad virtutem excitari putant, metu mortis neglecto."

It is clear that it was impressed on the thoughtful philosopher, that some explanation must be found of the caprices of human fortune, for the holy and good are subjected to unmerited suffering, while good gifts are showered upon most unworthy recipients. Claudian, A.D. 400, remarked this phenomenon, and marvelled :

"Saepe mihi dubiam tenuit sententia mentem,  
 Curaient Superi terras, an nullus inesset  
 Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu :  
 Nam, cum dispositi quaesissem foedera mundi,  
 Praescriptosque maris fines, amnisque meatus,  
 Et lucis, noctisque, vices : tunc omnia rebar  
 Concilio firmata Dei :  
 Sed cum res Hominum tantà caligine volvi  
 Aspiciam, laetosque diu florere nocentes,  
 Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat  
 Religio."

And the same uncertainty prevails to the present hour.

There is a curious Irish Legend recorded in the "Book of Balimote," 1400 A.D., which certainly reads as if the notion of Transmigration had been held at some previous period :

"Tuan, son of Cairill, as we are told,  
 Was freed from sin by Jesus :  
 One hundred years complete he lived,  
 He lived in blooming manhood.  
 "Three hundred years in the shape of a wild ox  
 He lived on the open extensive plains :  
 Two hundred and fifty years he lived  
 In the shape of a wild boar.  
 "Three hundred years he was still in the flesh  
 In the shape of an old bird :  
 One hundred delightful years he lived  
 In the shape of a salmon in the flood

" A fisherman caught him in his net,  
 He brought it to the king's palace :  
 When the bright salmon was there seen,  
 The Queen immediately longed for it.  
 " It was forthwith dressed for her,  
 Which she alone ate entire :  
 The beauteous Queen became pregnant,  
 The issue of which was Tuan."

## 2. NON-EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

- A. Egypt.
- B. North American Redmen.
- C. The Hebrew.
- D. The Manichean.
- E. The Mahometan.
- F. The Hindu.
- G. The Buddhist.

### *A. Egypt.*

Herodotus, B.C. 470: and therefore anterior to Plato, writes (II, 123): " The Egyptians were the first to broach the opinion, that the soul of man is immortal, and that, when the body dies, it enters into the form of the animal, which is born at the moment, thence passing from one animal into another, until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, water and air, after which it enters again into a human frame and is born anew. The whole period of transmigration is three thousand years. There are Greek writers, some of an earlier date, some of a later, who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, and put it forward as their own."

It is unnecessary to state here any further details with regard to the Egyptian idea ; it is sufficient to refer to the standard authorities on the subject of Egyptian antiquities.

### *B. North American Redmen.*

With a view of showing the universality of the idea, I merely refer to the " Golden Bough " of Mr. Frazer (i, 39, 61 ; ii, 97), in which mention is made of the idea of souls of dead animals occupying trees, and the soul of a man in a turtle. The Red Indians believed that the soul animating the body of an infant was that of some deceased person.

From Tylor's " Primitive Man " we gather that enslaved Negroes have been known to commit suicide, in order that they may revive in their native land.

The aborigines of Australia hold white men to be the ghosts of their own dead, in the simple formula: " Black fellow tumble down, jump up white fellow."

With regard to this last view, it may be well to quote Henry Stanley's account of his meeting with four white men who had come out from Embomma, on the West Coast of Africa, to welcome him at the close of his journey through the Dark Continent: "The sight of the pale faces of the merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale colour, after so long gazing on the rich black, and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. In fact, they looked like the ghosts of dead Africans." (Vol. ii, p. 462.)

### C. *The Hebrew.*

The idea of the Hebrews on the subject of eschatology was exceedingly elementary previous to the return from exile. Their world was a three-storeyed house: they dwelt on the first floor; above them in the clouds was the second storey, the Heavens, to which only two men had ever reached, Enoch and Elijah; in the ground-storey was the Sheol, or Hades, in which all dwelt promiscuously, for Samuel, when he was summoned up to the first floor, told Saul that on the morrow he would be down with him in Sheol: good and bad, without difference.

There is little doubt that some of the Hebrew sects held the idea of transmigration of souls. We come across the idea in the Christian Scriptures of a possible existence of a former life. We know, that a future state was not a Hebrew dogma at the time of our Lord, as the Sadducees openly denied it. Now when the Sadducees, tempting the Lord on the subject of the Resurrection, asked Him whose wife would the woman be of the seven brothers, our Lord rebuked them: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures;" and yet it does not appear an unreasonable question from their point of view, and many a Christian tombstone records the wish of a bereaved husband, possibly a husband of two wives, to be united to the lost companions of his life.

But when the Pharisees, pointing to a man who was born blind, asked him: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" our Lord did not rebuke them, nor did He point out that the question was a foolish one, as no man could possibly sin before his birth; but He replied: "*Neither has this man sinned*, nor his parents, but that the works of God might be made manifest in him."

Bishop Lightfoot of Durham notices the speculations of the Rabbis on this subject in his Commentary: one was, that sin was possible already in the womb, since the embryo, in its later stages, was possessed of consciousness. This seems hard on the newborn babe, who, by the theory of Augustine of Hippo, is already saddled with the "*peccatum originale*" of his reputed ancestor, Adam.

It is anyhow clear, that this question on the part of the Pharisees implies the idea of metempsychosis, or they would never have propounded such a problem, and our Lord, in His wisdom, did not satisfy their curiosity. The question is left an open one.

I am informed by a very competent authority, a medical man who lived among the Hebrews for many years in Palestine, that the common idea of the modern Hebrew is, that, at the moment of a child's birth, an Angel strikes it on the mouth, causing it to forget all that it knew in a previous existence, and the dimple on the upper lip is the result of the blow. I add a quotation from Shechter, "*Studies in Judaism*," 1896, pp. 345—347:

"These legends with reference to the embryo period in the life of a child are chiefly based on the notion of the pre-existence of the soul. . . . Care is taken to make the child forget all it has seen and heard in these upper regions in its state of pre-existence. Before it enters the world an angel strikes it on the upper lip, and all its knowledge and wisdom disappear at once. The pit in the upper lip is a result of this stroke, which is also the cause why children cry, when they are born."

Clearly children do inherit some of the results of the sins of their parents in diseased bodies: it may be possible, that they inherit the results of their own sins in a former existence. Those eyes which once glanced lustfully, cruelly, or enviously, are now closed to the outer world. This is a mere hypothesis, but it is right to consider it. There is nothing inconsistent with, or opposed to, revealed religion in the idea, that to an individual soul the opportunity should be given of repeated incarnations. Gradually, in this way, defects of character of individual souls would be subdued, and they would be more fit for the Kingdom of Heaven. Had the very root-conception of the matter been wrong, and fundamentally wicked, our Lord would have condemned it. Notoriously by Mosaic Law the sins of the parents were deemed to be visited on the children: one portion of the argument of the Pharisees was sound, though contrary to elementary modern ideas of justice, and condemned by Ezekiel (cap. xviii) at the time of the Captivity: if the other portion had been wickedly wrong, or ridiculous, our Lord would scarcely have failed to condemn it, as He never spared those who tempted Him by improper questions.

If there had not existed among the Hebrews of that time an idea of the possibility of a soul returning to a new body after an interval of more or less length, how is it that our Lord was identified as Elijah, or one of the Prophets, since whose death centuries had passed? and, still more markedly, what could have induced Herod to suppose that Jesus was identical with

John the Baptist, whom he, a short time before, had himself beheaded?

In truth, Nature exhibits unlimited examples of decay in the works of creation, and regeneration : there may be a channel of compensation for unmerited (as far as human eye can see) suffering, and a vengeance taken upon neglected opportunities, abused privileges, and intolerable tyranny of lustful power.

It may be part of the Divine discipline (as it was, that the soul of Dives in torments should look across an abyss, and see the soul of Lazarus in bliss) to suffer such sinning souls to assume in a second birth the very reverse of their previous lot, with the possibility of atoning for their gross sins.

The Apocalyptic writings betray the yearning of the heart of man to know something of the future. The Revelation of John has not helped us much to pierce the veil : at any rate in the nineteenth century after Christ we know with certainty as little as was known in the first, but the world has lasted long enough to prove, that Paul's anticipations of the early coming of Christ were vague and unsupported by fact. Millions have passed away to their unknown home ; but the Lord has delayed His coming, notwithstanding that wickedness does abound.

I approach with reverent reserve the miracle of our Lord, by which an evil spirit passed out of a man, and at its own petition entered the bodies of a herd of swine : that is to say, it subdivided itself by the occupation of many bodies of the herd, while, although consisting of as many individualities as a Roman legion, it had dwelt in one human frame. This is one of the difficult portions of the New Testament. It does not necessarily follow that the population of Gadara were Hebrews : the presumption based on geography, and the fact that they kept herds of swine, which were unclean to the Hebrew, is, that they were not. In their Pagan minds they had conceived the idea that malignant demons could take possession of the bodies of living men and impel them to fantastic movements. At any rate, this story also is based on the existence of an idea at that time prevalent in Syria, that souls and spirits could migrate from one mortal tenement to another. The very notion of such a thing in modern times would be rejected without argument : not the miracle, but the human circumstances, which preceded and followed the miracle.

The references in the late work called "Zohur" to the idea of Metempsychosis, are collected by Gratz ("History of the Jews," Vol. iv). We get some clue to the thoughts of the Hebrews on this subject from the following quotations from Josephus, whose date and means of information are so well known.

I. ("Antiquities of the Jews," Book XVIII, cap. i, § 3.) "The Pharisees believe that souls have an immortal vigour in them, and that under the earth there will be rewards and punishments, according as they have lived virtuously or viciously in this life; and the latter are to be detained in an everlasting prison, but that the former shall have *power to revive and live again*: on account of which doctrines they are able greatly to persuade the body of the people."

II. ("Wars of the Jews," Book II, cap. viii, § 14.) "The Pharisees say that all souls are incorruptible, but that the *souls of good men only are removed into other bodies*, but that the Souls of bad men are subject to eternal punishment. The Sadducees take away the belief of the immortal duration of the Soul, and the punishments and rewards in Hades."

III. ("Wars of the Jews," Book III, cap. viii, § 5.) "Do not you know, that those who depart out of this life according to the law of nature, and pay that debt which was received from God, when He that lent it is pleased to require it back again, enjoy eternal fame: that their homes and their posterity are sure, that their souls are pure and obedient, and obtain a most holy place in Heaven, whence, in the revolution of ages, they *are again sent into pure bodies*; while the souls of those who have acted madly against themselves, are received by the darkest place in Hades."

In an article by Dr. Ginsburg, in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," Vol. I. p. 361, word "Kabbalah," we read as follows:

"It is an absolute condition of the soul to return to the Infinite Source from which it emanated, after developing, on earth, the perfections the germs whereof are implanted in it. If the soul, after assuming a human body, and its *first* sojourn on earth, fails to acquire that experience for which it descends from Heaven, and becomes contaminated by sin, it *must re-inhabit a body again and again*, until it is able to ascend in a purified state. This transmigration, however, is restricted to three times. If two souls on their residence in human bodies are still too weak to acquire the necessary experience, they are united and *sent into one body*, in order that, by their combined efforts, they may be able to learn that which they were too feeble to effect separately."

Paul, in Romans, ix, 11, writes: "For the children *being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil*," to justify the doctrine of Election.

#### D. The Manichean.

The Manicheans held the doctrine in various forms, as detailed in "Acta Martyrum," 1748 A.D. (Syriac and Latin):



it is stated at page 203, that they supposed that the souls of men entered ants. Neander, in his Church History, II, 218, alluded to it.

### E. The Mahometan.

We should scarcely have expected to find traces of the idea in a religion so modern, so universal, and so free from the old-world ideas, as the Mahometan; yet they are found. Arabian writers allude to three forms of transmigration. The shifting of souls into green birds was recognized (Baidawi, Commentary on "Súra," III. 165) as coming near to this idea.

A scholarly friend has helped me to the following quatrain from Omar Khaiyyam :

آن باده که قابل صورهاست بذات  
گله حیون میشود و گاه نبات  
ناظن نبری که نیست گردد هیات  
موصوف بذاتست اگر نیست صفات

"That essence, which is inherently fit for form,

"Sometimes is an animal, and sometimes a plant :

"Think not that form becomes non-existent ;

"It is known as existing, although there may not be any shape."

I am indebted to my friend, Professor Edward G. Browne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, so well known for his Mahometan studies, for the following important communication :

"The question as to the prevalence of the doctrine of Transmigration of Souls in Mahometan countries is a difficult, but very interesting one. Although the belief appears to be held, and to have been held, by many sects in Islám, especially the ultra-Shi'ite sects of Persia, it is a fact that they mostly repudiate it formally, *i. e.*, they will not admit that they hold the *tandsukh-i-arwâh* (تناسخ ارواح), which is the technical term in Arabic for this doctrine. But they believe in what they call the '*Rij'at*' (رجعت) or 'Return,' which is to us almost undistinguishable. The Bábí, for instance, speak of the return in this 'Manifestation,' or dispensation, of the saints and sinners of former dispensations. I saw at Kirmán, in Persia, a Bábí woman, who believed herself to be a 'return' of Kurratu'l-'Ayn, the martyr-poetess. And I have cited in my Translation of the *New History* of the Báb (Cambridge, 1893, pp. 334-338 and 357) instances of this belief, especially one (p. 338) where a *dog* is declared by a Bábí saint to be the 'return' of a certain unbeliever. These heterodox sects generally fight shy of admitting that they hold the doctrine of

*Metempsychosis* under its ordinary name, *tandsukh*, but, under the name of *rij'at*, hold a doctrine, which it seems impossible to distinguish therefrom. In the next number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* I hope that a paper will appear, which I have written on a little-known sect called the *Hurifi*, which flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of our era in Persia and Turkey, in which paper I discuss this matter more or less. In Mahometan philosophical works, even modern ones, such as the *Asrâr-i-Hikam* of Hâjî Mullâ Hâdi of Sabzawâr, a chapter is generally consecrated to the formal refutation of the doctrine, which is therefore recognized as existing in Mahometan countries."

"My impression is, that nearly all the extreme Shi'ite sects, which had their origin in Persia, really hold the doctrine. There are some well-known lines in the *Masnavi*, which look like an enunciation of the doctrine, though orthodox Mahometans try to explain them away. They run :"

"I died from the Mineral, and became a Plant : I died from the Plant, and reappeared as an Animal."

"I died from the animal state, and became a man : why, then, should I fear ? when did I ever grow less by dying ?"

"Next time I shall die from humanity, that I may clothe myself in wings with the Angels."

"Beyond the Angels, too, must I rise : *all things shall perish save His Face !*"

"This is the general sense of the lines, and there is a very similar passage in Ibn Yâmfu. I have discussed the way, in which they interpret the doctrine in my 'Year amongst the Persians.'"

#### F. Hindu.

The Hindu Sages, with their speculative Genius, will find a cause for everything, or at least invent one. How came the necessity of transmigration into existence ? They had the undoubted fact that men did die, and the strong conviction that the Soul did not die. I quote the following from the Satapatha-Brâhmana :

- "The gods live constantly in fear of Death,
- "The mighty Ender, so with tedious rites
- "They worshipped, and repeated Sacrifice,
- "Till they became Immortal. Then the Ender
- "Said to the gods : 'As ye have made yourselves
- "Imperishable, so will men endeavour
- "To free themselves from me : what portion, then,
- "Shall I possess in man ?' The gods replied :
- "Henceforth no being shall become Immortal
- "In his own body : this his mortal frame

"Shalt thou still seize : this shall remain thine own,  
 "This shall become perpetually thy food ;  
 "And even if he, through religious acts,  
 "Henceforth attains to Immortality,  
 "Shall first present his body, Death, to thee."

("Indian Wisdom," p. 34.)

Transmigration became the terrible nightmare of Indian metapysicians : all their efforts were directed to getting rid of this oppressive scare. As the embodied soul, says the Bhāgavad Gīta, moves swiftly on through boyhood, youth, and age, so will it pass through other forms hereafter. The one engrossing problem is : How is a man to break this iron chain of repeated existences? how is he to shake off all personality? how is he to return to complete absorption (*sayujja*) into pure unconscious Spirit? or, failing this, is he to work his way through successive births to any of the three inferior conditions of bliss?

(1) Living in the same sphere with the personal God (Salokya).

(2) Close proximity to that God (Samipya).

(3) Assimilation to the likeness of that God (Sarupya).

Professor Rhys Davids, in his "Hibbert Lectures," p. 80, expresses his opinion that the Arians, when they entered India from the North-West, did not bring the idea of Metempsychosis with them. It is not mentioned in the Veda. In one of the earlier Upanishads, 600, B. C., we read : "Those, whose conduct has been good, will quickly attain some good birth, birth as a Brāhmaṇa, or a Kṣatriya, or a Vaisya."

"In the Kaushitaki Brāhmaṇa Upanishad we read : "All who depart from this world, go to the Moon : in the dark fortnight the Moon sends them forth into new births : they are born either as a worm, or a grasshopper, or a fish, or a bird, or a lion, or a boar, or a serpent, or a tiger, or a man, or some animal, according to their deeds and their knowledge."

It is possible that the Aryan immigrants, long after their entry into India, derived the idea from the Non-Aryan occupants of the Gangetic Valley whom they found in possession on their arrival.

The Hindu, being essentially of a more dreamy temperament, gives evidence of this idea of the soul having recollection of something that has happened in a previous state of existence. That a man should, in his new birth, recollect the circumstances of his previous incarnation, is a common feature in legends ; but Manu (IV, 148) specially notices this capacity as the reward of a self-denying and pious life. I quote a poetical translation from a passage in the Vishnu Purāṇa, which I made at Banda, in North India, as far back as 1853 :

THE HINDU NOTION OF A FUTURE STATE.

[*From the Sanskrit.*]

MAITREYA (the Pupil).

- “ Parásura, you’ve told me  
 “ All that I wished to hear,  
 “ How out of chaos sprang this  
 “ God-made hemisphere.  
 “ How zone on zone, and sphere on sphere,  
 “ In ever-varying forms,  
 “ The wondrous egg of Brahma  
 “ With living creatures swarms.  
 “ All great and small, all small and great  
 “ On their own acts depend :  
 “ All their terrestrial vanities  
 “ In punishment must end.  
 “ Released from Yáma, they are born  
 “ As men, as beasts, again ;  
 “ And thus in countless circles still  
 “ Revolving still remain.  
 “ Tell me, oh ! tell me what I ask,  
 “ What you alone can tell :  
 “ By what acts only mortal men  
 “ Can free themselves from Hell ? ”

PARASURA (the Teacher).

- “ Listen, Maitréya, best of men ;  
 “ The question you have brought  
 “ Was once by royal Nákula  
 “ Of aged Bhishma sought.  
 “ And thus the hoary sage replied :  
 “ Listen, my Prince, this tale  
 “ A Brahman guest once told me  
 “ From far Kalinga’s vale.  
 “ He from an ancient Múni too  
 “ The wondrous secret gained,  
 “ In whose clear mind of former births  
 “ The memory remained.  
 “ Never before had human ear  
 “ The tale mysterious heard :  
 “ Such as it was I tell it you,  
 “ Repeating word for word.  
 “ As from the coil of mortal birth  
 “ Released the Múni lay,  
 “ He heard the awful King of Death  
 “ Thus to his menials say :

- " Touch not, I charge thee, anyone,  
 " Whom Vishnú has led loose :  
 " On Madhu-súdan's followers  
 " Cast not the fatal noose.  
 " Brahma appointed me to rule  
 " Poor erring mortals' fate,  
 " Of evil and uncertain good  
 " The balance regulate.  
 " But he who chooses Vishnú  
 " As spiritual guide,  
 " Slave of a mightier lord than me,  
 " Can spurn me in my pride.  
 " As gold is of one substance still,  
 " Assume what form it can,  
 " So Vishnu is the selfsame power  
 " As beast, as God, or Man.  
 " And as the drops of watery spray,  
 " Raised by the wind on high,  
 " Sinks slowly down again to earth  
 " When calm pervades the sky,  
 " So particles of source divine  
 " Created forms contain.  
 " When that disturbance is composed,  
 " They reunite again.  
 " But tell us, Master, they replied.  
 " How shall thy slaves descry  
 " Those who with heart and soul upon  
 " The mighty Lord rely ?  
 " Oh ! they are those, who truly love  
 " Their neighbours, them you'll know,  
 " Who never from their duty swerve,  
 " And would not hurt their foe  
 " Whose hearts are undefiled  
 " By soil of Kali's age,  
 " Who let not others' hoarded wealth  
 " Their envious thoughts engage.  
 " No more can Vishnu there abide.  
 " Where evil passions sway,  
 " Than glowing heat of fire reside  
 " In the moon's cooling ray.  
 " But those who covet others' wealth,  
 " Whose hearts are hard in sin,  
 " And those whose low degraded souls  
 " Pride rampant reigns within.

"Whoever with the wicked sit,  
 "And daily frauds prepare,  
 "Who duties to their friends forget ;  
 "Vishnu has nothing there.  
 "Such were the orders that the King  
 "Of Hell his servant gave :  
 "For Vishnu his true followers  
 "From death itself can save."

I now quote from the well-known play of "Sakuntala," by Kalidása. I give the English translation, and then the original :  
 "When a being, in other respects happy, becomes conscious of  
 "an ardent longing on seeing charming objects and hearing  
 "sweet sounds, then in all probability, without being aware of it,  
 'he remembers in his mind the friendships of former births  
 "firmly rooted in his heart.

रम्याणि वीक्ष्य मधुरांश्च निशम्य शब्दान्

पर्युत्सुकीभवति यत्सुखितोऽपि जन्तुः

तच्चेतसा स्मरति नूनमबोधपूर्वं

भावस्थिराणि जननान्तरमौहृदानि

Even in Manu's time it was an accepted dogma, that the souls of men, popularly regarded as emanations from the Deity, might descend into the bodies of animals and trees, or rise to those of higher beings. It was therefore an easy expansion of such a doctrine to imagine the "Divine Soul" itself as passing through various stages of incarnation for the delivery of the world from the effect of evil and sin, and for the maintenance of order in the whole cycle of Creation. ("Indian Wisdom," p. 336.)

Thus began the great series of the ten Avatára, or the Deity born as an animal, or a man, for the benefit of mankind :

Three times as animals.

Once as half man and half animal.

Five times as man.

Once still to come, when the world has become wholly depraved, seated on a white horse in the skies, with a drawn sword in his hand.

Manu, the great codifier of existing oral Law, occupying a position analogous to Confucius, Zoroaster, and Moses, writes (XII, iii. 40, 54, 55) :

"An act, either mental, verbal, or corporeal (thoughts, words "or deeds), bears good or evil fruit. The various transmigrations of men through the highest, middle, and lowest stages.

"are produced by acts." This triple order implies the passage of the soul through (1) Deities, (2) men, (3) animals, or (4) plants, according to the dominance of one or other of the three Guna: (1) Goodness, (2) Passion, (3) Darkness: and each of these three degrees has three sub-degrees. Those who have committed great crimes, pass through terrible hells for a long series of years, and then pass through various bodies. A Brahman-killer's soul enters the body of a boar, or an ass: the violator of the bed of a guru migrates a hundred times into the form of grasses, shrubs, plants, etc.

It is clear from this that, as in all religious conceptions, the purest and most modern, the priesthood had their own way, and maintained their authority of terrorism of the most debased kind over an abject and ignorant community. The hell-fire sermon is not a new, or a local, invention.

#### G. *The Buddhist.*

I quote the words of Gilbert's "Mikado:" "Buddhism "makes the punishment or reward fit the crime or merit. A "niggard is reborn either in a state of suffering, or, if into "mankind again, into a state of abject poverty. A liberal "man is reborn rich. A man who takes away life, is reborn "with a short span of life. One who abstains from taking life, is reborn with a long span."

Thus the Soul has to bear the consequences of its own acts only. It is tossed hither and thither at the mercy of a force set in *motion by itself alone*, but which can never be guarded against, because its operation depends on past actions wholly beyond control and even unremembered. Even great genius, and congenital excellence, are not natural gifts, *in à priori* *Größe*, but the result of habits formed, and powers developed, through a succession of previous existences. So, again, sufferings of all kind, and moral depravity, are simply the consequence of acts done by each soul of its own free will in former bodies, which acts exert upon that soul an irresistible power, called very significantly *Adrista*, because felt and not seen. ("Indian Wisdom," pp. 68, 69.)

When the chief Lama of Tibet dies, it is presumed that his soul has passed into some body, and that body must be looked for, and placed on the throne of the deceased. A search is made for a body with certain marks, which are presumed to indicate the presence of the late Lama, and, when found, he is hailed as successor. The same thing happened when the sacred bull died in Egypt: the Priests had to look out for another bull, with marks indicating its fitness. The mode of election of the Pope of the Romish Church is something in the same way, but meaner motives there exercise their influence.

In the "Cariya Pitaka" of the Páli Sacred Books the principle is laid down, that the qualifications necessary for making a Buddha cannot be acquired during, and do not depend on the action of, one life only, but are the last result of many deeds *performed through a long series of consecutive lives.*

Although the idea that every man had passed through many existences before his birth on earth, and will pass through many more after his death, was distinctly borrowed from Hindu writers, yet the honour of first and solely employing the stories of previous births for educational purposes, and to inculcate great lessons of morality, must be attributed to Buddha and his followers. This fact was always known to the limited circle of those who cared for this branch of science; but in 1895 the first volume of a work was published by the Cambridge University Press which introduces the subject to the general public. The volume is entitled "The Játaka, or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births," translated from the Páli by various hands, under the Editorship of Professor E. B. Cowell, of Cambridge.

Now unquestionably the date of these Stories can be carried back to the date of the Council of Vesáli, 380 B.C.: this is important, as it places them anterior to, and independent of, any Christian influence. The art of alphabetic writing no doubt existed in India at that period, as testified by the Rock Inscriptions of Asóka; so that date, if arrived at on literary grounds, can be accepted on palaeographic grounds; but a material corroboration has also been supplied by the sculptures on the carvings of the railing of the shrines of Sanchi, Amara vati, and Bharhut, where the titles of the Játaka are clearly inscribed on some of the carvings, and the date of the erection of these shrines has been arrived at on independent grounds. And a remarkable confirmation is found in the Travels of Fah Hian, who, when he visited Ceylon, 400 A.D., saw representations of the 500 bodily forms assumed by Buddha in his successive births, and these legends were habitually made use of to illustrate the teaching of Buddhist doctrine.

It is quite uncertain when they were collected into a systematic volume like the present Játaka: no doubt they were first orally delivered from time to time; then gradually they were copied into one volume. Probably the Christian New Testament came together in the same manner. They are all in the Páli Language. The first volume of the Edition contains 150 Birth Stories, partly prose, and partly verse; and each consists of (1) a Preface, which is the story of the Present, detailing how it happened that Buddha was led to tell the story; (2) the story of the birth; (3) a short Summary, in which Buddha identifies the actions, for to Buddha is attributed the power claimed by



Pythagoras of remembering on a gigantic scale all the transactions of his previous existence. Every story is illustrated by one or more poetic couplets or Gatha, uttered by Buddha, to point the moral of the tale. The language of the Gatha is much more archaic than that of the story, and some might think that they were the kernel of the story; however, in the opinion of others the Language of the Stories may indeed be later, but they are merely the reduction into writing of materials handed down orally from the earliest period: the Stories were necessarily anterior to the Gatha, though not necessarily in the same words.

Professor Fausböll, of Copenhagen, is the sole Editor of the Páli Text, five volumes of which have appeared. The translation is conducted by a band of friends, who employ a uniformity of technical terms and transliteration, and certain common principles of translation.

But it is not the first attempt; for the first volume is dedicated by the author to Professor Rhys Davids, his friend and preceptor, and in the Preface we learn that in 1880 the Professor published one volume containing the "Nidhāna-Katha," or complete History of Buddha, both before and during his last birth, and 40 stories; his work ceased there, and it has been since taken up by his friends and pupils. The 40 stories of the earlier volume appear retranslated in the later work as the first 40 of the 150, which it contains.

But the Introduction to Professor Rhys David's work above alluded to, entitled "Buddhist Birth Stories," in Trübner's Series, is well worth noticing: it occupies pp. i-lxxxvii of the volume.

He calls attention to the fact that the fairy-tales, parables, fables, riddles, and comic and moral stories, of the Buddhist Collection bear a striking resemblance to similar ones current in West Asia, or Europe. Now, in many instances, this resemblance is due to the fact that they were borrowed from the Buddhist ones. A second fact is that these stories contain the oldest, most complete, and most important, collection of folklore extant. I merely mention these facts; but they have no relation to the subject-matter of this essay, which is confined to the consideration of the great problem of the Transmigration of Souls, and the power to recollect the events of previous lives, indicating a continuity of thought from one life to another. The chief Collections of Stories of this kind, which grew out of this fundamental source, are:

Jātaka-mala (in Sanskrit),  
 Pancha-Tantra, alias Hitopadesha (in Sanskrit),  
 Kalilag and Damanag (in Syriac),  
 Kalilut and Damanat (in Arabic),

“ Arabian Nights ” (in Arabic),  
 Aesop’s Fables (in Greek),  
 Phaedrus (in Latin),  
 and the great crop of modern European folklore, and beast-stories.

Professor Rhys Davids gives us, in his Preface, the accepted theory as to the mode in which the Páli Játaka Books came into existence. Their origin is due to “ the Religious Faith of the Early Indian Buddhists, who not only repeated a number of fables, parables, and stories, ascribed to the Buddha, but gave them a peculiar sacredness and special religious significance by identifying the best character in each with the Buddha himself in some previous birth.” The parables and fables, for they were no more, became their Játaka, a word invented to distinguish the stories thus sanctified. We find the word in the inscription of the Buddhist tope at Bharhut, and it clearly must have been a long recognized term to be thus honoured. Gradually came the time for collecting the scattered Játaka into a volume, and this probably took place before the Council of Vesáli, 380 B.C. A tradition as to the time and occasion at or on which they were uttered, may have given rise to the earliest Introductory Story. They were written in the Páli language, carried to Ceylon about 200 B.C., and, with the exception of the verses at the close of each, translated into Sinhalese. About the fifth century A.D. an unknown Author retranslated them into Pali, and compiled the volume now translated into English.

It is a remarkable and incontestable fact, that Buddha taught by *Parables*; but no *Miracles* are imputed to him.

Professor Rhys Davids, at page lxxv of his Preface and in his Hibbert Lectures,” pp. 88-109, lays stress on the real meaning of Transmigration to the Buddhist. It is not the passage of a soul from one body to another, for the Buddhists do not admit of the existence of a soul, or of a God. The doctrine is somewhat intricate, and is fully explained in the “ Manual of Buddhism ” by the same author, pp. 99-106 ; and, perhaps, what does take place, may better be described as “ Transmigration of *Character*,” for it is entirely independent of the idea of the existence within each body of a distinct soul, ghost, or spirit. The Bodhisat is not supposed to have a soul which, on the death of one body, is transferred to another, but to be the inheritor of the *Karma*, or *Character*, acquired by previous Bodhisats.

The insight and goodness, the moral and intellectual perfection, which constitute Buddhahood, could not, according to the Buddhist theory, be acquired in one lifetime. They were the accumulated result of the continued effort of many generations

of successive Bodhisats. The only thing which continues to exist when a man dies, is his Karma, the result of his words, thoughts and deeds, literally his "doings;" and the curious idea, that the result is concentrated in some new individual, is due to the older idea of Soul.

Professor Rhys Davids, at p. 114 of his "Hibbert Lectures," 1881, sums up the Philosophy of the idea as follows:

"Predestination is the logical expression, from the Monotheistic point of view, of the weight of the Universe arrayed against the individual. Pre-existence, or that part of the Transmigration of Karma, which is insisted upon in the early Buddhism, is an ethical meeting of the same difficulty.

"The fact, underlying all these theories, is acknowledged to be a very real one: the history of an individual does not begin with his birth. He has been endless generations in making, and he cannot sever himself from his surroundings.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A great American writer says, that it was a poetic attempt to lift this mountain of Fate, when the Hindu said: 'Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a previous existence.' Schelling writes: 'There is in every man a certain feeling, that he has been what he is from all eternity.' We may put a newer and deeper meaning into the words of the poet:

"Our deeds follow us from afar,

And what we have been makes us what we are.'"

### 3. THE MODERN ASPECT.

It is no longer a question of Religious Dogma, or Philosophy, but a mere sentimental, or intellectual, mystery; yet somehow or other it exists, and there is more in it than appears at first sight. The Poets throw around it a halo of unreality. I have gathered the following thoughts either in print or conversation:

"The Soul sojourning in the earthly body has been likened to a current of air drafted through an Aeolian harp, and passing on again into the great air of Heaven, but for ever resounding an individual chord. So some portion of the Eternal Soul of the Universe, dwelling for a while in an earthly body, takes identity, and, passing onward, joins once more the Universal Soul, but is not absorbed into it, so as to lose absolutely its own identity."

Let me quote Wordsworth's celebrated Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early childhood." The idea of Metempsychosis underlies the whole Poem.

"The sunshine is a glorious birth;

"But yet I know, where'er I go,

"That there hath passed away a glory from the Earth.

" But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 " A single Field, which I have looked upon,  
 " Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
     " The Pansy at my feet  
     " Doth the same tale repeat :  
 " Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 " Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?  
 " Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 " The Soul, that rises with us, our Life's Star,  
     " Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     " And cometh from afar :  
     " Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     " And not in utter nakedness,  
 " But trailing clouds of Glory do we come  
     " From God, who is our Home :  
 " Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 " Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     " Upon the growing Boy,  
 " But He beholds the Light, and whence it flows,  
     " He sees it in his joy,  
     \*       \*       \*       \*  
 " Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.  
     \*       \*       \*       \*  
     " And no unworthy aim,  
     " The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 " To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     " Forget the Glories he hath known,  
 And that Imperial Palace whence he came.  
     \*       \*       \*       \*  
     " But for those first affections,  
     " Those shadowy recollections,  
     " Which, be they what they may,  
 " Are yet the fountain-light of all our day . . .  
     \*       \*       \*       \*  
 " Our Souls have sight of that Immortal Sea,  
     " Which brought us hither,  
     " Can in a moment travel thither."

I follow with a question from Tennyson's " Two Voices : "

" It may be that no life is found,  
 " Which only to one engine bound  
 " Falls off, but cycles always round.

“ As old mythologies relate,  
“ Some draught of Lethe might await  
“ The slipping through from state to state.  
“ As here we find in trances men  
“ Forget the dream, that happens then,  
“ Until they fall in trance again,  
“ So might we, if our state were such,  
“ As one before, remember much,  
“ For those two likes might meet and touch.  
“ But, if I lapsed from nobler place,  
“ Some legend of a fallen race  
“ Alone might hint of my disgrace ;  
“ Some vague emotion of delight  
“ In gazing up an Alpine height,  
“ Some yearning toward the lamps of night.  
“ Or, if through lower lives I came,  
“ Tho’ all experience past became  
“ Consolidate in mind and frame,  
“ I might forget my weaker lot,  
“ For is not our first year forgot ?  
“ The haunts of memory echo not.  
“ Much more, if first I floated free.  
“ As naked essence, must I be  
“ Incompetent of memory :  
“ For memory dealing but with time,  
“ And he with matter, could she climb  
“ Beyond her own material prime ;  
“ Moreover, something is or seems,  
“ That touches me with mystic gleams  
“ Like glimpses of forgotten dreams :  
“ Of something felt like something here,  
“ Of something done, I know not where,  
“ Such as no language may declare.”

This will find an echo in the Souls of many. Do we not seem, in our musing hours, to have heard something long before, to have thought some thought, to have uttered some word,

to have seen some landscape, in a previous existence, or under different circumstances? This happens to fresh young minds oftener than to the jaded intellects of those in middle life or old age. Have we not sometimes felt that we have fallen from a higher intellectual and spiritual age somewhere, that we understood things better once which seem now a puzzle? Of course, dreams develop these feelings, especially day-dreams, where the direction of the thoughts is guided by the will, which is not in the torpor of sleep; and sweet music helps it.

In Charles Dickens's "*Dombey and Son*," p. 210 of the original Edition, we come unexpectedly on the following words: "An undeveloped recollection of a previous state of existence."

There is a ring of pathos in the lines by that charming writer George Eliot.

" Oh may I join the choir invisible  
 " Of those immortal dead, *who live again*  
 " *In minds made better by their presence* : live  
 " In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 " In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 " For miserable aims that end in self.  
 " In thoughts sublime that pierce the night-like stars,  
 " And with their mild persistence urge men's search  
 " To vaster issues . . . . .  
 " This is life to come."

Professor Rhys Davids admits that there is some analogy between this beautiful sentiment of the modern Positivist and the Buddhist doctrine of Karma; but the modern poet is thinking of the future, the ancient prophet dwells on the past.

In Archbishop Trench's "*Day of Death*" occur the following lines:

" Or the Soul long strives in vain  
 " To escape with toil and pain,  
 " From its half-divided chain : "

which I, fifty-five years ago, at Naples, rendered into monkish Latin:

" An se demum curâ plena  
 " Expedit multâ poenâ  
 " Semiruptâ Mens catenâ ? "

We recollect the Emperor Hadrian's address to his Soul:

" Animula vagula blandula,  
 " Hospes comesque corporis,  
 " Quos nunc abibis in locos ?

" Pallidula rigida nudula,

" Nec, ut ante, dabis jocos : "

rendered so nobly by the Poet Pope :

" Poor little pretty fluttering thing,

" Must we no longer live together ?

" And dost thou prune thy timid wing,

" And take thy flight, thou knowest not whither ? "

I finally quote one living Poet, Mr. Lecky :

" So in our dreams some glimpse appears,

" Though soon it fades again,

" How other lands, or times, or spheres,

" Might make us other men.

" Now half our being lies in trance,

" Nor joy, nor sorrow, brings,

" Unless the hand of circumstance

" Can touch the latent strings.

" We know not fully what we are,

" Still less what we might be,

" But hear *faint voices from the far,*

" *Dim lands beyond the sea !*"

Some thoughts rise in my mind. Can it be, that such a divine creation as a Soul can be used only for one brief life, perhaps a very brief one indeed of a few summers, perhaps the tenant of a human form unworthy of it, owing to want of culture, or absence of virtue ?

" Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

" Some Soul once pregnant with celestial fire :

" Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,

" Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

GRAY'S *Elegy*.

Would not a soul be strengthened for the daily combat of life by undergoing different conditions of its poor mortal place of temporary habitation, different environments of the mortal coil, different experiences of human vicissitudes ? On the other hand, would not a soul, having left a pure and holy tenement, be defiled and degraded by contact with some base human embodiment of carnality, vice, and degradation, which the Holy Spirit which deigns to dwell with man, has abandoned in despair and anger ?

What becomes of the accumulated millions of souls, if, after the accomplishment of one brief term of service, they are never employed again ? Do they fade like the leaves of the forest in Autumn, having done what they were created to do ? What is the meaning of absorption into the Divine Essence, or,

as the Christian Minister fondly puts it, "being with Christ?" The whole subject is a mystery.

What is the Soul (Ψύχη, Psyché)? Can it die? Some say that it can, and quote the New Testament: "Fear Him who is able to destroy both Soul (Ψύχη) and Body (Σώμα) in Gehenna:"

It is vain to argue on such a subject: the intellect is finite, and the subject of this question is infinite.

But there is a third indwelling part of the "*Homo*," which appears before us: the Spirit (Πνεῦμα). This comes of God, and is God, and can certainly never die, and can certainly leave the body; but this lies outside the subject of this Essay, which is restricted to the opinions formed by men at different periods, and in different countries, and degrees of culture, as to the transmigration of the Soul (Ψύχη) from one body (Σώμα) to another.

Sometimes we come into contact with a young creature whose soul seems fresh from heaven and fit for Heaven. Having been blessed with the tenement of a docile body, the two entities, soul and body, move in unison: they ripen fast, and are soon removed. Sometimes we meet, or hear of, persons who seem devoid of soul altogether. Again, we come upon persons who seem to have inherited an evil soul: some are fierce and bitter in temperament, who, if they have not inherited these characteristics, are qualifying, at the next birth, to enter a tiger: some are gross and carnal, who are qualifying to pass into swine at the next opportunity.

Again, there are instances of mysterious attraction betwixt soul and soul (I do not allude to the attraction of carnal earthly love): there exists sometimes a wonderful feeling that creates a link between two souls, though they occupied their brief earthly span two or three centuries apart; yet there seems to be a mysterious union, the "*idem sentire de rebus Humanis et Divinis*." Has not some one unexpectedly come upon passages in some book which existed before his birth, but of which he never heard till lately, which reveal to him his own hidden thoughts, passing under review the mysterious problem of Self, the World, and God; suggesting solutions, long before revealed to him in his musings by day, or his waking hours by night? Still more wonderful is the solution of hard problems, which he has striven for in vain, sought for from his contemporaries without success, but are revealed to his astonished eyes in a book of the last century. There must surely be some affinity of that portion of us which is Divine, with that which existed, or exists in others. I do not ask for sensational common-form expressions of the ignorant formularist, whether Hindu, Buddhist, Mahometan, or Christian, who has not even thought



out the problem, but the reverential humble expressions of thought of one, who

"extra

"Processit longò flammantia moenia mundi,

"Atque omme immensum peragravit mente animoque."

LUCRETIVS.

Then, clearly there are sins peculiar to the body, in which the enlightened Soul can take no pleasure, carnal appetites, low and evil desires, envy, hatred, and malice. A man's "better self" loathes such things, but has to endure them in an ill-assorted union. The great soul will not condescend to profit by the loss of his neighbour, will not sell its purity for gold, will not utter a lie even for its own advantage, is ready to sacrifice itself for the benefit of others, looks on the world around with a pitying eye, but is willing to continue in its mortal tenement, if it can benefit the poor and suffering. "Altruism," not "Egoism," is the Law of its Nature, following the example of Gautama Buddha, who was the first to propound the noble idea "of loving others better than one's self," and the precepts given five centuries later by One Greater than the Buddha. On the other hand, in a comparatively innocuous, quiescent, body, there are grievous sins of the soul, of which the body has no cognizance, such as denial of the Lord who bought us, worldliness, lust for power, such as Satan offered to the Lord at the Temptation, lust for wealth, such as that of the rich man in the Parable, whose soul in the midst of his enjoyments that very night was required.

It is necessary to draw one line absolutely : a soul is a soul, a body is a body ; the soul is an eternal entity, the body is a perishable atom : and in that last particular all creatures having life are on the same level. When the breath of life departs, the poor clay-tenement returns to dust. But the incidence of death was not written for the soul. Now we know, as a positive fact, that there is an ineffaceable division between the "genus *Homo*," and the rest of the animal-creation. The Sacred Books of every religion may not affirm it, but it is a fact, which is written in clear letters in the history of the world, that the intelligence of animals, such as the elephant, the horse, the dog, and the cat, though most worthy of note, is limited, and no degree of culture would carry it beyond certain limited boundaries, or prolong it from generation to generation ; while the intelligence of the "genus *Homo*" is unlimited : even now it is only in the course of development. Things are known to us at the close of the nineteenth century which were absolutely unknown, and undreamed of, at the close of the eighteenth century. To the "genus *Homo*" alone

have been conceded the two great congenital gifts of (1) Articulate Speech, (2) a Religious Instinct. Therefore transmigration of a soul into the body of an animal not calculated to be the tenement of a soul, is a thing impossible.

The gist of the matter is, that, in all speculations of men of the nineteenth century, and in all reverential communings with the soul as to its future destiny after its parting from the mortal tenement in which it is now included, there are but two alternatives:

A. "To be with Christ," in a mysterious, indefinable, state of existence, and yet non-existence : this is the fond vision of holy men. The reply to the inquirer is an illustration of "*Obscurum per obscurius*."

No one ever came back, and revealed the mystery beyond the tomb. The Old and New Testaments are silent. The sad lines of the late Poet Laureate come back to us :

"When Lazarus left his charnel cave,  
 "And home to Mary's house return'd,  
 "Was this demanded, if he yearn'd  
 "To hear her weeping by his grave ?  
 "Where wert thou, brother, those four days ?"  
 "There lives no record of reply,  
 "Which, telling what it is to die,  
 "Had surely added praise to praise.  
 "Behold a man raised up by Christ !  
 "The rest remaineth unreveal'd :  
 "He told it not ; or something seal'd  
 "The lips of that Evangelist."

TENNYSON : *In Memoriam*, xxxi.

B. To transmigrate into another individual body of the "genus *Homo*."

The theory of Purgatory is not only unscriptural, but a mere intellectual delusion. If sins are to be purged after death, it seems more reasonable that they should be purged under the same conditions as those in which they were committed in this mortal life : in practice it appears to be only a machinery for bringing money to the Priesthood.

My thoughts pass from the dying ejaculations of the great Roman Emperor, quoted above, who was denied the opportunity of knowing Christ, to the soul of the young man of our own time who had been chosen from his boyhood, had been consecrated in the bloom of his youth, to the service of his Master ; to whom the gift had been conceded of an ingenuous countenance, on which the word *Ἀγάπη*, not *Ἔρως*, was written ; from

whose lips flowed words that burn, the reflection of thought, that breathed ; whose life represented the simplicity, the holiness, the self-sacrifice, the high desire, the very Christ, whom he preached ; whose Soul, having found a mortal tenement worthy of the habitation of its Divine Essence, rejoiced in the discharge of holy duties, the daily something accomplished, something done. Many the poor sinning brother and sister who were by him brought to Christ on the dying bed in the hospital ; the happy soul of the teacher lending itself in deep sympathy, and pure aim, to the poor distracted, trembling, hopeless, soul of the unhappy sinner. No pride there ; but for God's Grace the soul of the saved one would have been in the same plight as the soul of the all but lost one ; for with God there is no προσωπολήψια, and the poor human race are all on the same level, the certainty of condemnation but for the Saviour.

His, the tenement of such a soul, a fever, acquired in his holy visiting of the sick, laid low, and the term of his days was accomplished ; there was no murmur on his part. He had done what he could, and filled up the little space for which he was ordained to glorify God ; the ministration of his Master only lasted three years ; was not that sufficient for him also ? The example of his death is even more precious than his life : he has his reward. Better to die thus.

“ὅν ὁ Θεὸς φιλεῖ θνήσκει νέος”

But for the poor Soul, for it there is no death : of it may be said :

“ It hoped that with the brave and strong

“ Its destined course might lie,

“ To toil amidst the busy throng,

“ With purpose pure and high.”

ANN BRONTE.

“ *Hec mihi ! quid feci ? unde lapsus sum ?* ”

It does not die like the poor clay-tenement ; it is still for ever with the Lord : in its deep humility it pleads nothing in its own favour, for it had only done its duty and is content. But still it pants for new opportunities to save souls ; it pines for re-embodiment in another weak vessel : it thinks of the hospital, fever-struck patient, with no fellow-Christian near to whisper words of repentance, pardon, and peace : it is ready : can we believe, that Aeons of unemployed happiness will satisfy the inexhaustible desire of the Ψύχη and Πνεῦμα to do their Master's work. Can idleness be bliss to a soul which during its short period of embodiment was in ceaseless holy activity, doing the Lord's work among his fellow-creatures ?

Another point of view is the comforting one, that, being allowed to tread the Earth again, a great unrepenting sinner

has a chance of escaping the awful penalties, whatever may be the correct rendering of the word *αἰώνιον*, "for a season, as in Philemon, 15, or "everlasting," "age-lasting," as in Matthew, xviii, 8. The idea that a life of a few summers, or of a few days, decides the fate of a poor soul for eternity, is too awful to be entertained. To what an extent the preponderant weight of a mere dogma of a man in the Middle Ages can influence good holy weak men, is evidenced by the two following stanzas in the "Day of Doom," by Michael Wigglesworth, which is still read in Christian New England. "Reprobate" (in the technical sense) Infants are, in his poem, summoned to judgment.

"Then to the Bar they all drew near

"Who died in infancy,

"And never had, or good or bad,

"Effected personally."

The little children cry out, pleading their innocence, but are rebuked as sinners; every sin is a crime,

"A crime it is; therefore in bliss,

"You may not hope to dwell;

"But unto you I shall allow

"The easiest room in Hell."

Cases are frequent of men repenting in middle life, or in advanced years, and passing from death unto life, because the chance was given them. There is no limit to the mercies of God; but justice must be combined with love. In India, fifty years ago, two very young officers were driving home from the regimental mess in a state of intoxication; they had not counted twenty summers, and were still in the blind folly of youth, and had commenced a life of profligacy. Their vehicle was upset, and one was cast out dead; the other was taken to the hospital with a compound fracture of both legs: there he lingered under the blessed influences of a Sister of the Hospital, an angel in the form of a woman, and eventually came out a changed man, lived a long life of holy benevolence, and then entered into his rest. Let us think of the poor lad the thread of whose life was snapped in the midst of his sins. "Nobody ever spoke to me," a poor dying lad once said to a kindly visitor in India, who came to soothe his last repentant hours. He had had previously no chance given him, no opportunity of recovering his self-control. Setting aside as impossible the idea of everlasting torture in such, or in any, case, perhaps in a new environment a better life might be spent: and the soul of the poor lad whose body perished while still in his teens, might have been blessed in a new incarnation with a fresh Revelation of Christ, and, if needs be,

suffer, but be patient and strong, and try to atone for past errors.

As long as the heart beats with Human affections, as long as the Soul gives birth to Divine aspirations, this wondrous speculation will be entertained.

“ Πῶς γενόμεν ; πόθεν εἰμί ; τίνας χάριν ἤλθον ; ἀπελθεῖν :

“ Πῶς δύναμαι τι μαθεῖν ἐπιστάμενος ;

“ Οὐδὲν ἔων γενόμεν· πάλιν ἔσσομαι, ὥς πάρος ἦα,

“ Οὐδέν, καὶ μηδέν, τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος.”

*Anthologia Palatina*, viii, 118.

The poor vile body is indeed mortal ; but the Soul is immortal. Shall we not say with Walter Pater (“ Plato and Platonism,” p. 64) : “ The teaching of Pythagoras, like all the “ graver utterances of primitive Greek Philosophy, *is an instinct of the human mind itself*, and therefore a constant tradition “ in human history, *which will ever recur*, fortifying this or “ that soul, here or there, in a part at least of that old sanguine “ assurance about itself?”

To many, much that has been written in this my last Chapter may appear as a dream, and it may please those who are narrow-minded and incapable of reflection on the history of the past, and unsusceptible of reverential thought as to the future, to describe Chapters I and II as “ the teaching of Satan,” which is the general description in certain religious and missionary circles of the religious convictions of the elder world. Be it so ! “ *Sursum corda.*”

November, 1897.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, LL. D.



#### ART. IV.—THE PORTUGUESE EAST INDIANS OF MALABAR.

**I**N the East Indians of Malabar Portugal has left behind her a most interesting and fairly well-preserved relic of her once powerful connexion with the Orient. These people are to be met with almost exclusively in Malabar, Cochin and Travancore. They are a distinct class from the Goanese Christians, or the East Indians of Bombay, or even the occupants of the *kintals* of Calcutta and the vile *parcherries* of Madras. To outsiders they are more vulgarly known as "Coasters"—a title that is intended to be opprobrious. This apart, the fitness of the term "East Indian" will be acknowledged when we remember the circumstances under which the valiant hero of the *Lusiadas* found his way to the land of the *Malavares*.

History tells us that the early Portuguese settlers began Christianising the natives of the West Coast as far back as the fourteenth century. Francis Xavier was the first great Apostle who sowed the seeds of proselytisation. It is to be presumed that the Lusitanian colonists married into the neoteric Christian community and thus created the distinct race we are now treating of. To-day, however, the commonly-used term "Portuguese East Indians" is a misnomer, for there are very few families who can honestly claim that their earliest ancestors—paternal at least—were pure Europeans. It was only to be expected that, as the hold of Portugal on Malabar slackened, the new community would come to be more and more swayed by purely native influences, and that the links that bound them to a mother-country which they had never seen would, one by one, be snapped away. For all this, it is true, and extraordinarily true, that one of the national endowments of Portugal is that she should leave almost ineffaceable traces behind her in distant lands which she had colonised, and from which stress of circumstances later on forced her to withdraw. In Malabar, we find, the remaining links which now bind the East Indians to Portugal are their religion, their language and their names. You will find the most aristocratic patronymics of Portugal borne by swarthy cobblers and chicken-breasted tailors, who speak a *patois* which is a quaint mixture of Portuguese and certain Dravidian languages. True, they call it Portuguese; but it is as little like that noble language as the French of the Slave Creoles is like the tongue of Hugo or Beranger, or the Italian that Dante heard at the mouth of Hell is like "the Roman tongue" in a Tuscan mouth.

There is neither proper construction, nor inflection, nor the

least attempt at grammatical precision in this bastard language. It is an unwritten language, and can be described only as the natural result of the efforts of an ignorant community to leave their own legitimate vehicle of expression in the background and take up the strange language of a foreign and refined civilisation. Nevertheless, this Indo-Portuguese jargon serves the purpose of those who use it almost as perfectly as Konkani does that of the Christian inhabitants of Canara, or their curious Hindustani dialect that of the Brinjari gypsies. Possessing no dictionary or vocabulary to guide them, wanting in regularly-constituted educational institutions for the teaching of the language, the East Indians still contrive to keep their *patois* alive, and, from generation to generation, the spoken language is passed on, with its quaint idioms, with its pretty lyrics and its fairly comprehensive unwritten vocabulary. A fair proportion of the words are the same as are used in true Portuguese; but in a great many cases the pronunciation, etc., have undergone such a change that the European Portuguese scholar would find it difficult to understand exactly what is meant. The word for "bird" in true Portuguese is *passaro*; it has been transformed by the East Indian into *pastri*; and while *aconteceu* or *sucedeu* would be the correct word for "happen," in Malabar, they use only the quaint substitute *sica*. In true Portuguese one would say *O'qui aconteceu?* meaning, "What has happened?" The Indo-Portuguese rendering is—*Que ja sica?* *Elle vem* (he is coming) and *elle ja esta* (he has come) degenerate miserably indeed into *elle ta vi* and *elle ja vi*. Here, we find a striking difference between the true language and its illegitimate offspring. Tense in the latter is indicated not in an inflectional manner, but by the more laborious and primitive employment of an auxiliary. As we know, this is foreign to the advanced European system of language. *Ta*, *ja* and *lo* in Indo-Portuguese represent the present, past and future tenses, and the disregard of verb-endings has necessitated the use of *eu* to represent the first personal pronoun. Take the construction of this one Portuguese sentence by way of illustration:—"*Vou à casa de meu irmão.*" The Malabar-Portuguese renders this:—"Minha irmão's casa eu ta vai," that is "my father's house (to) I am going." It will be observed that, as in Tamil or Malayalam, the verb comes at the end of the sentence. This is certainly not the European order of construction. Take another simple sentence. "He is at dinner," would, in true Portuguese, be "*elle esta jantando*," whereas, in the mongrel tongue, they say, "*elle ta janta*." Indeed, in idiom, in construction, and from a generally morphological point of view, the influence of the Dravidian system is plainly discernible. There is also the noteworthy fact that

the true Portuguese possessive which is formed with *de*, is discarded in favour of the English possessive. What is, however, most interesting to the philologist is the manner in which the East Indian forms his plurals. We know that plurals during the period of the babyhood of language, were formed on the agglutinative principle, whereby the singular word was doubled to signify the plural. It is remarkable, as a striking indication of the decadence into which Malabar-Portuguese has fallen, that it recognises only the agglutinative form of plural. Thus the East Indians say, *rapa rapaz* not *rapazes* (boys), *mulher-mulher* not *mulheres* (women), *homme-homs*, not *hommes* (men). Another illustration yet of the inferiority of this hybrid tongue is in respect of the use of the honorific plural (a thing it may be noted *en parenthesis* which we haven't in English). In true Portuguese it is *O Senhor*. In Indo-Portuguese it is *Vossa*. All these glaring incongruities apart, the fact still remains that the Malabar-Portuguese dialect has quite a large enough stock of words for all practical purposes, and the people who use it never seem at a loss to express themselves freely, fluently and intelligently.

Not the least interesting part of this hybrid language consists in its melodious songs. At festive entertainments, the men and women range themselves in two rows and sing for hours together songs the verses of which are often improvised, and sometimes very cleverly, for the occasion. There are typical melodies, though, which are an indispensable feature of every entertainment. For instance, every gathering breaks up with the pathetic strains of the "*A Deos, A Deos, meu ceraçãõ*." It is a pretty little serenade, addressed by a parting lover to his mistress. But the spirit of the ballad has been lost sight of by the minstrels of to-day, and only the chorus of the original melody remains. As for the rest the East Indian improvisatore puts on whatever verses he thinks suited to the occasion. For instance one popular verse runs something like this.

*Quando menina fermoso to do masevs care*

*Quando pera malmaduro tem hum gosto para roubar.*

It is plain that the language of the above is very corrupt. The meaning of the couplet may be rendered thus :—

When a maiden is pretty, all young men covet her ;  
When a pear is ripe, there is a pleasure in stealing it.

What if the primary object of these simple, uncultured musicians is to rival one another in the vigour and the volume of the noise that each one produces ; what if the vilest arrack does duty for the choice vintages of Portugal, still, there is something captivating in listening to these sounds of revelry. The mind wanders back irresistibly over the dead and gone centuries, to the far off times when the daring countrymen of



Camoens held high revel amidst these very scenes, "beneath the mangoes where the parroquets chattered and the pigeons cooed," and when the greatness of the Portuguese Kingdom stood almost unrivalled in Europe. It has been remarked of the lyric products of other hybrid races that they voice not the myriad charms of Nature. They deal only with the inner emotions and passions of humanity. The influence of external nature does not act upon the soul of the lyrist. This is as true of the Malabar-Portuguese as of the Creoles of Cuba or Louisiana. All their songs have an absolutely personal interest. Love, of course, is the prevailing theme, but it is human love alone, and its objects are human. The rare beauty of nature around has not caught the inner eye of the bard. He has drawn his inspirations from within, not from without. Of course, it is needless to point out that these Indo-Portuguese lyrics are the compositions of bards who, born and bred in Malabar, had but the haziest idea of the literature of Portugal as represented in the works of Diniz, Giraldes, Camoens, Lobo and the rest. The Portuguese translated their language, their religion, and many of their racial characteristics into Malabar. But their culture and their literature never took root there. It did to a great extent in Goa, the *Lisboa* of the East, but the reasons for this do not concern us at present; so we make no reference to them. In nothing so much as their religion have these Malabar-Portuguese people clung to the example and the teachings of their early forbears. They are still loyal to the backbone to their faith. The drunken tailor who never finds time to perform his simplest religious duties cannot tear himself away from the Christmas midnight Mass, or from the solemn and lengthy services of the Passion Week. His priest is still a divinity in his eyes, and no one must dare to dispute the infallibility of his religion. Simple indeed is his faith; let us not blame him too much if that faith is scarcely associated with good works.

There are other features also in the character of the Malabar Portuguese that closely resemble those of his European original. For example, none are so thriftless as he. He rears his children in the midst of squalor and misery, and he ignores the necessity of making provision for the proverbial rainy day. When the bread-winner falls ill, or dies, starvation at home is the inevitable result. The widow and bairns must live as long as they can, as well as they can, on the bitter bread of charity. You should see a Malabar-Portuguese wedding celebration. The bride and bridegroom verily walk in silk attire, and their guests emulate their example. Where do you think these costly garments came from? Alas! they were mostly purchased with money wrung from the alms-giving public. That

does not in the least degree ruffle the equanimity of the wearers. Why, there have been again and again instances in which young men of this community have carefully hoarded up a few rupees, solely with the intention of having a grand wedding. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. That is their motto. On the morrow after the wedding it might threaten to be a case of starvation, but such a trifle should not be allowed to mar the mirth of the celebration. Weddings don't come every day, so let the motto be—eat, drink, and be merry, and let to-morrow take care of itself.

As a rule, the dwellings of these people are poor and situated amidst insanitary surroundings. Paddy in the "ould counthry" has a weakness for bringing up his pig in the parlour, and the Indo-Portuguese housewife does not scruple to rear her poultry in her bedroom or kitchen, in the midst of her own children. There is little furniture in many of these squalid homes. Old dust-covered pictures of the Virgin and Child, of St. Sebastian, or any of the other saints that are especially revered by the Roman Catholic races of Southern Europe, look down on you from walls covered with spiders' webs and lamp-soot. In one corner of the principal room you notice an apology in wood for an altar, within which are stowed away many statuettes and images of great antiquity, tempting you to believe that they might have been brought over by some pious sailors who manned the vessels of Da Gama and Albuquerque. At sunset, mother and children gather before this altar and piously recite the Rosary in mongrel Portuguese. It is a great relief—this holy and picturesque spectacle—from the rest of the grimy conditions of Indo-Portuguese home life. Perhaps, the father of the family is lying drunk in some low tavern, or the sons who have outgrown their mother's control, are spending their evening in profligacy. There are some at least who remember the hallowed hour of sunset and sanctify it by their simple orisons. It is well that there exists at least this trifling amount of religion, for the moral atmosphere of Malabar-Portuguese society is none too pure. Not only are the people generally ignorant, but they mingle intimately with the lower classes of the pure natives whose standard of morality cannot correctly be described as very lofty. There are very few of this community who possess any substance. For all that, their conceit is remarkable. It is quite on a level with that of the European Spaniard or Portuguese. Should any one of them, by adventitious circumstances, rise to the eminence of a mercantile clerkship or a petty Government post, he makes it his study to look down with lofty scorn on the rest of his tribe. His old companions of the slums and the taverns are no longer

fit to associate with him. Even his relatives who are struggling with poverty and filth must be put away from his sight. They are all low castes (*casto basco*) He cannot be expected to pollute himself by contact with them. Because of this pitiable conceit, the community has never risen to anything worth talking of, for, of communities, and races, as of individuals, it is only too true that humiliation ever follows the proud.

Let us turn to pleasanter aspects of Malabar-Portuguese life and customs. Their marriage ceremonies are quaint as well as lengthy. The father of a marriageable youth selects a bride for him. His parents visit those of the girl to "clear the doubt" (*tirar duvida*). A formal application is then sent, after which follows the betrothal. Thereafter, the girl cannot go into society without obtaining the previous sanction of her *fiancé*. The wedding is a big thing. The union in Church over, the *cortège* proceed to the bridal house and drink the health of the new-married couple. The chief feature of the wedding breakfast, at which only the relatives are present, is the large number of toasts (*Saudes*) proposed by the elders and drunk amidst loud acclamations. Among the well-to-do East Indians of old, there used to be as many as twenty-five or thirty of these *Saudes*. After breakfast, all rise and sing the *Laudate*. At night a grand dance comes off, the bridal couple being ceremoniously conducted to their chamber on the stroke of midnight. The day after the wedding, there is another breakfast for a select number of relatives, and the occasion is taken advantage of to preach a homily to the young people on the sanctity and duties of the married state. After the breakfast, the bridegroom is directed to go in person and inform all friends and relatives that the *Passover—Passamente*—will take place in the evening. This function consists in the bride being taken in procession to her new home. On the following morning, her dowry is sent. As maternity approaches, the young bride returns to her mother's house, and long before the child is born, its sponsors are selected from among the relatives of the parents. On the sixth day of the child's birth, at about 8 P. M., card playing is started in the house and kept up until morning. Bengal gram is boiled in large quantities and eaten by the wakeful guests. Several old ladies keep a strict watch over the baby, for there is a very real belief that on this particular night, the ghost of an old woman (*Mai velho*) will come to steal the child. The young mother returns to her husband's home after the fortieth day, or churching ceremony, is over.

There circles round the closing scenes of the life of an East Indian a halo of quaint pathos and solemnity which is strikingly characteristic of a community descended from such a

religiously bigoted Roman Catholic race as the Portuguese. As soon as death appears to be approaching, relatives and intimate friends are hastily summoned, and a messenger speeds to fetch a priest. The sick chamber soon presents a scene of confusion, what with the crowd huddled together round the dying person, what with the women and children lamenting loudly and relieving themselves of their grief by recounting episodes of the dear one's career. Then the minister of God enters, with the sexton bearing a tin box, containing the Holy Chrism, and, perhaps, the Viaticum. The room is cleared for a while, and the last rites of his Church are administered to the patient. As soon as the priest's back is turned, there is another rush into the chamber. When the pulse of life begins to wane swiftly and the end appears to be close at hand, one of the elders present stoops over the dying person and calls aloud in his ears, "Jesus," thrice. And then all watch anxiously till the last breath has been drawn. Thereafter, the women are left to mourn, while the men set about arranging for the funeral.

A written notice has to be sent to all friends and relatives, announcing the sad event and the hour and place of the funeral. The East Indians are such wonderful sticklers for certain outward forms and customs that, should someone, even by accident, fail to receive the notice, he would deem himself seriously insulted and the omission would be treated as a sufficient warrant for the termination of friendly relations between his family and that of the deceased. Family feuds, originating from such a trivial cause as this, have been known to exist for years and years together. Should circumstances require the remains of the dead to be kept over night, there is a regular wake. Cigars, liquor and coffee are served, and men and women watch by turns beside the dead. The body is dressed up in wedding garments (if the deceased had been married) and laid out in state. The hands are clasped and a small crucifix is inserted between them. At the head of the sleeper is placed a large crucifix between lighted candles. As a rule, all profane pictures and ornaments are removed out of sight, and the wall behind the head of the corpse is draped in black. After the interment the funeral party return in a body to the house of mourning to condole with the bereaved family. Each member of the party, according to age and propinquity of relationship, approaches a member of the family and embracing him (or her), falls upon the right shoulder and then on the left, saying at the same time "*senti muito*" (very sorry). This naturally, if the gathering is a large one, takes much time; but it is always most solemnly and exhaustively gone through. Afterwards, cigars and coffee are served to the guests. No

cooking is done in the mourning house on the day of the funeral, and the meals for the inmates are all sent in by near relatives. On the seventh day after the death, after the Requiem service in the Church, to which all those who attended the funeral are invited, the party again go to the house of woe, where the quaint form of condolence already described is repeated, and coffee and cigars are served. It may here be remarked that cigars were not used by these East Indians until recently, their smoke having been the *canoodh*, prepared out of strong tobacco cut up in pieces and rolled in a strip of dry plantain leaf. Several poor Malabar-Portuguese families used to make a living exclusively by manufacturing and selling these smokes.

Tailoring, carpentry, and shoe-making are the principal industries by which the poorer East Indians maintain themselves. For the first-named kind of work, they appear to have a special taste; but unfortunately the artisan can hardly ever tear himself away from the toddy pot, and the result often is that his patron's valuable cloth is pawned in a tavern. In the olden days, the art of tailoring was systematically and elaborately taught by old ladies. The apprentice first studied how to move his arm up and down as a tailor ought to do while in the act of stitching. The necessary proficiency used to be attained by the pupil taking up a little piece of stick with his right hand from his left, with that peculiar sweep of the arm which we notice among the knights of the goose and scissors. This lesson duly acquired, the pupil would learn to practise various kinds of stitches on little pieces of cloth. A tailor, shoemaker or carpenter who applied himself steadily to his profession could easily make from eight to twelve annas a day even in these days of keen competition. But the spirit of application is very rare among these people, and a couple of days' steady work is invariably followed by a couple of days' indolence, or a long spree; and, as a result, the bulk of the community lead a hand-to-mouth existence.

The Malabar-Portuguese East Indians cannot at the present day be distinguished from other Eurasians by reason of any peculiarity of costume, as was the case until a few years ago. The men used to wear on ordinary occasions a short jacket, generally made of white cotton, and coloured trousers baggy as far as the knee and taken in at the ankle. The dress of the women consisted of a jacket, very tight at the waist, and a plain skirt, with a large shawl thrown over the shoulder and pinned on from the front. On grand occasions the men appeared in full dress, with beaver hats. Hats were very rarely worn by the ladies. It is doubtful whether the change of costume has been for the better from the æsthetic point of view.

They are a very superstitious race—these Malabar-Portuguese—and they have some very quaint beliefs and superstitions. There is a bird of the plover species found in Malabar whose cry sounds like “*ta vi, ta vi.*” In Mongrel Portuguese, *ta vi* means “coming.” The East Indians believe that, when the Portuguese were fighting the Zamorin, this little bird used to remain in the vicinity of the Portuguese Camp and give very early notice of the approach of the enemy by crying, *ta vi, ta vi.* They never kill this bird, reckoning it ungrateful to do so. They have also a belief that it was the common iguana that betrayed to the Jews the hiding place of the Saviour. Down to the present day little East Indian lads during the Passion Week capture this reptile and stone it to death asking it: “Will you betray Him again?” There is another superstition to the effect that, if a coffin is made a little too long, there will be another death in the family within a short time. A young lady who is engaged to be married would never give a needle or a pair of scissors, or any instrument of steel, as a gift to anyone, believing that such gift would bring about bitter enmity between giver and receiver. The elders watching by the bedside of a dying person will afterwards tell you seriously whether the life went out of the body through the nose, or mouth or eyes, or ears!

## ART. V.—THE MAGICIANS OF THE BLUE HILLS.

BY MME. H. P. BLAVATSKY.

**M**ME. BLAVATSKY departed to the land of the unseen, some seven years ago, but her books go marching along. A prodigiously voluminous writer during the last fifteen years of her eventful and picturesque career, she was already represented, in 1891, by four huge volumes and three or four lesser works, including a series of stories in the manner of Edgar Poe, of whom she was an enthusiastic admirer. She had also to her credit numerous volumes of two magazines, which she had founded in Bombay and London. And it might well be said that her works, piled up, beginning with the big folio volumes of the early "Theosophist," and ending with her Oriental Birthday-book, would rival in bulk the stair-pointing pyramid.

It is altogether, a marvellous literary phenomenon, whatever view we may take of the Titanic personality which gave birth to it. But the literary output of Mme. Blavatsky by no means ended with her death; she who taught so much and so vividly concerning the state of the soul after death, has in this, herself conquered death: and, although not exactly a "bard of passion and of mirth," she has certainly left her soul on earth—a soul which is constantly giving new works to the press, and which shows not the slightest sign of flagging, or running short of new material.

Other writers have left a posthumous volume; Mme. Blavatsky has left a posthumous library; and new books are constantly being added to it. We had, first, that wonderfully picturesque and vivid story of her Indian days, "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan,"—half fact, and half fancy, as she herself was the first to say; but, with all the fancy in it, coming, perhaps, nearer to the essential spirit of India, than many a book of solidest facts, so closely marshalled that the forest is hidden by the trees.

The next work in Mme. Blavatsky's posthumous library was, I think, the "Glossary,"—a work as clearly defined in its tendencies as the famous French volumes of the Encyclopædists. It was written not to marshal information gleaned by painful research, but to embody the writer's own original and often exceedingly striking views. Curiously enough, that famous criticism of the great Englishman's Dictionary would come very near to embodying a just estimate of the "Glossary;" "the stories are excellent, but they are too short." The truth is that, from a literary point of view, Mme. Blavatsky was,

above all else, a writer of great paragraphs. There was too much force, too much of the volcanic element, in her character, to allow her to carry on one ordered thought in a placidly meandering stream ; every subject suggested to her a thousand other points of interest ; and along each of these thousand by-ways she is driven by her genius, and all the way is finding new and startling aspects of the universe.

Our old geologists used to be divided into the Plutonic and the Neptunic ; the former were all for catastrophes—explosions, earthquakes, wild upbursts of lava, fountains of molten rock. The Neptunist, on the contrary, had far less of the sporting instinct ; he was satisfied to lay out the world quietly, slowly heaping grain of sand on grain of sand, in mildest alluvial platitude. Will not some critic, learning how weary we are of the old division into epic and lyric, apply this fine conception of the geologist to the writers of the world ? At any rate, there can be no manner of doubt, to which class Mme. Blavatsky belongs ; she is Plutonic, Volcanic, Titanic, explosive, combustible ; with lava jets and fiery fountains, and the whole panoply of the infernal gods, which made the books of the old school geologists almost as exciting reading as the adventures of Captain Kid, or the doings of Sir John Morgan, pirate and Buccaneer. By the way, there was a palpable affinity between the spirit of that worshipful knight, and the lady whose books we are reviewing ; he used to appear at spirit séances when she was present, and generally tried to show that he was still going strong, by pounding the furniture and putting forth weird and thunderous noises, little befitting our conception of a shade—even the shade of a buccaneer.

Thus far the Glossary ; then came a book with a name truly formidable, for which she was not indeed personally responsible. It was "A Modern Panarion." The meaning of this has been explained to me ; but I am by no means certain that my memory has preserved as the tale " 't was told to me." It is said to mean "bread-basket"—in the literal, not the metaphorical sense of that expression ; and was, I think, the title of a controversial work by one of the Church Fathers militant—indeed, rather more militant than decorous—, and consisted chiefly of railing accusations brought against all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics. Well, that is not exactly what Mme. Blavatsky's book appears to be, there are certainly scalps and vendettas through the book, here and there ; but there is much more ; and a score or more of magnificent paragraphs, fine, rhetorical, sonorous, might well be culled from this bread-basket of modern days. I am aware that this is a mixture of three or more metaphors ; but that is really intentional, and serves to represent pictorially the character of the book. In fact, this paragraph properly belongs to the new "symboliste" school.



After the bread-basket, we had a new volume of the "Secret Doctrine," containing quantities of weirdly magnificent things, concerning the foundations of the word, the dark backward and abysm of time, fate, freedom and foreknowledge absolute, to say nothing of Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire. There are, besides, many strange sayings concerning the mighty dead ; the sages of all time and every land, making up that splendid mystic brotherhood in whose hands has been the tutelage of the world, and from whom has poured down influence, since the dawn of Time.

Now we are promised yet another work, and there is no sign that the supply is anything like exhausted, and there is one thing which at once enlists our favor for the new volume ; it is a part of her writings in her native tongue, and thus shares the literary advantages which won a way for the Caves and Jungles to many readers who were not in the least attracted by her other books.

When she wrote in English, in spite of her undoubted mastery of that complicated tongue, Mme. Blavatsky was under a linguistic difficulty and disadvantage ; but there was much more in it than this. She was writing for an audience not merely critical, but even bitterly hostile, antagonistic to the last degree. And, even with her splendid nerve and Titanic force, this sense of steady opposition could not but cause a certain constraint, a certain feeling of conscious effort, a pains-taking and laboured hesitation ; so that, what is her own in her books, and that, by far the best and most original part of them, is often hidden and buried under the debris of other people's writings, whose facts she has used to strengthen and support her own positions. She was perpetually straining to prove things which, in the nature of things, are incapable of proof ; and, as her power of dramatic and vivid expression was vastly superior to her argumentative faculty, the things to be proved are hindered, rather than helped, by the proofs. Yet even the debris of other writers, marshalled by a mind so vigorous and full of originality, cannot but be full of interest ; and there is something worth reading on every page she compiled, as there is something worth remembering in every line she wrote, of her own original work.

But in the Russian works, she is labouring under none of these disadvantages. The Russians were always proud of their heroic and adventurous country-woman ; they saw at once that the element of force in everything she said and did was in itself a sterling quality, a real thing. And the sense of this at once communicated itself to her, and tinged her Russian writings with a spirit of directness, of personal colouring, of warmth, freedom from constraint : in a word, created that

atmosphere in which alone a writer can write well. It is the same with every manifestation of the artistic temperament. Was it Sir Joshua who said to a sister: "Praise me, and keep praising me; if you don't praise I can't paint." At any rate, the psychological fact is the same whether the story belongs to Sir Joshua or another.

I may begin this somewhat discursive essay on the latest born of Mme. Blavatsky's posthumous children "The Magicians of the Blue Hill," by showing how she can paint, when she has an audience that praises her, an enchanted world;

"Mysterious mountains, blue hills.  
Abode of unknown wonders,"

as is sung in the sweet-sounding dialect of Malayalam.

Blue hills truly. Look at them from wherever you like, at whatever distance you choose—from below, from above, from the valley or the neighbouring heights—so long as they are not out of your sight, these two will strike you, from the extraordinary colour of their woods. Light blue with a golden reflection at a short distance, dark blue at a greater, they glitter like huge living sapphires, which breathe softly and change colour, shining with the waves of an interior light."

That is merely a single stroke of colour, but who can bring forward anything finer out of all the endless tomes that have been written concerning the wonders of the East? I need hardly point to the fact that the Nilgiris are the Blue Mountains of Mme. Blavatsky's book; the Magicians are the Todas and Milu-Kurumbas, of whom more anon. But, before leaving the subject of Mme. Blavatsky's really magnificent descriptive powers, let me give her an opportunity to do herself more ample justice, in a long and finely sustained passage where many different sides of her high literary gift manifest themselves in turn:

"Listen and try to imagine the picture I am going to describe. Let us ascend the hill, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, which, let it be said in passing, is visible far, far away, like a thin blue silk thread spreading itself over the Malabar coasts, and let us take a good look; we gaze over an extent of at least two hundred miles in diameter. Wherever, we look, right, left, north and south, we see a shoreless ocean of green, pinkish and blue hills, of smooth or rugged rocks, of mountains of the most whimsical and fantastic outlines. A blue-green ocean, sparkling under the brilliant rays of the tropical sun, restless and covered with the masts of ships, already sunk or only sinking: the ocean we see sometimes in the shadowy land of our dreams.

"Turn to the north now. The Nilgiri chain, as if growing out of the pyramidal Jellamalai of the Western Ghats, at first

looks like a gigantic bridge, nearly fifty miles long, and then rushes headlong onward, jutting out in huge projections and, stairs, deftly avoiding gaping precipices on both sides, and, at last, reaching the rounded forms of the Mysore hills, which are wrapped in velvety grayish mists. After this, the monster bridge nearly breaks to pieces, knocking itself against the sharp rocks of Pykar ; it suddenly jumps off in a perpendicular line, divide itself into small separate rocks, then into mere boulders, and at last is transformed into a mad mountain stream of stone, tortured by impotent rage to overtake a swift bright river, hurrying away from the formidable stony bosom of the mother mountain.

On the south of the Cairn Hill, for, at least, a hundred miles spread dark forests, dreaming in the splendour of their unassailable virgin beauty, and the steaming marshes of Koimbatour, ending in the brick-red hills of Khand.

"Further to the east the central chain of the Ghats loses itself in the distance, like a huge stone serpent, zig-zagging between two rows of high volcanic rocks. Crowned as they are with separate clumps of pines, which look like short dishevelled hair on a human head. these rocks offer a most curious sight. Their shapes are so like human figures, that one almost thinks the volcanic force that squeezed them out, meant to prepare a stone model of man, about to be born. Seen through the thin veil of ever-moving mists, they also seem to move, these ancient cliffs in their attire of hoary moss. Like so many mischievous school boys, they hasten to leave the narrow pass ; they push each other ; they run races with each other ; they jump over each other, to reach some wide ; open space where there is room for all, where freedom reigns. And far above their level, right under your feet, as you stand on the Cairn Hill, you see a picture of quite a different character : smiling green fields, speaking of rest, of childlike gladness and good will.

"Truly, a spring idyl of Virgil framed with stormy pictures of Dante's Inferno. Tiny emerald hillocks, all enamelled with bright wild flowers, scattered like so many warts over the smiling face of the mother valley. Long silky grass and aromatic herbs. But instead of snow-white lambs and innocent shepherds and shepherdesses, you see herds of huge raven-black buffaloes, and, at a distance, the athletic silhouette of a young, long-haired Toda Tiralli or shepherd priest.

"On these heights, spring reigns eternally. Even in December and January, the frosty nights are always conquered by spring towards noon. Here everything is fresh and green, everything puts forth abundant blossom and fragrant aroma all the year round. In the rainy season, when the far off plains are nearly

drowned by heavy downpours day and night, the Blue Hills have only occasional refreshing showers and look their best, for then their charm is like the charm of a baby, who is ready to smile even through his tears. Besides, on this height, everything seems to be in infancy and rejoicing in the new sensation of existence. The angry mountain torrents are not yet out of the cradle. Their thin sprays spring out of the mother stone and form sweet murmuring brooks, on whose diaphanous beds you see the atoms of the future formidable grim cliffs. In her double aspect, Nature offers here the true symbol of human life: pure and serene, baby-like, at the top; careworn, sad and sombre below. But, above or below, the flowers are bright, painted by the magic palette of India. Everything seems unusual, weird and strange to the newcomer from the valleys. In the mountains the wizened, dusky coolie gives place to the tall, fair-skinned Toda, with majestic face, like some old Greek or Roman, draped in a snow-white linen toga, unknown elsewhere in India; regarding the Hindu with the good-natured contempt of the bull who thoughtfully watches the black toad at his feet. Here the yellow-legged falcon of the plains is replaced by the mighty mountain eagle. And the withered grass and burned up cactuses of Madras are transformed into whole forests of gigantic reeds, where the elephant plays hide-and-seek, without any fear of ever-watching human eye. Here sings our Russian nightingale, and the European cuckoo lays her eggs in the nest of the yellow-nosed Southern myna. Contrasts await you at every step; wherever you look, you see an anomaly. The gay melodious chirping and songs of birds, unknown elsewhere in India, resound in the thick foliage of wild apple trees; and, at times, the wind carries away from the dark, gloomy forest the ill-omened howls of tigers and cheetahs and the lowing of wild buffaloes. Far above the forests, the solemn silence is also broken, at times, by low, mysterious sounds, half-rustling, half-murmuring, or some stifled, desperate shriek. But soon everything is silent again, basking in the scented waves of pure mountain air, and silence reigns supreme. In these hours of calm, the attentive, loving ear listens to the beating of nature's strong, healthy pulse, swiftly divining its never ceasing movements, even in these soundless protestations of glad life from the myriads of her creatures, visible and invisible.

"No! It is not easy to forget the Nilgiris. In this marvellous climate Mother Nature has brought together all her scattered powers to produce every possible sample of her great work. She playfully exhibits, turn by turn, the products of all the zones of our globe, sometimes rising to lively, energetic activity, sometimes sinking into weariness and forgetfulness. I have seen

her somnolent in all the glory of her bright, ardent southern beauty, lulled to sleep by the accordant unanimous melody of all her kingdoms. I have met her also in her other mood, when, as if moved by a fierce pride, she reminded us of her unfathomed powers by the colossal plants of her tropical forests and the deafening roars of her giant animals. One more step, and she sinks down again, as if exhausted by her supreme efforts, and goes to sleep on the soft carpet of northern violets, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley. And there she lies, our great, mighty mother, mute and motionless, fanned by a sweet breeze and the tender wings of myriads of magically beautiful butterflies."

I think that whoever reads this, will confess that it would be hard to excel, and by no means easy to equal, as a piece of pure descriptive writing; the colours are so vivid, the imagery is so full of life, the whole picture conceived in such a broad and all-embracing spirit, that this passage should take rank as a classic, among the best things that have been written concerning India.

But it seems to me that something even more interesting than the literary workmanship of this passage, is its psychological quality—the subjective element in it; the insight it gives us into the mind and soul of the writer.

The first element in our subjective estimate is, here, as in everything Mme. Blavatsky said, wrote, or did, the element of force. Power was the key-note of her nature; and she could not have kept it from showing, through half a page of her work, had she attempted to do so. Take the evidence of power, in one factor, to begin with—the most readily intelligible factor: the sustained effort shown by the production of a description of such great length, and of equally high value throughout. A less powerful mind would inevitably flag and grow weary, under such a protracted effort; and we should have the fact at once visible in weaker and weaker strokes towards the end of the passage. But there is no flagging, or withdrawal of energy here; the description flows onward, with increasing, rather than diminishing, force; like a mighty river, that broadens and deepens, as it draws nearer to the sea.

The next element which strikes and interests us, is the deeply pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole; the feeling towards human life: "pure, serene, baby-like, at the top; careworn, sad and sombre below." There was a great deal of this profound sentiment of sadness in "the caves and jungles of Hindustan." It is a sadness wholly different from the bitterness of the pessimist; for Mme. Blavatsky was no pessimist, but held the highest possible ideals of human perfection, and held them firmly to the end. But she saw, and lat-

terly came more and more to see, that man has much to suffer, and many sorrows to pass through, before the shining goal can come into sight. And it is the sadness of real sympathy, and never the sadness of a bitter and disappointed mind, which tinges her Russian books. In her English work, this element is almost wholly lacking; whether, voluntarily suppressed, through a kind of pride, or driven out by the character of her themes, it has not stamped its impress there. And readers of these works therefore lose one important key to her character. If her English books gain in philosophic quality, they certainly lose in human interest.

Another thing that we cannot fail to note, is the evidence everywhere of a mind not only learned, but, what is much more, truly cultured. Take that one sentence: "Truly a spring idyl of Virgil, framed with stormy pictures of Dante's *Inferno*." That is not the kind of sentence which is within the reach of mere superficial students of the great books of the world. One must have absorbed the very essence and spirit of them, and possessed them, as a real moral inheritance, before they can come to have this secondary and symbolical value.

A last reflection is suggested; a suggestion, in truth, somewhat out of date, and applying to a by-gone epoch of criticism of Mme. Blavatsky's books.

It is this: Mme. Blavatsky has been repeatedly accused of plagiarism; of making up her books from the works of others, and of doing this so unskillfully as to invite detection. Now, there are two elements in this position. And the first is the supposition that it was from mental poverty, from lack of originality, from absence or deficient character of her own material, that Mme. Blavatsky used the works of others to eke out her own. But we can no longer admit the possibility of this, for a moment, in the face of such prodigal wealth, such originality and power, such abundant and flowing energy, as we find in passages like that which we have quoted. The truth seems to be this: Mme. Blavatsky had no just sense of the fact that what she herself wrote was of far greater value than what she borrowed; she was really very diffident, and underrated her own work persistently.

Then, with a feeling that the argumentative faculty in her was greatly weaker than the creative, she exaggerated the quality which she did not herself possess, and set a far higher value on it than it really deserves. In other words she thought proof was more valuable than it really is; and that ideas are less valuable than they really are. Hence her own ideas, brilliant, original, and powerful, are hidden behind bulwarks built up of proofs drawn from other peoples books, and, for the most part, greatly inferior in force and directness to her own

writing. She desired to draw a certain picture ; to produce a certain effect in the minds of her readers ; and, with the diffidence we have spoken of, she always used some other person's materials, rather than her own, if she could find anything at all available. One of her critics greatly plumed himself on the discovery that Mme. Blavatsky only used a hundred books of reference. And this critic tries to belittle her work by showing this. It would have been a splendid thing, if she had not even used a single one ; and had set forth on her task, trusting only to her own great and original power. The whole trouble arose from a great and exaggerated idea of the value of proof and argument, arising in a mind much too creative and forceful ever to be able to argue clearly.

Thus, the multiplying of quotations in her books, so far from having its root in the desire to shine in borrowed plumes, really springs from the greatness of her self-depreciation. She never imagined that any credit could accrue to her ; and so took no pains to mark the limits of her own work, and what she owed to others. We are the losers by this ; and we feel how great the loss is, when we come on passages of high original power, embodying faculties so different, and so full of excellence, as that which we have quoted.

"The Magicians of the Blue Hills" begins with an account of the original discovery of the Nilgiris. It purports to be drawn from original sources, and to be based on official documents. I have not the least doubt that, broadly speaking, this claim is true. But it would not in the least impair the value of her opening chapter, if it were shown that Mme. Blavatsky had made up her authorities as she went along. For the real value of the narrative lies, not at all in the facts, interesting as these are, but in the colour Mme. Blavatsky gives them ; the subjective elements she is able to import into them ; and the fine literary quality she gives to the whole. Is it a small thing to take the dry, dusty records which are so abundant in the Indian Secretariats, and make them as interesting as a romance, as full of movement as a drama, and, withal, as admirable in style and finish as the work of a French novelist of the best modern school ?

What is especially attractive in this historical chapter—if it be historical ; though, as I have said, that is wholly unimportant—is the vein of rich humour running through the whole ; such humour as is only within the reach of a broad and genial nature. We are accustomed to see Indian life, and especially life of the natives, treated with wit ; a wit too often bitter, caustic, wounding ; such wit as springs from bitterness of heart, reflected in a quick intellect, and fertile fancy. Here we have not a grain of bitterness, but an abundant stream

of kindness and good will, breaking forth in mockery that could never hurt even its subject, and that brings us into immediate sympathy both with the subjects of the tale, and the teller of it.

Humorous passages cannot be said to gain by piecemeal quotation ; yet I am tempted to gather a sentence here and there, from the first chapter of the "Blue Hills," rather for the pleasure of doing it, than with any idea that I am doing the subject justice.

Take, for instance, the sentence on the elephants, which, feeling that their end is coming, "plunge into deep mud, and quietly prepare for Nirvana." Or this, concerning another kind of great ones: "the slumbering liver of the Honorable Fathers of the East India Company woke up; those poor livers of theirs which were torpid, no less than their brains; and, besides, their mouths began to water. At first, no one knew precisely where all these tempting things were to be had." Or take this reflection: "Between 'then' and 'now,' there lies an abyss, across which is spread the fearful shadow of 'Imperial prestige.' However, there is this consolation, that there exists no difference between 'then' and 'now,' for the forests and marshes of Koimbatour, as to the leprosy, the fevers, and the elephant-legs, which they freely distribute to their inhabitants and visitors." In answer to the question, "what is a shikari?" Mme. Blavatsky replies: "The attire of a shikari consist of an assortment of hunting knives, a powder-flask, made out of a buffalo-horn, an ancient flint-lock, which flashes in the pan, nine times out of ten, and, for the rest, his skin. The shikari looks so old, and so sickly, and his stomach is drawn in so tightly, as if by hunger or pain, that a tender-hearted tourist (not a native, of course, and not an Anglo-Indian), is invariably tempted to administer to him a dose of soothing syrup. When out of employment, the poor shikari can scarcely crawl, and his old back is bent nearly double. Taken all in all, he is a painful sight. But, let a sportsman-sahib call out to him, let him show a few rupees to the shikari, and in an instant the old wretch will look erect and strong, and will be ready for any sport. Once the bargain concluded, he will bend again, and crawl cautiously and slowly away, his body all wrapped in aromatic herbs, so that no beast of prey should scent 'human flesh.'"

That is an instance of humour, as contrasted with wit; look at the kindness of it all; we see at once that the writer has a sort of liking for the old rascal, and has herself very possibly administered "soothing syrup" to him—in the shape of a few rupees.

"It was in the company of just three such shikaris, that  
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two Englishmen, topographers in the service of the Company, lost their way when out hunting—in September, 1818.”

From this point begins an orderly narrative of the discovery of the famous South Indian paradise. With the certainty that it will interest, and with a fairly strong conviction that, if critically examined, it will be found broadly accurate, I shall summarise that narrative here.

The two Englishmen reached the very boundary of what was considered in those days as possible hunting ground. They had come to the Guslehut Pass, not far from the Kolakambe waterfall. Far above their heads rose the craggy peaks of Todabet, in describing which Mme. Blavatsky introduces that splendid piece of colour which I have already quoted, “blue, with a golden reflection at a short distance, dark blue at a greater, they glitter like huge living sapphires, which breathe softly and change colour, shining with the waves of an interior light.”

At this outpost of the unknown, the two Englishmen had a misunderstanding with their native followers, which ‘not even the joint efforts of our two riding-whips’ were effectual to remove. The three shikaris ‘shivered all over like aspen leaves,’ and rolled on the wet ground, right over the borders of the waterfall, as if in an epileptic fit. Dusky human nature triumphed. This time the two Englishmen went no further, returning to the village whence they had set out, but, at the same time, registering a vow to see what was at the further side of Kolakambe, or perish in the attempt. The local authorities tried hard to discourage this hardy resolution, and the “zemindar Brahmans” told a story with a moral, which will come best in Mme. Blavatsky’s own words :—

“One day, Mr. D.,” gravely said the zemindar Brahmans, “was carried away, in the pursuit of some animals. He forgot our constant warnings and crossed the waterfall. Since then no one knows exactly what became of him. But the possible result of his foolhardy deed was learned, thanks to an old sacred monkey from a neighbouring pagoda.”

This venerable inhabitant of the Hindu temple was in the habit of visiting the neighbouring plantations when free from religious duties. The pious *Kulis* of the plantation were always glad to receive and feed this particular guest of theirs ; and one morning, to the great consternation of everyone, the monkey arrived wearing a European boot on his head. The boot proved to belong to the missing planter, but its owner never was found.

“No doubt,” went on the Brahmans, “the poor man was torn to pieces by *pisachas*. It is true, the Company for a time suspected the Brahmans of the pagoda, who had an intermin-

able law-case with the defunct gentleman about a piece of land. But the Sahibs are always ready to accuse the holy hermits, especially in Southern India. However, the suspicions were never confirmed."

And the poor planter never came home. He entered the world of bodiless thought, a world still less known to our scientists and great men in general, than the mysterious world of the Blue Hills was then. On this earth, he has become a kind of dream, whose eternal memory is still preserved in the shape of an old boot under a glass case, in the District Police Office.

"Further they said . . . what did they say? This, for instance: on this side of the rain clouds the mountains are not inhabited, so far as visible and palpable mortals are concerned, but on the other side of the "angry water," *i.e.*, water-fall, on the sacred heights of Todabet, Mukkartebet and Rangaswami, there lives an unearthly tribe, a tribe of sorcerers, of demi-gods.

"They live surrounded by an everlasting spring, they do not know either rains, or droughts, either heat, or cold. Not only do they never marry or die, but they actually are never born: their babies fall from the sky ready made and then are "growed," to use the original expression of Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No mortal has ever succeeded in reaching these heights, and no one ever will, unless he is allowed to do so after death.

"For, as it is well-known to the Brahmans—and who is entitled to know better than they? the demigods of the Nil-giris have just let a part of their adode, out of respect to the god Brahma, so that a temporary *swarga* may be arranged there,—I suppose, the entresoles of the real place being under repairs at the time.

"Besides, the zemindars swore that they personally knew a shikari who got drunk one evening in the kitchen of the Collector of the place, and went at a late hour to trace a tiger. He crossed the water fall, and next morning was found dead at the foot of the mountains."

But, as might have been foreseen, all this only served to whet the curiosity of the two topographers. As Mme. Blavatsky somewhat mischievously remarks: "British prestige had to proclaim itself in all epochs of history, as we see: otherwise it might be overlooked, and,—God forbid!—forgotten."

A regular expedition was organised, with an armed escort. Naturally, this caused much perturbation. The zemindars began to "sit dharna," and "the munsiffs rent their garments, which did not cost them any considerable effort, taking into consideration the extreme lightness of their habitual costume; besides, as a sign of popular calamity and general mourning,

they shaved the heads of their wives, and ordered them to scratch their faces (their wives' faces, I mean) until they bled. The Brahmans loudly recited exhortations and mantrams interiorly wishing the English people and their impious ways in the depth of *naraka*. For three whole days Metopolam resounded with groans and sobs of despair, but all in vain."

After several false starts, and the death of two unwilling guides, the party finally got under way, climbing up perfectly perpendicular rocks, until they found themselves on the other side of the clouds, having crossed the line of the eternal mist, whose blue waves now spread beneath their feet. Further on, far above the mists, they met with a huge boa-constrictor. One of them made a false step, in the twilight, and "fell on 'something' clammy and soft." This 'something' began moving, rustling the leaves under it, raised itself, and proved to be a very disagreeable acquaintance. By way of greeting, the boa wound himself round one of the 'superstitious' Irishmen, and pressed him so warmly in his cold embrace, before a few bullets had time to reach his wide open jaws, that the soldier died at the end of a few minutes. Digging a grave for poor Paddy proved no easy task, as the workers had at the same time to hunt away the white vultures which came in masses every moment, with the evident aim of devouring the body."

Higher up, the explorers came upon a battle of the Titans. Two armies of elephants were valiantly contesting the sovereignty of the hills. This fight had a direct influence on the band of explorers, though they took no actual part in it. The soldiers got frightened. "The sight dispersed them. Seven of them made their way back to the village, which only a day before they had left so triumphantly, and three of them were lost altogether." The flavour of this last phrase would lead us to believe that these last were fellow-countrymen of the boa-constrictor. The party was thus reduced to its original elements, "the two topographers of the Company."

"For many days," writes Mme. Blavatsky, almost in the tone of the *Odyssey*, "they wandered on helplessly, climbing great heights, and again coming down into the valleys: having no other food but mushrooms and berries, which grew there abundantly. And many nights they spent listening to the roaring of tigers and elephants, keeping watch by turns, and expecting to be killed every moment."

"Many times the unlucky explorers wished to go back, but in spite of their efforts, to go straight down, at every step they met obstacles that forced them to turn aside, against their will. Trying to climb round a rock, or a hill, they invariably found themselves in an impossible wilderness."

They had no compass, and nature seemed to cut them off from every possibility of return. And so there was nothing for it but to go higher and higher, climbing up trees, in order to jump from them to the top of some rock across a ravine."

At last, after nine Homeric days and nights, we find them drop down on the ground, utterly exhausted, under the rocks, 'prepared for the worst.' The spot they had reached was the celebrated Cairn Hill—and here Mme. Blavatsky's genius leads her into a very learned discussion on Cairns, in which we find the names of Brittany and the Caucasus, Scythian and Parthian, Palenque and Mexico, with all of which she was, I believe, personally familiar—but a digression which, in spite of its interest, effectually breaks off the thread of her narrative.

It is only fifteen pages later that we get back to our two topographers.

"Their weary legs refused to serve them altogether. Kindersley, who was stronger than Whish, did not want to lose precious time; as soon as he was able to stand, he started on an exploration round the hill. He was determined to note every possible detail of their surroundings, which would allow them to make their escape again into the plains; a hard task in the chaos of cliffs and jungles, which stood before his eager eyes. But his exploration was soon interrupted. Whish stood before him, unable to say a word, ghastly, pale and shivering as if in a fit of fever. With his outstretched arm he convulsively pointed to the distance. Looking in the direction of his friend's finger, Kindersley saw, in a small cavity only some hundred feet from them, some kind of human dwelling, and then figures of men. This sight, which to all appearances should have filled them with joy, had quite an opposite effect; both men stood thunderstruck.

"The dwelling was of an uncanny, never heard of, architecture. It had neither windows, nor doors; it was as round as a tower and sheltered by a roof, which, though rounded at the top, was a perfect pyramid. As to the men, both explorers were at a loss to decide whether they were men at all. Their instinct led both of them to take refuge promptly behind a bush, from whence they watched the strange moving shapes with increasing fright and apprehension. In the words of Kindersley, they beheld "a group of giants surrounded by several groups of monstrously ugly dwarfs." Forgetting their hearty laugh at the superstitious Malabaris, and the daring audacity with which their own hearts were filled at the outset, both men were ready to take these wonderful apparitions for the genii and the gnomes of the place.

"This is the way in which Europeans saw for the first time

the shapely Todas in the midst of their adorers and tributaries the Badagas, and the servants of these latter, the Mulu-kurumbas, who are truly the abjectest savages of our Globe."

And it is these Todas and Mulu-kurumbas, who are the magicians of the Blue Hills, and fill the title-rôle of the piece. Mme. Blavatsky has gathered together many interesting things concerning the "Five Races of the Nilgiris," in the chapters that follow; she has laid under contribution many works, from the Ramayana to Charcot,—the former, for legends of Southern India and Ceylon—if Lanka be Ceylon—, whence she derives her Todas; the latter, for psychological and psychical facts and theories, by which she seeks to unravel the tangled threads of a hundred tales of witchcraft, of sorcery, or of "mind-healing," as it would be called nowadays.

She has more than one magnificent anecdote, magnificently told, and she has an abundance of humour, and even boisterous fun, at the expense of everyone concerned, herself included.

But, into these chapters, which rival in their tangled luxuriance one of the tropical forests she describes, it is not my intention to follow her. Of the Blue Hills, and her powers of painting them I have already said enough; and to give any adequate account of the magicians, the marvellous things she tells of them, and the still more marvellous explanations she gives of these marvels, would practically involve repeating page after page of her book. It is well worth this treatment; but considerations of space forbid it.

Let me say, in closing, that, of all her books, this seems to me the best written, the most compact, and dramatic. And, more than this, in brilliance, in richness, and breadth of colouring and vivacity, it is the equal of any book on India I have ever read. I anticipate, that her data, so long as they are confined to the visible world, will stand the test of local criticism. Whether her data for the world invisible are as correct, is a matter I am not competent to pronounce on. But, if every fact were proved erroneous, the value of the book would not thereby suffer: the writer is greater than her theme; and she is, after all, the magician of the Blue Hills in whom we are most interested.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

ART. VI.—NOTES FROM THE CALCUTTA  
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. III.

(Continued from the *Calcutta Review*, January, 1898, No. 211.)

THE novelties described in this paper have been added to the collection in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens since my visit to that institution early in October last. In order to make sure whether the latest accessions to the collection were still living in the gardens or not, I paid a visit to them during my recent flying trip to Calcutta, and inspected the animals in question on the 25th February last. The animals herein described are entirely new to the collection, and, therefore, deserve more than a passing notice.

Proceeding to the Sonebursa Houses and Enclosures, now tenanted by the kangaroos, rheas, ostriches, gazelles &c., we find in the southern of these houses, a fine specimen of the Huanaco (*Lama huanacos*, Mol.) from Bolivia, obtained by exchange from the Zoological Society of London. This animal is a South American relative of the ordinary camel, but differs from the latter by its much smaller size and lighter frame, the absence of any hump, the longer and more pointed ears, the short and bushy tail, the narrower feet, with more distinctly separated toes, and the long and woolly hair. It has two teeth less than the camel, owing to the upper premolars in the adult individuals being reduced from three to two pairs. The Huanaco belongs to the genus *Lama*, which includes two species—the Huanaco and the Vicuna, both being wild forms. From the Huanaco is descended the Llama (*L. peruviana*, Tied.), of which the Committee of the Calcutta Zoo have previously had several fine specimens. The Vicuna (*L. vicuna*, Mol.) is said to be the wild stock from which the semi-domesticated Alpaca is said to have been descended. All these forms, wild and domesticated, have their homes in the Andes and adjoining plateaux of South America. Of the domesticated forms, the Llama, which is larger in size, is employed as a beast of burden by the inhabitants of the Peruvian highlands; while the Alpaca is carefully bred for its fine long wool, which is a very valuable commodity. The ancient Peruvians also used the male Llamas as beasts of burden, while they kept the females for their milk and flesh, which is said to be equal to the best mutton. In the early days of the Spanish conquest, droves could be seen of nearly one thousand Llamas carrying silver from the Peruvian mines, the whole herd being in charge of a single native only. It is said that the

Llamas are very easily domesticated and can be managed far more easily than a flock of sheep. All the forms of this genus have a peculiar call, very much resembling that of a horse, and are characterised by the possession of a very unpleasant habit of spitting in the faces of spectators. This habit they possess most likely as a means of defence. The present anomalous geographical distribution of the Huanacos, Llamas, and Camels has been satisfactorily accounted for by the discovery of a larger number of fossil forms of this group of animals in the Tertiary rocks of North America, near the Rocky Mountains, and also by the occurrence of extinct forms of camel in Northern India.

The specimen at the Zoo is of the size of a large stag. The fur of the upper part of its body and of the face is of a reddish fawn color. It is always walking to and fro within its paddock, uttering a peculiar kind of snort-like cry. This animal is a shy breeder in captivity. A pair kept in the London Zoological Gardens bred in 1896, and gave birth to a calf, of which the following account was published in the *Englishman* of the 2nd July, 1896: "Close by the southern entrance to the tunnel at the Zoological Gardens are the Llama Sheds, and in one of them a male Huanaco (*Lama huanacos*) has been kept since 1884, and a female since 1891. Quite unexpectedly, last Friday evening, the female dropped a calf—probably the first born in confinement. The little creature is doing very well, but it has been found necessary to confine the sire to the inner enclosure, for he is extremely jealous of the new arrival. The birth of this calf raises an interesting question. As is well known, the alpaca is bred for the sake of its wool, which is made into a fabric also called alpaca. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to acclimatise these animals in Europe and Australia. The herd introduced into Australia sometime ago was rapidly reduced in number, and, at the end of five years, only about a dozen survived of the three hundred that were imported. But the wild Huanaco, according to Darwin, is very easily domesticated, and the present case shows that it will breed in confinement, so that it would seem as if the dwindling of the Australian herds were due to the animals being kept under unfavorable conditions."

In one of the enclosures attached to the Sonebursa House are kept three Dorcas Gazelles (*Gazella dorcas*, Linn.) from Egypt, which have been recently acquired through the good offices of the Port Officer at Port Said. The Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Bābu Rāmbrahma Sānyal, informed me that two of these gazelles arrived in the Gardens with their legs fractured. As it was necessary to set the broken bones, and keep the animals in a confined position

with their legs in a sling, in order to ensure the fractured legs getting healed up, but as there was no sling at the Zoo, the gazelles with fractured legs had been sent to the Pinjrapole at Sodepur, where they were doing well. Only one of these gazelles was, I was informed, living at the time of my visit, in the Sonebursa enclosure with a number of Arabian gazelles, which it resembles very closely except in coloration, which is paler than that of its Arabian congeners. As there are a number of gazelles tenanted in this enclosure, I was unable to single out the Dorcas gazelle from among the herd. This rare species of gazelle is altogether new to the collection.

While on the subject of rare animals from Egypt, I may state that, in January last, some very interesting examples of Jerboa Rats (*Dipus acgyptius* Hasselq.), Puff-Adders (*Vipera arietans*, Merrem.) and Horned Vipers (*Vipera cornuta*, Daud.) were obtained from Egypt through the good offices of the Port Officer at Port Said. The Jerboa Rats are at present lodged in the Rodentia House, near the entrance to the Gardens, and the Puff-Adders and Horned Vipers are to be found in the Reptile-House.

Proceeding to the Rodentia House, we find, in the central compartment of the western series of cages, three or four examples of the Egyptian Jerboa. They are small, pretty-looking, mouse-like animals, having the upper parts of the body of a reddish fawn colour, while the under-side of the body and the long tufted tail are of a white colour. These little rodents, or gnawing animals, have beautifully large and black eyes. The hind legs of this animal are much longer than the front ones, affording it much facility for taking long kangaroo-like leaps and bounds. They move about on their hind legs only, supported to a certain extent by their long tails. During the day-time, it remains hidden in the litter of straw provided in its cage, only occasionally coming out to feed. At the time of my visit, I found only one of the specimens quietly sitting on its hind legs and eating of the sliced cucumber and soaked gram given to them for their evening meal. The peculiar sandy coloration of these little mammals indicates that they haunt the desert wastes of Egypt, where it lives in burrows made in the sand. This peculiar coloration is also characteristic of the Puff-Adders and Horned Vipers from Egypt, which are also desert-loving forms.

Then, proceeding to the Murshidabad House, we find in the north-eastern compartment of this building a pair of the Triangular-spotted Pigeon (*Columba guinea*, Linn.) from West Africa. These birds have been recently acquired by exchange from the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, where they breed regularly every year. They are of a reddish



brown color and ocellated with white triangular-shaped spots all over the upper side, the spots being most conspicuous on the wings, from which it derives its ordinary English appellation.

A single specimen of the Rosy-billed Pochard (*Metopiana peposaca*, Vieill.) of South America had also been obtained by exchange from the London Zoological Society, in whose Gardens it breeds freely. But I could not discover it in any one of the Duck-houses in the Alipore Gardens. Perhaps, it is dead now.

Then, leaving the Murshidabad House, we direct our steps towards the Reptile-House. Turning to the left, we find in the easternmost of the southern glazed wall-cages, three or four specimens of the Horned Viper (*Vipera cornuta*, Daud.) from Egypt. These snakes are about two feet long, of a sandy brown colour, and possess a pair of horn-like processes above the eyes. They are found in the sandy deserts of Northern Africa lying to the east of Morocco, in the sands of which they remain buried. Sometimes they bury themselves so deeply in the sand that only the head and a portion of the neck project above the surface. Their peculiar coloration, assimilating to the colour of the sands they frequent affords a striking illustration of the theory of protective mimicry and prevents them from being readily discerned.

Moving further on, we come to the westernmost of these glazed cages, wherein are to be found specimens of the Bungaraj (*Dipsas forsteri*) from Poona, which have been presented by Mr. F. A. Shillingford. This snake attains to a length of 4 feet 10 inches and is coloured brown on the upper side, with more or less regular angular black cross-bars, with or without white spots between them; a black band running from the frontal shield to the nape, and another band on each side behind the eye. The under surface of this snake is of uniform white coloration, sometimes spotted with white. Nothing is known about its habits. At the time of my visit, I found it concealed under the sods of turf provided in its cage; and, though I tried my best to make it come out, my efforts proved fruitless.

Moving northwards, again, we come to the glazed wall-cage just to the left of the door in the western side of this house, which is at present tenanted by four or five specimens of the much-dreaded Puff-Adder (*Bitis arulans*) of Egypt, which have been obtained through the good offices of the Port Officer at Port Said. Its head is broader and more triangular-shaped than that of any of its kith and kin. As characteristic of all desert-haunting forms of animal life, these adders, which are found in the sandy wastes of Africa and Egypt, are of a sandy

brown colour. It is very venomous, and even large mammals are said to succumb very speedily to the bite of this dreaded ophidian. It has a peculiar habit of lying concealed, with only its head exposed, which, combined with its peculiar coloration, often leads men and animals to overlook its presence in the pathway, and, consequently, to step on it unawares and get bitten by it. Thus many deaths from the bite of this venomous reptile are due to this peculiar habit. It derives its name of Puff-adder from the habit it possesses of blowing itself out with air when irritated. The specimens at the Calcutta Zoo are about two feet long and can be seen either crawling about among the turf, or lying quietly underneath it. In captivity, I could not detect any of its pugnacious habits.

Then, passing onwards, we come to the small table-cages in the northern half of the eastern platform of the Reptile-House. In one of these small cages are specimens of the *Tropidonotus subminiatus*, presented by J. K. Moller, Esq., of the Takvar Tea Estate, near Darjeeling. It attains to a length of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The upper surface of its body is of a brownish, greyish olive, or olive-green colour, sometimes with black and yellow reticulations. Its neck is often tinged with bright vermilion. There is sometimes a dorso-lateral series of light spots; and a black oblique spot is present below the eye, on a white ground. The under surface is yellowish in colour, with a black dot oftentimes on the outer end of each ventral shield. The young specimens of this snake have a jet-black cross-band on the nape of the neck, bordered with yellow posteriorly. It is a common species inhabiting the Himalayas, Sikkim, Assam and Burma, and ascends to an altitude of 3000, or 4000 feet.

Close by is a small cage tenanted by specimens of the *Ablabes porphyraceus*, also presented by Mr. Moller from the Takvar Tea Estate. Its upper surface is of a pale reddish brown colour, with dark brown, black-edged cross-bands; a black streak runs along the middle of the head, and another on each side of the head, from the eye to the first transverse band; there are on the posterior part of the body and tail two longitudinal black lines, in addition to the cross-bands. The lower surface of this snake is uniformly coloured yellow. It is about 30 inches long.

Another cage on this platform contains specimens of the *Trachischium uniceps* from the Himalayas, also presented by Mr. Moller of the Takvar Tea Estate. This colubrine snake attains to a total length of 14 inches. The upper surface of its body is of a blackish colour, while the under surface is yellowish.

All the aforesaid three species of snakes, presented by

Mr Moller, lay concealed beneath the grass provided in their cages, at the time of my visit. So I could not have a look at them.

Then, leaving the Reptile-House, we cross the iron-bridge, and, turning to the right, come across a roomy cage which is at present occupied by a fine young specimen of the European Raven (*Corvus corax*, Linn.), obtained by exchange from the Zoological Society of London. It measures about two feet in length, and its plumage is glossy black in colour, with a purplish-blue lustre. Its bill and legs are also black. The males of this bird are somewhat larger and more lustrous than the females. In the spring it builds a big-sized nest on a cliff, or tree, and lays from three to five eggs of a bluish-green colour, speckled with brownish spots. Its call is very harsh; but, at the breeding-season, it becomes more modulated and refined. It can sometimes be trained to imitate the cries of other birds. Its powers of flight are immense, and it can soar to great altitudes. It feeds on rats and other small animals and attacks small birds and even lambs, a fact which has caused it to be ruthlessly exterminated in many parts of Europe. It lives to a good old age; and instances are known of ravens having lived in captivity for eighty years.

A good deal of folklore has gathered about this bird. It is considered a bird of ill omen in many countries. In Scandinavia, it was considered sacred to Odin. It is found in Europe, Northern Asia, and North America. It is also found throughout the Himalayas at altitudes of 14,000 feet and upwards. Formerly the Indian Raven was considered a distinct species, and several naturalists gave it distinct names, such as *Corvus tibetanus* and *C. lawrencii*. But it is now almost settled that the European and the Indian species are the same. Mr. Eugene W. Oates, in his work on Indian birds, in the "Fauna of British India" Series, Vol. I, says: "The Raven of Tibet, Sikhim, Nepal, and the higher portions of the Himalayas is recognizably distinct from the Raven which is found as a permanent resident in Sind, Rajputana and the Punjab. The Alpine race, a dweller in a cold, bracing climate, has developed into an immense bird, somewhat larger than any I have been able to pick out from a series of more than 50 Ravens from all parts of the northern hemisphere. The race from the plains of India, on the other hand, a dweller in an enervating tropical atmosphere, has dwindled down to a size which it is hard to match from the same series. Yet between the immense bird of Sikhim and the smallest bird of the plains it is by no means difficult to interpolate others from Europe and Africa which serve to bridge the difference of size. It, therefore, seems impossible to separate the Ravens of the whole world into two or more species."

It appears from the published Report of the Committee of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens for 1896-97 that a specimen of the Brown Tree-Kangaroo (*Dendrolagus inustus*, Müll.) of New Guinea had been acquired. But I could not discover it. Perhaps, it, too, is now dead. The Report says: "Another acquisition worthy of special notice is the rare Tree-Kangaroo (*Dendrolagus inustus*, Müll.) from New Guinea. A monkey cage of the Gubbay House, with ladders doing duty for a tree, is not a desirable accommodation for the animal. But so long as a proper enclosure, with a tree in the centre, cannot be provided, it is best under the circumstances. Even here it may be seen slowly climbing up the bars of the cage, or the ladder, conveying an impression to the visitor that the animal must have only lately taken to this mode of progression as an experiment, which is far from being perfect yet."

The following is a synoptical list of the mammals, birds and reptiles noticed in this paper:—

CLASS MAMMALIA.

ORDER RODENTIA.

FAMILY DIPODIDAE.

GENUS DIPUS.

1. *Dipus aegyptius* (*Mussely*). Egyptian Jerboa.  
Hab. Egypt.

ORDER UNGULATA

SUB-ORDER ARTIODACTYLA.

FAMILY BOVIDAE.

SUB-FAMILY ANTILOPINAE.

GENUS GAZELLA

2. *Gazella dorcas* (*Linn*). Dorcas Gazelle.  
Hab. Egypt.

FAMILY CAMELIDAE.

GENUS LAMA.

2. *Lama huanacos* (*Mol*). Huanaco.  
Hab. Bolivia.

ORDER MARSUPIALIA.

FAMILY MACROPODIDAE.

GENUS DENDROLAGUS.

3. *Dendrolagus inustus* (*Mull*). Brown Tree-Kangaroo.  
Hab. New Guinea.

CLASS AVES,

ORDER PASSERES.

FAMILY CORVIDAE.

GENUS CORVUS.

1. *Corvus corax* (*Linn*). Raven.  
Hab. Europe and North America.

ORDER ANSERES.

FAMILY ANATIDAE.

SUB-FAMILY ANATINAE.

GENUS METOPIANA.

2. *Metopiana peposaca* (*Vivill*). Rosy-billed Pochard.  
Hab. South America.

ORDER COLUMBAE.

FAMILY COLUMBIDAE.

GENUS COLUMBA.

3. *Columba guinea* (*Linn*). Triangular-spotted Pigeon.  
Hab. West Africa.

CLASS REPTILIA.

ORDER OPHIDIA.

FAMILY COLUBRIDAE.

SUB-FAMILY COLUBRINAE.

GENUS TRACHISCHIUM.

1. *Trachischium tenuiceps* (*Blyth*).  
Hab. Eastern Himalayas.

GENUS ABLABES.

2. *Ablabes porphyraceus* (*Cant*).  
Hab. Eastern Himalayas.

GENUS TROPIDONOTUS

3. *Tropidonotus subminiatus* (*Schleg*).  
Hab. Eastern Himalayas.

SUB-FAMILY DIPSADINAE.

GENUS DIPSAS.

4. *Dipsas forstenii* (*D. & B.*) Bungraj.  
Hab. Purnea.

FAMILY VIPERIDAE.

SUB-FAMILY VIPERINAE.

GENUS VIPERA.

5. *Vipera arietans* (*Merrim*). Puff Adder.  
Hab. Egypt.
6. *Vipera cornuta* (*Daud*). Horned Viper.  
Hab. Egypt.

HUTWA: } SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.  
The 15th March 1898. }

## ART. VII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE MALABAR NAIRS.

AS to the origin of the Nairs, we have no definite knowledge. No one has ever doubted the truth of the general opinion, which is incontrovertibly borne out by the evidence of language, that the Nairs are Dravidians and belong to the same race-family as the bulk of the present inhabitants of Southern India. And it is probable that, like the Pelasgians of the pre-Hellenic days who came from beyond the Alps and pushed south-eastwards, they issued, at an early—perhaps an undatable—period in history, from the eastern Tamil districts, crossed the intervening range of ghats and thence gradually spread themselves as far south as Trevandrum. They practised polyandry and were serpent-worshippers, and they either brought with them, or adopted, the Malayalam language—a language which is closely akin to, if not perhaps originally identical with, Tamil. But whether we adopt Dr. Gundert's view, that the two languages may be regarded as sister-languages; that they are descended, not one from the other, but both from a common branch, and that "they differ more as dialects of the same member of the Dravidian family, than as separate languages;" or that of Dr. Caldwell, who holds that the ground-work of Malayalam is Tamil, the former being simply a "very ancient" and "much-altered offshoot" of the latter, there can be little doubt that the two languages were at one time, atleast in their written form, practically one language.

Dr. Caldwell, who derives Malayalam from Tamil, rests his main argument on the assumption that the Tamil and Malayalam words used to denote east and west—*kiraku* meaning beneath, downwards, and *melku*, above, upwards—are both respectively identical. Because *kiraku* (east) signifies *beneath* and *melku* (west) signifies *above*, he infers that the original Dravidians must have entered Malabar from the Tamil country, that is, the country lying on the eastern side of the ghats—since there they had the low level of the sea to the eastward and a high range of mountains on the west. And, seeing that the configuration of the Malayalam country is the direct reverse of this, this identity of names becomes all the more remarkable. Now, to what may this strange coincidence—tending as it does to confirm the original identity of Malayalam with Tamil—point? According to Dr. Caldwell, "the people by whom Malayalam is spoken must originally have been a colony of

Tamilians. They must have entered the Malayalam country by the Paulghaut, or Coimbatore gap, and from thence spread themselves along the coast, northward to the Chandragiri river, southward to the Neyyâru river near Trevandrum, at each of which points their further progress seems to have been stopped by settlements of colonists of a kindred race who had already reached the western coast by different routes."

But, be this as it may, the validity of the above argument seems doubtful. The *crux* of the situation is this: that, after all, it is a questionable point whether the words employed by the early Dravidians to denote east and west can reasonably be held to prove their exodus from the east, in the face of the analogous immigration to the south of the Aryans, who made their appearance on the western coast first, and afterwards moved on to the eastern. We may, however, also notice that the commoner word used in Malayalam for west—again a Tamil word—is *padinnaru*, meaning the setting sun; while, what is more, it may fairly be supposed that the Dravidian names for east and west merely implied, originally, that east was where the sun rose from below, while, correspondingly, west was where he set from above.

Again, it is probable that, in the early social constitution of the Aryans, the class of Sudras was first formed of the aborigines and of those Hindus who, having lost caste, could not wear the sacred thread. Dr. Day assumes that the Dravidian language, or languages, spoken by pre-Aryan settlers in India originated in Central Asia; that, as the Aryans spread out from the North-west, some of the Dravidians were pushed southwards, while others were partially incorporated amongst them, thus constituting a Sudra caste; and that, as the conquerors firmly seized upon the land, Sanscrit words readily got mixed with the early Dravidian languages. Now, we know that the swarthy Cheruma cultivators of the paddy flats, the Pulaya labourer and the Nayadu outcaste, the wild Panniars, Kurchers, and Kurumbers of the Wynâd, and the nomad hill-tribes of North Travancore, who speak a low mixture of Malayalam and Tamil, are the aborigines of Malabar. It is, then, easy to come to the conclusion that the primitive dialect spoken by these races became so much modified and altered at a later period, when hordes of Aryan and other immigrants—Parasu-Rama's so-called colonists—brought with them Sanscrit, Tamil and Telegu, that the result was a new language—that language being old or Tamil-Malayalam.

But is the protector class of Malabar, as is generally supposed, ethnologically identical with the Vellalas of the East Coast? Tradition, at all events, and in some measure history also, point

to an unmistakable and early—but nevertheless plausible—connection between the two races. It is popularly maintained in legends—and is no less deducible from the works of the early Greek geographers—that Kerala was conquered by Pandya and Chola invaders, and that the country, from a very early period, was subject to Pandya and Chola Kings. It is abundantly clear from these sources that a considerable portion of the South-Western coast was ruled over by the Pandyas at a very early period. We have the evidence of the *Periplus* that, in the first centuries of—or it may have been anterior to—the Christian era, they not only planted settlements on this coast, but also maintained a direct trade with the Mediterranean ports. According to Pliny, who probably derived his information from Megasthenes, a portion of the Malabar Coast was under the rule of King Pandion—"far away from his Mediterranean emporium of Madura;" while Arrian expressly records that the celebrated emporium of Nolkanda on this coast also belonged to the same monarch. Again, it is clear that the foreign Viceroy, or Perumals, whose names are writ large upon an important page in the early political history of Malabar, were the deputies of these kings. Furthermore, history tends to support the theory that a Pandya King invaded Malabar in Cheraman Perumal's time: nay, as is well-known, Pandya and Chola inroads became the order of the day about 894 A.D. With the dawn of the Kollam era, 825 A.D., Chola obtained the suzerainty of Kerala. A few decades later, the Chola King Adityavarma penetrated into Malabar. In the century following, the Cholas—now masters of the greater portion of South India—repeatedly invaded the country, and drew tribute from its chiefs. Chola saw her palmiest days in the latter half of the eleventh century, when her empire attained its widest bounds. Her supremacy continued some years after 1170, when Madura, the Pandyan metropolis, passed over to the Chola King.

Nor is this all. There is yet another theory, to which tradition distinctly alludes, as to the advent of the Vellalas into Malabar. It is assumed that the high caste of Kiriyañil Nairs was formed out of the sixty-four families of Kārakattu Vellalars, who are supposed to have won distinction by "guarding the clouds" for the Pandya King. Parasurama—the patron saint of the Brahmins—is reputed to have introduced this class into Malabar, assigning to them the duty of agricultural service in the hierarchy. This theory, however, may be shown to be chronologically unreliable. The Vellalas themselves were clearly foreigners in the Pandya country. King Ugra, surnamed Haradhari, is said to have brought from Kaveripatnam 48,000 Vellalars and settled them in



Madura. And if—as stated in the Mackenzie Mss.—Kaveripatnam had no existence before 800 A.D., we may decisively reckon that the Vellalas came into Pandya after this date.

Until it is proved, therefore, that the Vellala advent into Pandya took place before Parasurama, or that the demi-god flourished after 800 A.D., this theory, of course, has no meaning. That Parasurama lived, if at all, long before the days of the Perumals, is common belief. That Bhaskara Ravi Varma ruled Malabar about 700 A.D., is an historical fact. We may, then, reasonably conclude that if, as is supposed, the Vellalas ever moved into Malabar, it must have been, at all events, not earlier than Bhaskara Ravi Varma's time. But it is clear beyond doubt that the Nairs were already settled in the country at the time of the first *Sasanam*, or Jewish Copperplate, that is, before 700 A.D. Furthermore, not even the name of the Karakattu Vellalars—ostensibly the Sudras *par excellence* of Pandyamandalam—is once mentioned in the *keratolpathi*, or in any of the numerous legends that have come down to us. Nor, as far as enquiries have gone to show, is there to be found on the banks of the Krishna, in Chola, Kanji, or Kumbhakonam—the original home of Parasurama's Brahmin, as well as Sudra immigrants—any the remotest trace of this class or their origin. About their vaunted “guarding of the clouds” for the Pandya King, which is sure to have won for them certain rank or privileges in the Pandya country, tradition is equally silent. On the other hand, the Karakattu Vellalars of a certain place called Anjunád, on the Pulneys in Travancore, are aboriginals, we are assured by Lieutenant Ward.

There are several other theories concerning the origin of the Nairs. But these are in the main mere idle speculations which have no foundation in truth. It has thus been variously conjectured that the Nairs are of pure Aryan descent; that they are akin to such polyandrous Cis-Himalayan tribes as the Khasis and Garos of Assam, and belong to the same stock as the Newars of Nepal; that they are of Scythian extraction, being of the same origin and of the same race as the Sahs, the Guptas, and the Vallabhis, and are, in fact, the counterpart and supplement of the Naga tribe who penetrated into the Central Provinces and gave name to Nagpore; that they are a specific Dravidian tribe who came to exercise “such a powerful influence over their neighbours, that the name in course of time came to be applied generically to all who cultivated the land,” and so forth.

We will briefly examine these theories one by one.

Firstly, as to the supposition that the Nairs are purely Aryan Arguments—partly based on social polity, partly on anthropo-

metry—have been adduced to show, not only that the Nair immigration to Kerala was synchronous with the Aryan immigration to the south, but that the two races were, primarily and materially, one race. To the theory that anthropometry points clearly to a distinction between the Nairs of Malabar and the Sudra inhabitants of the East Coast, we cannot subscribe. On the contrary, the features of the two coast peoples, though in some particulars unlike, point to a cognate type—of which their general similarity of form and appearance furnishes unmistakable evidence. True, the skull characteristics of the Nairs incline to a more or less prominent Aryan type; but this difference, where it exists, may be shown to be the result of a very different cause. The infusion of Arya blood in Sudra veins, consequent on a custom that has obtained for generations, by which, while only the eldest son in a Nambudri house marries in his own caste, the younger sons are permitted to form fugitive connections with Nair women—as instance the still predominant practice of ladies of aristocratic Nair families consorting with Nambudri husbands—must account for the similarities of form, colour, stature and physiognomy discernible between the Brahmin and Sudra inhabitants respectively, of Malabar.

Another and perhaps more plausible reason advanced in support of the theory that the Nairs are of a Aryan origin, is the circumstance that between these two otherwise divergent communities there has subsisted, from time immemorial, a strange bond of union—feudal and religious. Nevertheless, it will be perceived that this peculiar, and in some respects un-Shastric, relationship between the two peoples, not to speak of the comparatively elevated position of the subordinate caste in the commonweal, has been directly and inevitably brought about by the force of circumstances which the early Aryas on their first invasion into Malabar found it absolutely impossible to resist. Owing, in short, to the numerical superiority of the Nairs, who were already the rulers of the country and who held the indigenous races in servitude, and to the position of the country, hedged in on all sides against foreign foes, by “the ghats in the rear, the sea in the front, and the numerous streams by which it is intersected,” it must have been at once obvious to the Aryan invaders that the conquest of the country, without the assistance of some portion at least of its former inhabitants, would be impossible. Accordingly, we find a certain class of the existing non-Aryan population gradually absorbed into the pale of the Aryan conquerors, and incorporated in their constitution: on whom the latter probably imposed their culture, their religion and their civil institutions; and to whom they certainly accorded privileges which, as a rule, they elsewhere denied to the conquered Sudras.

Other circumstances also, no doubt, tended to the same result. One is the fact that the exclusive practice of religion, the vocation in life of the Nambudri, left him no opportunity for engaging in other avocations ; so that the necessity arose in the constitution for a new class of protectors. And who more befitting to discharge these functions in the body politic (of the *eye*, the *hand* and the *order*, as the *Keralolpathi* tersely expresses them) than the Nairs ?—While, on the one hand, the haughty aloofness of the priestly Brahmin class went against their approaching the slavish aborigines, the ruling Nairs, on the other, scorned to do them menial service. Hence the Nairs came to constitute an intervening link in the social chain and to occupy a position intermediate between the Aryan colonists and the indigenous serfs—a position similar to that of the clients of ancient Rome, or rather like that of the free Lacedæmonians, who, while they were, on the one hand, below the high and mighty Spartans, were, on the other, above the subdued helots ; with this important difference, that the Nairs, unlike the *peruaci*, possessed important rights and privileges, and resembled the Dorian masters in being a nation of protectors and administrators. As for the practice previously referred to, of the younger cadets of Nambudri houses forming temporary alliances with Nair women, it will be seen that this was from, the very first, nothing more nor less than a clever device for keeping the illom\* property undivided and promoting its accumulation.

Secondly, as regards the theory which professes to identify the Nairs with the Nepali Newars : a theory, by the way, persistently put forward by Colonel Kirkpatrick, Dr. Hamilton, the late Dr. J. Fergusson and others. There are undoubted points of resemblance between the two races. There are curious survivals of primitive practice among the Assamese tribes which, apparently, at any rate, link them to the West Coast people. Their singular marriage customs, too, are said to point to the same connection. The importance attached among the Khasias† to female descent and female authority mark them as occupying a low place in civilization, while the primitive forms of sepulture still in vogue amongst them, not to speak of the many remains in the shape of rude cemeteries, cromlechs, and dolmens that are to be seen in the country,

\* Nambudri *taravads*, or joint-families go by this name.

† "The most curious of their social customs is the importance attached to female descent and female authority. The husband marries into the wife's family, the wife or her mother is regarded as the head of the household, and all property descends in the female line. The ashes of the dead are buried under cromlechs or dolmens, consisting of four upright slabs covered over by a fifth slab."—Sir W. W. Hunter, *Imperial Gazetteer of India*.

indicate that they cannot be far removed from the neolithic age. Another Assamese tribe and kinsfolk of the Khasias are the Garos. The most remarkable of their social customs are such as they share with the Khasias, namely, those relating to the influence and predominance of women. They, not unlike the Nairs, maintain an extravagant respect for relationship by descent through females, which, as it were, reverses the course of human progress and takes one back to the time when what is known as the matriarchate prevailed, when kinship was reckoned through the mother, and no account whatever was taken of the father.

Again, are the Nairs anyway identical with the Newars? Or have they any affinity with the polyandrists of Tibet? The answer to this is easily gathered from an examination of their respective social customs and land-tenures. We learn from Sir W. Hunter's *Gazetteer* that among the peculiar tenures of land of the first-named people, is "the payment of a considerable fine when the original titles are resumed on the accession of each prince." Does not this exactly correspond to the well-known Malayalee custom of *Polichūzuthu*, by which at the end of every twelve years (of old, the usual period of regime of the Perumal and the Zamorin), prior leases of land, now considered at an end, were escheated to the *jenni* (landlord), and fresh grants had to be acquired from the new king, or lord of the manor, and paid for? On the other hand, the relationship between the Nairs and the polyandrists of Tibet is not so marked. The latter have attained only the most rudimentary social stage. They do not (like the Nambudris of Malabar, for instance) constitute a close-knit, compact social body, or organization, or "an iron-bound caste of inter-related families." They have no stable exogamous groups, and commonly, no prohibited degrees in marriage; in fact, an unbridged gulf separates them and the Nairs in the observance of endogamy. While among the former it is customary for two brothers to marry the same wife, the connection is thought incestuous among the Nairs; and a Nair household would give short shrift to a member who married his deceased brother's wife, or married two sisters. Such an alliance would be reproach unspeakable, and the finger of scorn would unhesitatingly be raised at the contracting parties. Expulsion from caste would inevitably follow marriage between the children of sisters, or, indeed, between relations in the female line who are members of the same *tarawad*.\*

And here one word as regards the charge of polyandry so

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\* The social or family unit in Malabar is the *tarawad*. It is the home and residence of all the descendants in the female line from a common ancestor.

often levelled against the Nairs. A great many social faults may be laid at their door ; but the Nairs of the present day are not fairly to be charged with this. Whatever may have been the case formerly, polyandry\*, as a national practice, is practically extinct ; and instances of it—even in the most remote up-country villages, where the light of new ideas has not penetrated—are now seldom, if at all, heard of. But a few years before the Malabar Marriage Bill became law, the issue of a Nair marriage were still children of their mother rather than of their father ; and the marriage tie was a contract based on mutual consent and dissoluble at will. “ This† part of the Malabar law,” wrote Mr. Logan in 1887 “ has, in the hands of unenquiring commentators, brought much undeserved obloquy on the morality of the people. . . . Although the theory of the law sanctions freedom in these relations, conjugal fidelity is very general. Nowhere is the marriage-tie—albeit informal—more rigidly observed or respected, nowhere is it more jealously guarded or its neglect more savagely avenged. The very looseness of the law makes the individual observance closer.”

That the Nairs, in their marriage customs, are not quite on all fours with the polyandrists of Tibet will now be fairly evident. At the same time they appear, in nearly every particular, to be the kinsfolk of the Newars. Much has been written about the similarity of their marital relations and other peculiarities ; and nearly a century ago, Col. Kirkpatrick observed :—“ It‡ is remarkable enough that the Newar women, like those among the Nairs, may, in fact, have as many husbands as they please, being at liberty to divorce them continually on the slightest pretence” But, perhaps, the most striking illustration of this strange similarity is to be found in the remarkable style of temple architecture peculiar to Malabar and South Canara, which has been declared by so high an authority as the late Mr. J. Fergusson to be distinctly Jaina and non-Dravidian. “ Their§ architecture is neither the Dravidian style of the south ; nor that of Northern India, and indeed is not known to exist anywhere else in India proper, but recurs with all its peculiarities in Nepal.” Again “ I am not

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\* According to a recent writer on Malabar law and custom quoted by Sir W. W. Hunter in the *Imperial Gazetteer* (*vide* art. Malabar polyandry “ has died out in North Malabar, and only traces of it are found in South Malabar. It still survives in parts of Cochin and Travancore. In Malabar the form that exists is found only where Bráhmín or Nambudri influence is strong, namely in Nedunganád or Cherpu,sherri.”

† *Malabar* (District Manuals Series), vol. I., p. 136.

‡ *Nepal*, p. 187.

§ *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*. Edn 1876. pp. 270 and 271.

aware of its existence anywhere else south of Nepal, and it is so peculiar that it is much more likely to have been copied than re-invented." Further on, he remarks :—"There\* are no two tribes in India, except the Nayars and Newars, who are known to have the same strange notions as to female chastity, and that, coupled with the architecture and other peculiarities, seems to point to a similarity of race which is both curious and interesting ; but how and when the connection took place, I must leave it to others to determine. I do not think there is anything in the likeness of the names, but I do place, faith in the similarity of their architecture combined with that of their manners and customs."

But here the comparison ends. The affinity between these two races depends, not on linguistic or ethnical grounds, but mainly on the evidence of architecture—which affords, after all, no sufficient basis for argument ; while the sociological conclusions, though plausible, are not quite convincing. There are no common racial features binding together the two peoples whose customs vaguely point to their common ancestry ; and there is abundant evidence of racial dissimilarity. Nor is this all. Considerable difficulty presents itself in the matter of language, all evidence of which tends to disprove the theory. While the language spoken by the Sudra inhabitants of Kerala is Malayalam, a member of the Dravidian family, the languages of the peoples mentioned above either belong to the Tibeto-Burman group, or, like that of the Khasias, have no analogy to any Indian language. One could understand that the indelible physical character of a race, transmitted across generations, might in the long run be so effaced and altered by admixture (and from intermarriage) with another race, that the former might appear a distinct tribe ; but can it be supposed that a people, while retaining their original customs intact, should yet lose all traces of their mother-tongue ?

All circumstances tend to substantiate the general view that the Nairs are Dravidians ; that they came from the eastern Tamil districts ; that, because of the difficulties of crossing the huge intervening mountain range and long before the Aryan immigration, they descended into Malabar by way of the north ; and that, after settling for some time in the northern Tulu country (which bounds Malabar on the north), they gradually worked their way southward as far as Cape Comorin. Perhaps, they were a wave of Pallavas—who, spreading out into Malabar and reducing the aboriginal races, took possession of the country and gave name to the Vallodi, or Valluvanadi, caste of Nairs, now inhabiting the Walluvanad

\* *Ibid.* p. 305. cf. *Account of Kingdom of Nepal* by Dr. Buchanan Hamilton, pp. 29, 42, 51, &c.

Taluk. As for the Tiyaṛs, it is pretty certain that they came from the south at a later period—any time between the first and sixth century A.D. And were Pliny's sources of information regarding India, wherein he speaks of "the Narca: enclosed by the loftiest of Indian mountains, Capitalia," obtained from Megasthenes' *Indika*, and if, as has been supposed, the "Nareæ" refer to the Nairs of Malabar, can we not safely assign the date of their immigration to about 300 B.C.?

U. BALAKRISHNAN NAIR.

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## ART. VIII.—ENGLISH ORIGINS.

**A**NGLO-Indians of a certain standing will remember a clergyman---the Rev. Joseph Baly—who, after serving for some time as chaplain at Allahabad, became Archdeacon of the diocese of Calcutta, in which position he exerted himself honourably in the cause of Christian children in India and in forwarding arrangements for their education. It is now many years since Mr. Baly retired and settled in England, where he has devoted his time to a deep and earnest course of study, of which the first fruits have lately been made public in the form of a massive volume of nearly 800 pages ("Eur-aryan roots;" Vol. I.)

Scholars are proverbially "kittle cattle;" and it is possible that the title of this work may provoke a conflict on the very threshold. To consider the author's reasons for the name that he has chosen will be, in some sort, to review the origin of the whole subject; let us, therefore, cite Mr. Baly's own words :-

"The original speech of the ancestral race and the collective group of languages into which it has developed have been variously known by the names Aryan, Indo-Germanic, Indo-European. These are, confessedly, inexact and inadequate. To apply the term 'Aryan', which denotes strictly only the Indian and Iranic peoples . . . is an arbitrary use of the word . . . Indo-Germanic, again, connotes only the Indian and Germanic dialects . . . while Indo-European omits the Zend and the modern Persian. I have therefore ventured to substitute the term Eur-aryan, which, though less simple than Aryan, has the advantage of being truer . . ."

The word thus coined, on the suggestion, as we learn, of Dr. Whitley Stokes, the well-known Celtic scholar, is founded on the belief in a common origin of the Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gaelic, Cymric, Gothic, old High German, and all their more recent off-shoots, our own being, as most of us have heard, a mixed product from a branch of which the "Gothic" is the type, but largely affected by Romance admixture. For the primal language, Mr. Baly postulates a primal population; what he, in accordance with the above-mentioned reasoning, calls the "Eur-aryan people;" whose language had, he holds, become organised previous to the dispersion; although, in still earlier days, it had passed through a non-inflectional stage in which a number of words arising from mere articulated sounds had served as the medium of expression. The earliest of such sounds were either single vowels, or at most combina-



tions of a vowel and a consonant ; something like an infant's cries of *pa* and *ma* : and they had, as is the case in ancient, but still spoken, tongues, a very wide range of meaning, differentiated by different tones and gestures. Some idea of the meaning of this statement may be formed by those who have noticed the use of the vocable " So " in modern German, which may be either a question, an answer, or a sort of suspended acquiescence. Out of these original germs, and out of their subsequent amalgamations, arose the various multiple cells which became the roots of the organised speech of the primitive Aryans : the *Ursprache*, as it is called in modern Teutonic science.

These roots are not merely imaginary, but linguistic facts, present in the words of the various derivative languages, as verbs, nouns, and adjectives, applied to various uses, according to the variation of inflections, prefixes, suffixes, etc. to which they are subjected. The original germ formed the kernel and significant element of the compounds formed ; and this was the " root." But, after the dispersion, these roots became affected by circumstances only imperfectly apparent, but forming phonetic changes varying in the various directions to which the dispersed dialects spread ; so that, ultimately, new languages arose in which the identity of the roots was so disguised as to be only traceable when certain laws of change had been established.

All this detail is unavoidably dry, but may be apprehended by examples. Thus, when we learn, from " Grimm's Law," and the others established by later philologists, what are the usual modifications of roots in various derivative languages, we understand the affinities which form the material of Mr. Baly's work, and which otherwise might seem as far-fetched as some of the etymologies ridiculed by the great Grecian, Prof. Porson, when suggested, in the once-famous " Diversions of Purley," by Horne-Tooke. Thus, to show the operation of Grimm's Law, we need only refer to the familiar instance of the word " goose," an animal evidently well-known to the rude forefather, yet bearing names, in the derivative tongues, which can be identified only by means of the canon in question. In Sanskrit the bird is known as *Hasas* (*fem.* *hasi*). In Greek this becomes  $\chi\eta\nu$ , in Latin (*h*) *anser*, in old High German *gans*. Grimm's Law brings all these together when we find that it distributes the Aryan tongues into three groups which have, respectively, the following habits of phonetic change :—

- (1). *Classical, Aspirate.*
- (2). *Low German, Flat.*
- (3). *High German, Sharp.*

H. and Ch. are " aspirates " : hence Greek *chen* Latin *H*

*anser* (the initial being dropped in later usage) Sanskrit *Hasi*.

G. is a "flat" guttural; hence the Low German *gans*; old Norse *gås*, goose.

K. is a "sharp"; and the old High German word was *chans*, later *gaus*, *ans*, although modern German has adopted the g from the Low German practice.

Mr. Baly is inclined to trace all these words to the Eur-aryan root G H E., G H E I., or G H I.,—to start up, burst open, whence *chasm*, *yarven*, *gape*, *gate*, etc. (*to gape* is, in Greek, *χαίρω*)

His general method for tracing English words may be thus stated:—

"Under each Eur-aryan root the nearest cognates in each derivative language—are placed in this order: Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Low Latin and Romance, Balto-Slavic, Teutonic, and Celtic. Under Sanskrit modern Indian vernaculars will occasionally be found, and under Zend modern Persian." To this may be added the further explanation, that Low-Latin and Romance include, or introduce, modern French and Italian; while the two branches of Celtic are Gaelic (or Irish, also the language of the Scottish Highlands) and Welsh including Breton and the now extinct Cornish (spoken down to the 18th century). Teutonic comprehends old High German—in which Grimm's Law is found more constant than in the modern form—old Norse, with the derivative Scandinavian languages and the Low German dialects of which our original English speech, commonly known as "Anglo-Saxon," is one. This, of course, brings us, in most cases, to the modern English; in which, however, it may be well to bear in mind, a vast number of the words are of other than Teutonic origin.

In point of fact, this mixed vocabulary is one of the most distinguishing features of our language, and gives it a peculiar richness and variety of expression. From the time of the Conquest to the reign of Henry the fifth, French continued to be the language of Parliament and of polite society; the despatch to the King, his father, in which Henry—then Prince—announced the victory over the rebels at Shrewsbury, is in French. After the Wars of the Roses, our language and literature were what is to be seen in the writings of Malory and Portescue; but intercourse with the Continent soon revived; and the English of Bacon, Shakspeare, and the Bible arose, in substance, as we write (or try to write) still. What then became, and has never ceased to be, the guiding principle and law of growth has been the use of all the advantages offered by the proximity of such an intellectual source as France, and the free creation of synonyms expressive of every shade of meaning. In compound words, too, there has been little restraint, the only

rule—and that not always quite strictly observed—being that the parts of such a word shall be derived from the same origin. It is not quite proper, for example, to join Latin to Greek in the same compound; though “sociology” is a notorious and successful instance of this liberty. In a book of the present day one may count at least fifty per cent. of words derived either from French, or directly from Greek and Latin; probably, in a newspaper the ratio will be even higher.

Whether, in spite of this characteristic, or in consequence of it, the language—in its various forms—is tending to become universal. In the ports of China, Japan, and the Pacific islands, it is coarse and corrupt, but still intelligible; over the vast Continent of North America it is general—with the exception of Mexico—in common life tending towards dialectic variation; but in literature often used with conspicuous grace and accuracy. From Washington Irving to the present generation a constant tradition has been preserved, by which—though not sacrificing national feelings and aspirations—the writers in the United States have made good their claim to be descended from the countrymen of Milton and Addison.

The beginnings of this imperial speech were not indicative of its august destiny. Roughly speaking, the Teutonic settlements in Britain—extending from the Forth to the south coast—were made by two kindred, but distinct nations; the Angles to the northward, and the Saxons to the south: and this dual colonisation gave rise to the word “Anglo-Saxon” the use of which, in History, so much offended the late Professor Freeman. Hence arose a twofold grouping of dialects, under two different sets of linguistic conditions. The Anglian form gave rise to two dialects, the Northumbrian—now improperly called “broad Scotch”—, and the Mercian, or Midland, of the Marches. Similarly, the Saxon split into the west-Saxon and the Kentish. The birth of what we now call “English” was due to the marriage of west-Saxon with Midland; and its infancy was to a considerable extent affected by Norman-French tuition. What little literature was produced was couched either in French, or in Latin; the best known writers being Wace, Walter de Map, and William of Malmesbury.

But, with the loss of Normandy and the political movement of the reign of John, the English language reappeared and asserted its claim to be considered a serious organ of thought and imagination. Now were produced Layamon’s *Brut*, the Church-Lectionary called *Ormulum*, and the verse-chronicle of Robert of Gloucester: all these were in what is known as “transition-English,” and are more or less intelligible to readers of today. English was also used in one proclamation of the stirring times of Henry III. (which also saw the dawn-

ing of the present political system). Of this last-mentioned document the following extract exhibits the words—in modernised transliteration.

"We hoaten alle ure Treowe in the Treowthe that heo us ogen heo stedefaestlice nealden and swerlen to healden and to werien the isetness thaet been ymakode and beon to makien" Here there is not one word that the scholar is not able to trace in modern English; as this specimen shows, the earlier English was almost as inflectional and complicated as modern Dutch. But simplification had begun with Chaucer; and in two more centuries the English language was full-grown.

It is hardly necessary to add that, with comparatively few exceptions indeed, all words either of ancient English or of modern are derived from Aryan roots; and a great part of the usefulness of Mr. Baly's book arises from the light that it throws on the persistence of the dearer and more vital elements of life; so that the words that we use in the closer and more familiar relations are still those which served our remote forefathers. Such words as "father," "mother," "brother," "food," "heart," "foot," and a hundred other such vocables—"voice" itself—are the common heritage of ourselves and many now alien families sprung from the same great stock. Thus, the use of the same word for "plough" and for "oar" shows that the rude forefather practised agriculture before he took to the water; and the words for "ewe"—female sheep—in so many of the older Aryan tongues show that sheep were kept, and their wool woven into raiment, before the dispersion.

The manner of using the work under review will be varied according to the habits of the reader. It may be at once understood that it is not meant to be taken up in an easy chair and read like a romance from beginning to end. But it is a large contribution towards a complete vocabulary of our world-speech for philologic and historic uses.

The roots are arranged in the order originally adopted by old Sanskrit grammarians, beginning with the vowels and going on to gutturals, dentals, and labials. The liquids and sibilants will form the subject-matter of the next volume. This is hardly a natural order, if we may judge by the habits of infants who seem to begin with labials—"pa" and "ma"—and indulge in gutturals only when something goes down the wrong way. The second volume—on which the author informs us that he is now engaged—will take up the labial consonants at *p* and go on to the end of the series.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of such a study, pursued, as it is in the present case, by a man of learning and industry who is also full of human sympathy. The protracted infancy and helplessness of the young of man, necessitating

prolonged intimacy for the parents, naturally led to the articulation of simple needs and cravings; and one observes with delighted wonder the processes by which one set of such expressious grew into the master-speech of mankind.

The scope of these thoughts transcends philology; which, indeed, is but means to an end, an instrument of pre-historic history. From such indications we are enabled to deduce interesting and useful conclusions as to the order in which various inventions and usages presented themselves to the evolving mind of primitive man, gradually differentiating him from the non-progressive animals; and we are also encouraged to trace the relations of various families of the human race. This latter branch of the enquiry is, indeed, hampered by doubts which have been thrown out as to the "Aryan race" assumed by some writers. Mr. Baly assumes only the connection of the languages, not of the races who speak them. Speech, we are sometimes, reminded is by no means an infallible guide to origin; and that is a truth which cannot be denied. The races conquered by Eur-Aryan people often borrowed the language of the conquerors. The ancient Hebrews used an Aramaic dialect of the language called "Semitic;" but so did the Phoenicians and Canaanites, usually considered "children of Ham." The Greeks learnt the language of their Latin masters. The medieval Norsemen adopted the language of any people whom they conquered; and in modern times English is the language of many millions who have no English blood, even as French is of the Hayti negroes and the Tamils of Pondicherry. Nevertheless, we may, perhaps, find, in the behaviour of concepts indicated by its archaic forerunners, some traces of a common origin with many nations once no less powerful and prosperous. If English and Scots, Moghul and Brahmin, had their origin from the same noble stock, the recognition of the fact can do nothing but good in India. For it will make for mutual understanding and—perhaps—for peace.

Whether through the Teutonic branch, or through the Latin by far the largest portion our English comes from the same source as does the sacred language of India; though we have now many loan-words from the Semitic and native American languages, and there are few attributes ascribed to the twice-born in the *Veda* that will not apply equally to the modern Aryans whose government of the country gives such unreasonable umbrage to some of the local Brahmins. We are there, we remain—as the French ruler said: and it will be wiser for them to work with us than against.

H. G. KEENE.

## ART. IX.—SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

**T**HE Suez Canal is supposed to have altered the destinies of the Eastern world. It is owing, too, to the Canal, that England remains so absorbed in Egyptian affairs, since it is presumed to play an important part in facilitating the maintenance of the dominion of England in India. And yet a single charge of dynamite might close this water-route to the East, for the time being, as effectually as if it had never existed. The value of South Africa and the Cape route has hence acquired a fresh significance in our days. Hence, too, the strenuous resistance England has offered to Boer domination and German supremacy in South Africa. South African problems affect India and the Empire in an even greater degree than Egypt and the Canal; for, though these are nearer, the South African route furnishes an ever-open and surer water-way, provided, of course, that South Africa is held by England.

“South Africa” is a term applied to the peninsular portion of the “Dark Continent” south of the Zambezi river, or the 15th parallel of south latitude. It is supposed to be distinguished thus from “British Central Africa,” to the north of the Zambezi, and consists of a large number of Governments, States and peoples. These include British, Dutch (Boer), German, Portuguese, and purely native (Kafir), but “protected.” Some, as the Cape Colony, are of considerable extent, containing nearly a million of white (British and Dutch) population, besides the usual large proportion of Africans, *i. e.*, natives, Kafirs, Hottentots, Bushmen and others. Others, as Natal, are of very contracted area, and very sparsely peopled by Europeans. Others, as the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, are inland States without a sea-board, but of extreme importance on account of their great mineral wealth. Others, again, like Basutoland and Bechuanaland, are purely native, under a British protectorate. Others, as German Damaraland on the West and Portuguese Mozambique territory on the east, are extensive strips of coastal provinces, the latter with available harbours, a great want in South Africa. Others, again, as the Chartered Company’s territories, of vast extent, really only partially subdued, and parts even yet unexplored, are stricken down under the effects of previous mismanagement and bad government. This immense agglomeration of States, Colonies and dependencies, is, roughly speaking, nearly two million square miles in extent, and forms probably the most valuable portion of the entire African Continent. For, besides being highly

mineralised, it forms a great elevated plateau where the European can live and thrive under a temperate climate. It is not too cold in winter, and not too warm in summer. The air, too, is vigorous, dry and bracing. Wheat and all the English fruits and vegetables grow freely on it.

As may be inferred, the races occupying South Africa are numerous and diverse in character. Among the European or white races, there are, first and foremost, as being the most advanced, numerous and wealthy, the British; next, the Dutch (Boer); and, finally, the Portuguese, who are but few in numbers. The Germans in Damaraland may be safely neglected in this reckoning, as they may be counted almost on one's fingers. The British and Boers are almost equally spread over the English and Dutch possessions, there being as many British as Dutch in the Boer Free State and the Transvaal, and there being as many Boers as British in Cape Colony. The black, or African, races present an almost greater diversity, from the tall and broad-shouldered Zulus on the east, to the weak Mashonas of the north, and the dwarf Hottentots and cunning Bushmen and intelligent Basutos of the south. And besides these there are a few thousand descendants of early-imported Malays, and considerably over a hundred thousand natives of India--traders, artisans, mechanics, domestic servants and agricultural labourers, all generically called "coolies." Taking all the blacks, of the "protected" States as well, they outnumber the whites by ten to one. The native Kafirs, or the Bantus, as they should properly be called, retain their old simplicity, independence and manliness of character, though they are grievously oppressed in Dutch and Portuguese territory. They number many millions and are the children of the soil. We have intruded on their domains. They are all gradually rising in the scale of civilisation, and have many excellent traits in their character. They are frank, playful, happy, docile and brave, and present quite a contrast to the cunning and complex-charactered immigrants from India who have been imported among them. These Indians have already begun to have their own "political" organisations, which may in time affect the simple and unsophisticated Kafirs, as these get educated and rise in the scale of civilised life.

It will thus be seen that a large number and variety of problems present themselves in South Africa. They are racial, political, economical, and social; and they are general, as affecting the whole of South Africa, or minor and particular, as internally affecting each State or Colony. While the latter may be neglected in the present consideration, the former are of overwhelming importance. They affect

British supremacy and the British occupation of the country, and thus the naval power of England in South Africa, and the existence of her "half-way house" to India, China and Australia. This was instinctively recognised when, on the occasion of the late interference of Germany, the Flying Squadron was at once organised and sent off in hot haste to South African waters, and the universal British cry, even from Australia, was "Hands Off."

As we have said above, the minor internal problems of each State or Colony may be neglected in the present connexion. The general problems affecting South Africa as a whole are those relating to British domination, the unification of South Africa, the race question, as between white and white (British and Dutch) and as between white and black (Europeans and Africans), and the future of Portuguese, German and Chartered Company's territories and Native protected States; and it is in this order that we proceed to view them.

#### BRITISH DOMINATION (SUPREMACY) IN SOUTH AFRICA.

This is a question of the utmost gravity; in fact, it is the question of questions. Its full answer requires a consideration of all the succeeding problems, and hence will be best found at the conclusion. Here, however, we may view it in its manifest aspects. Is the British supremacy, which is a fact now, to continue; or, is it to disappear, and with it our "half-way house" across the Globe? Would this supremacy continue under a South African United States? what positions do the Dutch (Boers) and the Germans hold in regard to this supremacy? The Boers can unitedly turn out probably 35,000 of the finest fighting troops in the world. They might, if so inclined, take Natal and Delagoa Bay, and probably also Kimberley (the Diamond centre) and Buluwayo, at a stroke. Whether they would be able ultimately to keep these against British reinforcements, is another matter. Insane and unpractical German dreamers even dream of a United South Africa under German supremacy! We have, however, the supremacy, and we mean to keep it. That is the final answer. Germany is too weak to meddle with us where our Navy comes into play. And as for the Boers, though they would like to turn us out, and are quite ready for a desperate critical time—which some think cannot be very far off—, there can be no doubt that, unless England's power, by an entirely unprecedented and unforeseen conjuncture of evil circumstances, is completely broken, victory must ultimately lie with Great Britain.



### THE UNIFICATION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

This question has an intimate bearing on the preceding, according as the consolidation proceeds on British lines, or results in a "United States of South Africa," confederated against the outside world. There are so many opposing nationalities and possessions, as German, Dutch, British, and Portuguese, that, at first sight, it is the last sort of Union that would appear likely. As a practical fact, however, the German and Portuguese factors may be safely overlooked. The question thus lies between the Dutch and British; and, as these last will not break away from the mother country, it follows that the Dutch can do nothing in this direction by themselves. A United South Africa, however, is generally understood to mean a Union on British lines—even if the German and Portuguese parts are by some means included,—and under British supremacy.

There are a great many forces making for and against a United South Africa. Let us consider, first, such as make against it. At the very head of these stands the Boer Republic of the Transvaal. There was a time when President Kruger himself was in favour of the Union. He is not so now. It is hardly necessary to enquire, why. Many events—some very grave—have happened since. We must give him the credit of seeking the good of his own State according to his light, and allow him the liberty of altering his opinion once held. There are some who think—and this even in British Australia—that independent individual State expansion is the best, and he may be one of them. And the stronger and richer the State, the less likely is it to wish to sink itself into an undistinguishable mass. President Kruger may be quite sincere in his present opposition, and the opposition of his State to the measure is a fact. With that alone we are concerned. That this opposition may die out, is conceivable. Should the Boers come to see that federation will not hinder State expansion, or interfere with State liberties, that it will guarantee them from future foreign aggression, or loss of territory, and, it may be, even add to their present advantages, or remove some disadvantages, there will be, we may be sure, no further opposition to the idea.

The next force, also, as a fact, making against federation, is the difference between the two white races. In this matter the black races will have no voice; and the Portuguese and Germans may safely be neglected. It is even conceivable that the Portuguese may be ordered by their home Government to fall in with the idea; while a malcontent State may be kept excluded by the Federation itself. The Dutch and British white races are the only antagonistic elements that we have to

consider seriously. Yet, even a race like the French live peaceably under the British in Canada, and have almost become one with them. And, again, of all the European races or peoples, the Dutch and Germans coalesce most readily and naturally with the Anglo-Saxon. The eastern parts of England and southern Scotland have been largely peopled by Dutch and Germans, and they have become one with Englishmen and Scotchmen. And Germans have become Americans and Australians in the United States and Australia. It is, indeed, absurd to say that there is an irreconcilable racial difference between the British and the Dutch or Germans. As a fact, we find the two in South Africa in close union. In the Cape Colony, Natal, and even the Orange Free State, Dutch (Boers, and British live together under the same laws and political institutions, and in the closest ties of friendship and blood-relationship. It is only in the Transvaal that there is visible any race antagonism. And why? Solely on account of past political events and the past history of the State. The Boer Republic may, or may not, have been cordially treated and taken as brother by the hand by the ultra-militant British South African militant cult; but past events have been burned into the Boer being as with a hot iron.

The earliest Boers, forsaking their farms and slaves, their homes and wealth, and *trekking* out into the lion-peopled wilderness; their being massacred by the blacks; hunted out of Natal by the British after they had occupied it and wrested it from its powerful Zulu monarch; driven hither and thither; denied access to the sea, and prevented from engaging in foreign relations; and, finally, their being threatened with sudden extinction by the Jameson raid, *i.e.*, by Rhodes and his gang,—have naturally, and necessarily, created distrust, suspicion, and a stiffening of the political backbone. It would be expecting too much from human nature to expect otherwise. If we were always to remember this in our disputes and dealings with them, probably things would work more smoothly. It is not because a State is small, or because we could wipe out its political existence, that we should forget facts and the grace of courtesy—the true mark of strength—and proceed to dictate, domineer, and drive. We trust, we have sufficiently shown that this so-called racial antagonism is merely political suspicion and distrust. It is, indeed, so strong at present as to render union extremely improbable; but it may be softened down and ultimately removed.

A third obstacle is the recent German intrusion into South Africa. It was, of course, a political mistake to allow the Germans to possess themselves of Damaraland, and we may see here-

after how this mistake occurred. But the mistake is there, and the recent interference of Germany with the Boers and their relations to the British may be accounted for by it. But this interference is most unwarrantable, at least from a British point of view. And the attempt to throw German military instructors into the Boer State is another piece of mischief for which the Germans may have to account some day. At any rate, the continued arming of the Boers is partly ascribed to German counsels, and has led, on the part of England, to the reinforcement of her South African garrison. The Germans, then, have been, and are, another obstacle or hindrance to a United South Africa.

Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, the necessity of maintaining British supremacy in South Africa is itself an obstacle to the Union. Formerly little was heard of this supremacy; but German interference has brought it prominently forward, we had almost said created it. Not only can we not give up our half-way house," but we cannot retire in the face of the Germans, or even of the French, with their lust for African territory and their late unrighteous acquisition of Madagascar. But the fact of our maintaining our supremacy, even if necessary for the growth of the South African State, and for its protection, itself acts as a check on the perfect freedom of the various States in considering a federation. The Cape and other British colonies of South Africa must always, for imperial reasons, remain open for occupation by a British naval and military force. The freedom to combine is limited by this condition. It is not so in Canada or Australia. Only in the very remote, but conceivable, event of Australia and India being lost to England, could she retire from her position in South Africa, and this hindrance to Union disappear. A final hindrance is the existence of different tariffs. This is not insurmountable. But the different ideas entertained by different people regarding the aims, ends, and mode of carrying out the Union, from James Anthony Froude himself, to the latest irresponsible "chartered" public journalist, are somewhat appalling. The aim is to bring the many States into one; the end is that the United State may advance and become strong in the councils of the world. The details may well be settled by Conferences. There are the examples of our American, and even of our Australian Colonies, to guide here. Individual States and Colonies may well preserve their limited independence, while all subserve the common good. British supremacy—let it be merely in the form of "protection" from foreign interference—, unity of power in repelling aggression, and individual expansion and independence, may all be easily reconciled together.

In passing these hindrances to Union under review, one is

struck with their temporary and unsubstantial character. The Boer Republic may be opposed to-day, but give in its adhesion to-morrow. The "racial" difficulty is merely political distrust and soreness. The German intrusion hardly rears its head now, and may always be kept under. The maintenance of British supremacy is necessary for the protection of the Union from France and Germany. The differences of tariffs may be remedied.

From these we proceed to view the forces that make for Union. They are numerous and powerful, and not of a temporary nature. British ideas and rule lead to self-government; and, as has been shown in other parts of the world, the only wish of England in regard to her Colonies is that they may be united and strong. We cannot conceive of such a policy of freedom, independence and strength being resorted to by Russia for the outlying portions of her Empire. British supremacy in regard to South Africa means not only this, but that England intends to stay there, which implies continued strength and protection. With the British supremacy are its accompaniments—liberal institutions. These are in full force in the Cape Colony, Natal and even some other parts. They are even penetrating the other independent States. They all make for Unity. British freedom rejoices in such free institutions. Only illiberal and despotic Powers can see danger lurking in them. Only such Governments as have an idea of enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbours, regard them with distrust. They are vast moral forces, and must conquer in the end.

One of the most powerful of forces, however immaterial, here, is the *idea* of consolidation and unity. An idea is somehow born and begotten into the world, is prophetic of its destiny for good or for evil, and fulfils itself if it has any life. Ideas govern the lives not only of individuals, but of whole races and empires. Ideas ruled the French Revolution, and changed the current of history not only for France, but for the whole world. Thus, too, the idea of the union and consolidation of British colonies has resulted in the federation of Canada, and is rapidly accomplishing itself in Australia. Who will doubt that the same idea will fulfil itself in South Africa? There may be obstacles in the way; but the glory and strength of an idea is that it should triumph over obstacles. The more can success be predicted for this idea in South Africa that, as will be seen, a number of powerful material forces are working for it. We have just seen that the moral forces are for it. But it has, further, to be noticed, that such political Union is needed. At the present day the world is arraying itself into vast empires where weak Powers have no standing. The Russian Empire has absorbed the whole of

Northern Asia, just as the British Empire has girdled the Globe. The United States have accorded their "protection" to the whole of independent North and South America. Even France and Germany have recently grown immensely. Canada and Australia, long separated into a number of Colonies, have each formed themselves into formidable Unions. India itself, under British sway, has grown to gigantic proportions, and extends now from the borders of French Cambodia to almost the littoral of Eastern Arabia, embracing thus almost the whole of Southern Asia. In the midst of such mighty political forces as Great Britain, Russia, the United States, France and Germany, small States are nowhere, and, but for the protection of one or other of the former, would not exist for a single day. Hence Union—as well as protection—is absolutely necessary for the small and divided Colonies and States of South Africa. Assuming the defence and protection accorded by England to be withdrawn without a preceding Union, and even assuming—what is very unlikely—that no other great Power coveted South Africa, it is quite conceivable that conflicts would arise internally between one Colony or State and another, and that some would even be extinguished. A prey to one another, their wealth and progress would be checked, and even the existence of any one in particular rendered problematical.

The great preponderance of numbers in the South African populations must also rank as one of the forces making for Federation. The vast majority are for it. The British population, without exception, are for it. The majority of the Dutch in the Cape Colony and Natal are for it. The "Africander Bond," consisting almost wholly of Dutch, are for it. Only a small Dutch minority, and that almost altogether in the Transvaal, are against it. This small minority will disappear only with time and enlightenment. Even they cannot but admit that danger lurks in disunion; and that Union means strength, peace, progress, wealth, and stability. Added to this force of numbers, must be reckoned the fact that the great wealth of South Africa is arrayed on the side of Union. All the pastoral wealth and the trade of Cape Colony and Natal are for it. All the riches of the Kimberley diamond mines are for it. All the hundreds of millions embarked in the gold mines of the Transvaal itself are for it. In fact, all the wealth of S. Africa is for Union. So, too, are the iron bands of the railways now progressing in every direction, uniting distant parts, and disclosing, or creating, every day a community of interests. The Cape Colony has 2,000 miles of railway already open, and other lines are projected. A line from Durban, in Natal, runs into the Free State, and also into the Transvaal, connecting thence with the Cape and Buluwayo in Rhodesia. Other lines

are in progress north and south. Even the Chartered Company's territories are being pierced through by a line from Beira, the Portuguese port on the east, to Capetown, of which over a thousand miles are open. The Portuguese port of Lourenzo Marquez (Delagoa Bay) is also united by a line to Johannesburg in the Transvaal, and thence there is connexion with Capetown, Durban, and Buluwayo. Every mile of railway laid down not only opens up so much wealth, or shortens distance, but brings nearer the time when all the S. African Colonies and States shall be knit together in trade, community of interests, and even in feeling. Towards this consummation it may be noted that there have been offers made by one State to help another to find the means of constructing new lines, or of owning lines, or portions of lines, in other States.

We have thus seen that British supremacy is a fact, is necessary, and must be maintained in South Africa. We have seen, too, how intimately related this is with the Federation or Union of the different States and Colonies. In considering the subject of the Union, we have seen the forces acting against it, and such as make for it. The former have been found to be of a temporary character, and therefore may be expected to disappear. The latter are marked by permanency and growth, and can only be expected to triumph. It is even conceivable that, the present soreness of feeling in the Transvaal Government being judiciously softened down, there might be substantial inducements offered to it to unite in a common cause and common course. Under due safeguards, and in a practically Federated State, there is no more reason why the Boer Government should not have its own seaport, like Natal, the Cape Colony, and the Chartered Company's territory—the last in Beira. Even German Damaraland on the West, if in the Union, might—under British supremacy—have Walfisch Bay, which divides the German territory, but belongs to the British. To some these concessions might appear to go too far—(and largely at the expense of Portugal!—though, as will be seen hereafter, when considering the Portuguese problem, Portugal may be bought out :)—and we are doubtful whether Germany, even for the sake of Walfisch Bay, would consent to give her strip its independence and separate existence under the British *agis* ; but there must be mutual giving and taking, and we have limited the gifts by due and sufficient safeguards. It may also be noted that, in the Federation, German territory may be left out altogether.

In concluding this part of our subject, it may be asked, are not the British Colonies and dependencies sufficiently numerous, rich, and extensive, to form a Federation of

their own at first, leaving dissentient States to be gradually absorbed into it by consent? Of these British Colonies and dependencies, the Cape Colony alone is as large as France and possesses several rising sea-ports. Natal, which has just absorbed Zululand, is the "Garden Colony" of South Africa; is full of undeveloped minerals, and is rapidly advancing in wealth and population. And besides Basutoland, Bechuanaland and other minor dependencies of the British, the Chartered Company's territories comprise an area as large as Germany. All this great extent of territories, peopled by several millions of whites and African populations, abounding in wealth, and united to one another by the railways, make a British South African Federation not impossible. Such a Federation could be brought about almost at once, and would serve as a practical object-lesson to the isolated Boer Governments of the Transvaal and the Free State, which would probably not remain long out of it.

#### THE GREAT RACIAL PROBLEM. WHITE AND WHITE: THE DUTCH (BOERS).

As before stated, this problem is divided into white and white (British and Boer), and white and black (Europeans and Africans). In this division, let us view the Boers first. Who and what are the Dutch, or so-called Dutch, that is, the Boers, in South Africa? What are their peculiarities, if any, and whence derived? We shall see afterwards who and what are the British themselves in South Africa; for it is an acknowledged truth that the British develop diverse traits in different countries, as in Canada and India and Australia, nay, even in adjoining Colonies, as in Queensland and New South Wales. Must the Boers and British in South Africa always remain apart, as Israel and Amalek of old? Is it not possible for them to coalesce? These are practical questions, and upon their due solution the British future in South Africa largely depends. The Boers in South Africa are the original possessors of the soil; that is, after subduing the neighbouring Kafir and other tribes, and previous to the British occupation of Cape Colony, they colonised the Cape Colony from Holland, and brought out with them their families, their sturdy independence, and their Reformed Protestant Faith. This last has to be noted, as it has much to do with the Boer character. In those early days, just as the Puritans left England for America for freedom of conscience, so did these Dutch leave Europe for South Africa. To them were joined numbers of Huguenots from France. Their religion did not teach them the unlawfulness of shooting down naked savages, and taking their lands from them, and making them their slaves. They increased and multiplied, and in many instances had their

progeny reinforced from the black races, the only difference between their procedure and the similar procedure in British India being that the Dutch incorporated this progeny as one with themselves, instead of branding them as an outside, separate class with restricted and inferior rights. We are not referring here to the present so-called "half-castes" of the Cape Colony, who are nearly pure blacks, and very similar to the Goanese Portuguese. In studying the Boer character, this partial incorporation of Kafir and other black blood has not been taken into account by students of South Africa. The African is heavy and immobile—let us say crossly obstinate. Into the highly-educated and polished Dutch and French refugees, often of high and noble families, there thus entered this peculiar trait. All the so-called Dutch thus formed one body. The shooting down of Kafirs, Hottentots and Bushmen made them merciless; the shooting down of lions, which abounded even in Capetown, made them good marksmen and full of nerve. Then came the sudden and unexpected taking over of the Cape by the British at the time of Napoleon. After the Peace, the British did not restore the Cape to Holland; but the two races had begun to live together and feel in common. Then came the Emancipation Act, freeing the slaves throughout British dominions. The Dutch held many slaves, but some compensation was offered them for the loss of their "human chattels."

Thousands of the Dutch colonists looked on this as an act of pure and simple confiscation, refused to acknowledge the elevation of the black to the level of the white; declined the compensation; abandoned their farms, and went to found another colony further north, where England was not. They fought their way through opposing tribes, slaughtered them and were themselves sometimes almost annihilated—for there were powerful African chiefs in those days—; and at length they occupied that portion of the country now embraced in Natal, the Free State and a portion of the Transvaal. They were not, however, permitted to rest. They had more troubles with other powerful chiefs, and even the British came up to Natal and drove them further afield, behind the lofty Drakensberg Range, the Alps of South Africa. Striving to gain a sea-port further north, they were again driven back by the British. Keeping themselves to themselves and out of the presence of the British, they soon found themselves hemmed in entirely by the latter, when these, through Rhodes, deprived Lobengula of his country and formed the Chartered Company's territories. Having, however, discovered abundant gold in the Transvaal—the Orange Free State had previously divided from them and been recognised by the Bri-



tish—, the Boers were inclined to “rest and be thankful.” This, however, was not allowed them by Rhodes and his gang of conspirators. Rhodes was the Premier of the Cape Colony and the principal director of the Chartered Company, and he used all the power he thus had, with the addition of great wealth, to move the “Jameson Raid” against them. It was at a moment of profound peace and unsuspicion, and it fell as a “bolt from the blue” on them, in its suddenness and deadly character. It shattered their ideas of security, and further peace; created suspicion and distrust towards the British as a nation, and converted them from peaceful, stolid Dutch farmers into a race of armed soldiers. The meanest worm will turn at injury, and the Boers have had injury on injury their very existence threatened—heaped on them. So they now remain armed to the teeth, resolved to sell their lives very dearly at the last, should it come. An offensive and defensive alliance has also been entered into with the Free State.

As may have been inferred, a very large proportion of the Boers of the Cape remained behind. In process of time, these felt their interests one with the British; but they cannot forget their brethren by blood of the Transvaal. There are also Boers both in Natal and the Chartered Company's lands. There are, thus, two distinct Boer parties in South Africa—the independent Boers, who are irreconcilables,” and the British Boers. These latter are loyal to the British Crown, but will not consent to their independent brethren being coerced.

#### THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen have colonised both North America and Australia very successfully. But these countries were very sparsely occupied by a few aborigines. There were no white races to deal with. Again, as a governing power, and not as colonists, the British have been very successful in India. This has been due as much to the superior class of Englishmen who have come out to India, as to the diversity of races and creeds. At the Cape all these conditions have been wanting or reversed. Colonising, in the sense in which it is understood in Australia, or North America, cannot take place in South Africa. The Dutch had colonised it already and occupied it. Besides, there is a very large and numerous black race. The greed for gold—and some farm lands, too, have been filched from the blacks—will always attract a certain number; and these will bring in their train trade and other business, and even limited settlement. But it will be neither Australia; with its homogeneous white population, nor India, with its race—or class—of white “leaders.” India has its great princes of high Hindu lineage, and an ancient proud civilisation, and

these are wanting in South Africa. The British, however, whether here or there, adapt themselves to circumstances. Accordingly, though essentially one, the Canadian is not an Englishman or an Australian, and an Australian is not a Canadian or an Englishman. Brought up in the midst of different surroundings, and even different ideas, each takes a separate colouring, and even mental—as well as physical—growth. And so the South African Briton is neither an Englishman, nor a Canadian, nor an Australian. Brought up in a very hard and dry country; with any number of alarms and occasions of readiness to fight, arising from Kafir rebellions and Boer neighbours; and lording it over a very simple black population, he is ordinarily converted from an English Radical to an ultra Imperialist, and from the reasonable and patient average English citizen into driving, bullying, and generally “riding the high horse.” The gold-seeking rough element, too, are by no means modest in their ideas or demands. All this, although there is a very considerable admixture of the older and more gentle element among them, has given the general South African British character a by no means desirable tone. The South African Briton represents the modern militant, and even Jingo, Imperialistic *cult* in an extreme form. In fact, it is this “cult” run mad. If Kafirs are in the way, they have to be wiped out, unless they consent to be enslaved under a show of free conditions of labour. If the Boers are in the way, they are to be shot down. If the Portuguese are in the way, they are to be kicked out. Happily, none of these things can be done, owing to the presence of the superior and gentler class aforesaid, and the pressure of home public opinion, though, here, the teachings of Mr. Chamberlain’s modern “Birmingham School of Imperialism” in British counsels is apt strongly to support and even inflame them. Good as an ultimate guarantee of the spread of the British race, with its accompanying ideas of justice and freedom, this *cult* has become an unmitigated evil in South Africa, and even the source of much humiliation for England all over the world, equally in South America, in Turkey, and in China. With reference to the existence of the evil in South Africa, her best and oldest and most thoughtful residents will bear us out in our view. The strength of the Government is taxed to restrain the wild counsels and impetuosity, the ignorance and blundering, of these foolish “young bloods.” If the Boers are, as asserted, a queer and unreasonable race, though we have not found them so, the British in South Africa do not help to mend, but rather to mar, matters. As among the Boers there are moderates, content to live with Englishmen in peace, and extremists who

can see nothing but war, so among the British there are the upper and gentle classes, the representatives of Britain's love of law, order and justice, and the rougher, ignorant classes, the vast majority, who would bend everything to their ignorant and uninformed will. Fortunately, very few of these are permitted to enter the purely native States, though it has been hitherto found impossible to keep them out of the Chartered Company's territory.

#### THE TROUBLE BETWEEN WHITE AND WHITE.

Between these races, the Dutch Boers and the South African British, the real trouble, as may be imagined, is with the extreme sections, the vast majority of either party. While they agree in wishing to ride rough-shod over everything opposed to themselves, they ignorantly conceive that their interests are divided and not one. Conceivably, too, they might have different interests. The Boer might prefer to have a seaport of his own, and to see his flag waving over all South Africa. The Englishman might like to make all "red"—take the Transvaal, revolutionise its institutions, and, if need be, drive the unhappy Boers out again into the wilderness! The moderate Boers, however, would wish to feel secure in their independence and safe from such irruptions as "Dr. Jim's," and would also be highly gratified with access to the sea-board. The moderate South African Englishmen, at the same time, would guarantee the Boers their rights, would seek to disarm jealousy, and conciliate them as far as possible. While England's supremacy must be maintained as against any external power, the interests of both are essentially one—peace and union. This does not imply the loss of the independence of any, or the wiping out of a race.

There is no use, however, in disguising the fact that there is, generally, a strong feeling of disunion among them, of divergence of opinion, and of political soreness and tension. From the past history of the Boers and of British domination which we have furnished above, it cannot but be so. To refuse to see and recognise the sore, will not mitigate it, but may possibly increase it. The present state of things can only be described as one of great tension, which is being increased by Mr. Chamberlain's reiteration of the word "suzerainty," not the slightest mention of which occurs in the London Convention, and which the Boers will not allow in the ordinary acceptation of the term. If persons in private life sometimes enter into quarrels and arguments through not perceiving the force of an "undistributed middle," we see here the same thing between the responsible statesmen of States and Empires. While this tension remains, and fruitless argument continues, perpetual

little sources of quarrel are being brought by one against the other. Of the two races—the British are the more powerful, if supported from home. But that is no reason for their riding roughshod over the other race. They have to dwell together and side by side, and their aim should be to settle all differences in an amicable way. The Boers being the weaker of the two, the duty of the stronger British is to restore confidence and induce community of feeling. Community of interests already exists, and will increase every day. Time is thus in favour of peace, fresh needs for which will be continually developed. The British attitude should be firmness, strength and conciliation. Mr. Chamberlain has failed in all these. Vacillation leads to contempt. Military weakness invites attack. An impracticable position creates opposition and resistance. Mr. Chamberlain has been guilty of all these. With firmness, and adequate forces, even concessions are possible. The breach, however created, has to be healed. If the British do their part, it will lie with the Boers to do theirs. If they do not respond, it will be their own look-out. Even in dealing with weaker parties, whom we may crush—though we doubt whether the Boers can be “crushed—, we must have public opinion with us. Will Mr. Chamberlain risk bloodshed in South Africa and the necessity of having an army of fifty thousand British troops there, at a time, too, when England requires all her available forces for other parts of the Globe? And will another Boer War result in substantial peace, or in creating a worse state of things than ever and rendering peace and progress in South Africa simply impossible? The two white races must live in peace, or else in the not distant future they will both be ousted by the black. And here we enter on the next, and last phase of the race problem.

#### WHITE AND BLACK.

The Dutch and British at peace, and united into a powerful Federation, may, perhaps, put the question of the rise of the blacks to supreme power indefinitely into the back ground, though there are many thinkers who believe that the day of the domination of the black African in South Africa cannot be put off beyond a half century at the most. Mr. C. H. Pearson, in his remarkable work “National Life and Character,” writes thus :—“ It seems difficult to doubt that the black and yellow belt (of races) which always encircles the globe between the Tropics, will extend its area, and deepen its colour with time. The work of the white man in these latitudes is only to introduce order and an acquaintance with the best industrial methods of the west. The countries belong to their autochthonous races, and these, although they may in parts accept

the white man as a conqueror and organiser, will gradually become too strong and unwieldy for him to control, or if they retain him, will do it only with the condition that he assimilates himself to the inferior race." These views have a substantial basis of truth. And, if we take them in connection with South Africa, we find that probably there are ten black men to one white, a disproportion that probably will increase. Taking the staying power of a race to be marked by increase of numbers, courage, and working-power—the last to include mental aptitude—we find the South African blacks fulfilling all these. They are fruitful and multiply. There is no question of their martial courage. Like the Irishman, the Kafir "dearly loves a row," and will not flinch from "mounting a breach." Their working power is well known in South Africa, where one Kafir is reckoned equal to three "coolies" (Indians), while he is far more cheerful and happy and contented. In mental power, where educated, he holds his own with the average Englishman. With the advance of South Africa, industrial methods are being acquired by him, and education, too, is being supplied to him. Gradually, the process of crowding out the whites in their own lines of walk will be completed. With education and wealth will come the franchise, however long it may be held back, and with it will end the supremacy of the white. Mr. James Bryce, in his late excellent work on South Africa, foresees this period, and recommends a well-considered plan and treatment of the blacks as our friends, to enable them to be gradually incorporated into the Government instead of by ill-advised, and harsh methods compelling them to resort to revolutionary measures and massacring and expelling the whites. This great racial problem looms very largely and darkly over the future of South Africa, and yet people, like the ostrich, bury their heads in the sand, and refuse to see it and provide for it in time. Every now and then there is a modest, frank, and able statement from an educated South African black, of the simple rights of sympathy, education, etc., being withheld from him in spite of public proclamations and Government resolutions. It is time the matter were taken in hand, and dealt with in a fair and honest spirit, as Mr. Bryce advises.

#### THE PROBLEM OF THE OTHER DEPENDENCIES AND POWERS.

We now arrive at the third and last portion of our subject, the Portuguese territory, the German strip, the Chartered Company's domain, and the purely native dependencies. We shall take them in the order stated.

#### THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS.

The future of the territories under the sway of Portugal is a theme of constant discussion in South Africa. Their re-

lation to both British and Boer interests is apparent. In regard to the former, England has a "pre-emptive" right to Delagoa Bay, and, further north, the port of Beira is the outlet for the northern half of Charterland. In regard to the Boers, Delagoa-Bay forms the natural outlet for the Transvaal. These territories, thus valuable, also form a rather extensive coastal strip, from the north of Zululand to the north of the mouths of Zambezi. In fact, as comprising these mouths, it may be considered to contain also the natural outlet for the Shire highlands and British Central Africa. Besides, there are districts which have produced and exported gold for ages, and are supposed to be highly mineralised. The Portuguese have held these territories for several centuries. It might even be supposed that, in earlier times, attracted by rumours of gold, they penetrated far inland, with Abyssinian, Arab, or Indian workers, and were the real authors of those old mines in the far interior, now comprised in Charterland, of which so much has been made by wire-pullers in finance and romance writers of the class of Haggard. If anything is certain, in the view of competent archæologists, it is proved beyond question that Solomon's fleets never took their gold and other products from Charterland or the ruins of Zimbabwe. The very workmanship of the beads, nails, chains and other ornaments, too, goes conclusively to prove that it was probably a race of Zulu, or other superior African, workers who made them. Indeed, having closely scrutinised these remains myself, I am even inclined to believe that some portions were turned out of a modern European workshop! In any case, there has been an undoubted produce and export of gold from Sofala, adjoining Beira.

The political as well as commercial activity of Portugal, which held these coasts even as far north as Mombasa, has declined. The authority remains; but the power is a mere shadow, with no hopes of a revival. Portugal, however, is in very intimate alliance with Britain, which guarantees her independent existence in Europe; and therein lies the true bearing of this South African question. Not any nation, however powerful, not even Germany or France, much less the Boers, can wrench these possessions from Portugal while England stands at her back. They contain the outlets to a thousand miles of British territory lying inland, are connected by rail with the interior, and to one of the ports, as we have seen, England has a pre-emptive right. Both Beira and Delagoa Bay are crowded with shipping, and are increasing in importance every day. It is a sad fact, however, that they are very much neglected by the authorities, *i.e.*, Portugal; in fact, the whole country lies neglected and

misgoverned, or not governed at all. Such taxes as are realised in the interior, are collected at the point of the bayonet, and there is a continual round of merry-making and firing of "salutes" at the ports. But, with reference to these ports, what is their future to be? Considering the progress that is being made elsewhere, this is a fair question to ask.

We have to view this question in one or other of two ways, according as we assume these ports to continue Portuguese, or to be taken over by the British. In the former case we should expect the strip of territory to enter the South African Union. The connexion with Portugal might be preserved; and, if converted into a "colony," the territory might be started on a fair and prosperous career. The acquisition of the strip by England may be viewed in one or other of three different forms. First, the coast line from Delagoa Bay to the Zambezi may be sold outright to England for so many millions sterling. At present this portion of Portugal's dominions costs as much in government and in military and naval expenditure as it brings in. It is even possible that, in the event of England withdrawing her protection, it will cost a great deal more; may even be lost. At the same time, its value to England is great, and England can easily spare her South African Squadron to watch over, and pay occasional visits to, its ports. It may be well worth Mr. Chamberlain's consideration to propose this purchase, or even some other arrangement, to complete the edifice of British South Africa during his tenure of office, lest some successor rob him of the glory. He could do no greater act, or one with more lasting and beneficial results for the Colonial Empire of England. Or Great Britain might acquire this territory by exchange for other territory elsewhere, which Portugal might prefer. The third mode is by taking a lease of the territory. The Sultan of Zanzibar has thus leased his mainland coastal territories to Germany and Italy. The nominal royalty would continue with Portugal. Thus, too, for Portugal's advantage, the territories would be permanently safe from Boer robbers and European despoilers. In the third and last mentioned case, the nominal ownership remains with Portugal; in the other two cases, the ownership passes over to Great Britain. And it may be noted that ownership by England does not mean private English gain, to the exclusion of the profit and enterprise of other nations, who would be just as free to the country as Englishmen. The acquisition of Portuguese South Africa would accomplish numerous important ends. It would round off British South Africa. It would give a port to Charterland. It would enable the British to give Delagoa Bay to the Boers—under efficient safeguards, such as the garrison being a "federal" force, and

the presence of a British man-of-war, which might be paid for by the Boers, for the protection of the port, as is done in Australia. It would offer the further chance of the Federation being accomplished. It would do away with future complications; and, finally, it would improve both the ports and the territories.

### THE GERMAN TERRITORY.

That Germany should have been allowed to intrude here, even so lately as 1884, when the territory virtually belonged to us, remains one of the mysteries of the Foreign Office, like the restoration of Java to the Dutch. Unlike Java, however, German South Africa has already cost us a great deal of annoyance, and may yet cause us further trouble. Great Britain had already, by 1866, taken possession nominally of islands and parts of the Damara coast, and the Damara King subsequently repeatedly begged—even besought—England to take him under her protection. The coast line from Sandwich Bay northward to Cape Frio was granted, in 1876, to the Cape Government. It seems that here, as in China, German “missionaries” were the principal agents in effecting the transformation; only these missionaries did not lose their lives, but plotted against the British influence. Sir Henry Barkly supported the application of the Damara Chief, who wrote, “When will you look at my difficulty? Come, make haste! Answer, and help me from these men (German missionaries) that distress me, lest I perish on your account, and perish on account of my alliance with you.” The Home Government, however, refused to listen to the representations from the Cape, and, after having actually occupied a large portion of the territory till 1880, withdrew to Walfisch Bay, and gave up an immense portion of South Africa, stated to be 800,000 square miles in extent, to Germany, sacrificing the rights and the future of the South African Colonies! There are valuable copper mines in Namaqualand in the South, which are largely worked by means of British capital, which is also constructing a line of railway. As stated above, the English still retain Walfisch Bay, the only good port on the coast. As for the Germans, some dozen or two farmers strive to make an indifferent living, while there are a host of German officials, and some military. Fortunately British Bechuanaland interposes between this German strip and the Boer territories further East; or else there would be considerable trouble. As it is, there have not been wanting signs of Germany trying to join hands with the Boers from the West. As we have shown, the strip originally was, to all intents and purposes, British, and even partially occupied. It is a pity that the permission of England



to Germany to occupy Kiaochao Bay in China was not accompanied by the condition of Damaraland being retroceded. It may not yet be too late to make some such arrangement, and it is called for by the interests and future peace of our South African Colonies.

#### THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S TERRITORIES.

These are of considerable extent, being interposed as a wedge between the German territory on the West and the Transvaal and the Portuguese territories on the East. On the North they are bounded by the Zambezi, and on the South by Bechuanaland. Whatever may be said of Rhodes having most unrighteously seized this vast territory from its native chief Lobengula, there is no manner of doubt that gold was the object, it being assumed that it was as highly auriferous as the Transvaal. This has proved a delusion so far, and the chartered Company, though under Rhodes's personal management, has been so mismanaged that it has more than once been on its last legs. The conspiracy of Rhodes and his gang to seize Johannesburg and upset the Transvaal Government, with the subsequent "Raid," however, was the finishing blow. Whether or not connected, this was immediately followed by the Matabele rebellion, and the end came. The Home Government was compelled to send troops to restore order—a sort of a peace was patched up, and England has taken over the military administration, while the Colonial Secretary is still considering how far the civil administration is to be affected. The great show names on the Home Board, of Lord Farquhar, and the Dukes of Fife and Abercorn, have retired. The country itself is poor, and will not progress appreciably for the next half century. The question as regards Charterland is, how is Government to be made sufficiently safe and stable for settlers to make up their minds to live there?

Here, fortunately, we are not left without some guidance from the almost parallel cases of India and the Malayan Peninsula. In the latter we have brought about an effective confederation of native chiefs, which may probably furnish a lesson for the numerous native African dependencies which we have yet to view. India, however, furnishes the most valuable lessons for Charterland. In India chiefs and princes, and even wild tribes, have been successfully taught to feel themselves a part of a settled government and a great empire. A select "civil service": with a high *esprit de corps*, working on Indian lines, would raise Charterland from its present dismal condition. The men must, as for India, be sent out from home—men of some education, imbued with English traditions of honour and justice. The South African Colonies may have

some good men ; but such as they have cannot be spared. The adventurous, reckless, and vaunting class of men, stricken with the modern militant *cult* of England's "Imperial" power, who fill the South African Colonies, will never answer. A few men might even be drafted from India and Malaya to initiate the "service" and give it the proper tone and direction.

The men being found, a definite, just, human, and effective plan of administration and government should be laid down. For efficient protection of life and property, however, there must be adequate military security. The Kafirs everywhere are unstable in character, and given to sudden and apparently causeless risings. There must, therefore, be a force or forces, sufficient to prevent sudden outbursts of national or tribal feeling. Here, however, a comparatively small force would suffice, and they might all be recruited from our North-West Indian tribes. Some three or four regiments of "Irregulars," or mounted infantry, would, in small detachments of about 300 men each, be amply sufficient if placed at certain strategic points. In carrying out good government, the country will require to be generally surveyed and examined, to find out the most suitable tracts for British settlers and the most suitable "locations" for the native tribes. Each of these should be confined to their own spheres. The mistake of the Chartered Company, in its greed for gold, lay in permitting indiscriminate *trekking*—and that even to the merciless Boers—so that a host of needy so-called "prospectors" and other adventurers spread themselves all over the land in twos and threes, maltreating the blacks wherever they went. This mistake must be carefully avoided, all prospecting parties being registered and made to observe to certain rules of conduct, at the same time that they should not be permitted inside the native locations. The Kafirs are ordinarily a quiet and docile, and even a fine race, and we have no right, after depriving them of their country, to further subject them to inhuman maltreatment.

#### THE NATIVE DEPENDENCIES.

There are several of these, such as Khama's country, north of Cape Colony, of great extent ; while others, like Basutoland, though small, are of considerable importance, from their position, or the superior intelligence of their inhabitants. They are either tacked on to one or another of the Colonies, or left under their own rulers, with a British Resident. This reminds me strongly of the composite aspect of our Indian Empire. In South Africa, too, as in Native India, the independent European adventurer is discouraged. There is every prospect of the Native African States advancing in civilisation if these adventurers are

kept out, and imported fiery spirits forbidden. Basutoland is a fine example already of what a purely Native Kafir State, without a low class of Europeans allowed in it, may rise to. There are law, order, justice, efficient administration, trade, cultivation, industry, schools, and even hospitals. Zululand, from its proximity to Natal, and other reasons, has been permitted a greater influx of European small traders and prospectors, and has lately even been "incorporated" into Natal. Let us hope, however, that this fine race will be kept apart from the contaminating influence of "low whites"—though there is not much chance of it—, so that there may be no future rebellion and disturbance in their country.

### CONCLUSION.

We have, thus, successively gone over the various problems which confront us in South Africa, the supremacy of Great Britain ; the Unification of the Provinces, States, and Colonies ; the Racial question ; the German and Portuguese territories, and Charterland ; and the continued existence of purely native States. These problems are such as apply to South Africa viewed as a whole. Local and other minor State and colonial problems must be left by us for consideration in another paper. But the problems we have been viewing, with the exception of probably the very last, may all be said to be "burning questions." They altogether form a very dangerous group of difficulties, and present the prospect of continued explosions unless handled with wisdom and care, with firmness and strength. They also present the prospect, if thus handled, of a mighty and powerful empire, and an efficient buttress of England. Whether the result will be the one or the other, will depend on the wisdom of the Home Colonial Office, and Mr. Chamberlain will see his reputation either made or marred by South Africa : made by conciliating the Dutch, buying out Germany and Portugal, ordering an efficient government in Charterland, saving the native States, and building up a United South Africa under British protection ;—marred by unreasonable contentions about mere words ; by interfering with Dutch domestic affairs ; by weakness and vacillation, alternating with bullying ; by creating another and a worse war of races between white and white, and making sure of a future war of races between white and black, by allowing the Native States to go by the board.

*January, 1898.* }  
 Pietermaritzburg }

A. M. CAMERON.

•       ART. X.—VASCO DA GAMA'S VOYAGE.

“THE JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE OF VASCO DA GAMA BY  
SEA TO INDIA IN THE YEAR 1497.”

*Preface.*

THE “Journal of the Voyage of Vasco da Gama to India” is commonly known in Portuguese as the “Roteiro,” or “Ruttier.” It was the first account ever given to Europe of that sea-road to India the discovery of which has had such important consequences for modern civilisation, indirectly becoming the source of the present greatness of England.

The author of the “Roteiro” is uncertain. According to its first Portuguese editors, Professor Diogo Kopke and Dr. Antonio da Costa Paiva, who published it in 1838 from a MS. from the Library of the Monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra, it was the work of Alvarez Velho, who had taken part in Vasco da Gama’s expedition as a sailor on board the St. Raphael. It is, however, not impossible that it is really the account of the voyage, mentioned by Correia, which was compiled by Joam de Figueira, one of the chaplains of the fleet, and was handed by him to Vasco da Gama, when he imagined himself on his death-bed at Melinde, during the voyage home, in January, 1499. Correia used this work as the basis of his account of the expedition in his “Lendas da India,” and expressly states that many copies were made of it, one of which he found amongst some old papers belonging to Affonso de Albuquerque, whose secretary he was. In any case the MS., which is in very ungrammatical mediæval Portuguese, seems to be a copy made from the original early in the 16th century by a certain Friar Theotonio de S. G. . . . “Canon Regular of the Monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra,” whose name it bears. The work appears to have been known to Camoens, who has made much use of it in the 5th canto of the *Lusiad*, and was very ably re-edited by the famous historians of Portugal, A. Herculano, and Baron do Castello de Paiva, in 1861, who regard it as the work of Alvarez Velho and as a very valuable supplement to Correia’s account, which, however, was compiled at least forty years after Vasco da Gama’s return.

A very able account of the “Roteiro” has been given by Sir R. Burton in the second volume of his commentaries on the *Lusiad* of Camoens. This has been of great service to the translator. It is based mainly upon Correia, da Barros, and

upon the *Lusiad*, but contains some details gathered by Sir R. Burton himself during his voyage to Goa in 1851.

The translator has ventured to bring the notes of the Portuguese Edition of 1861 down to date, and has chiefly availed himself of Correia, the *Lusiad*, and Oscar Peschel's "History of Geography." He has also received invaluable assistance from Sir W. W. Hunter's "Imperial Gazetteer of India," the correctness of which is fully corroborated by these Portuguese materials, which were apparently unknown to Sir W. W. Hunter at the time when he compiled it. A valuable summary of Correia's account of the voyage is given for English readers by Mr. F. C. Danvers, in his "History of the Portuguese in the East." The translator has also to express his sincere thanks to Mr. A. R. Macdonald, late of the Bombay Civil Service, for much help in matters connected with Hindoo mythology.

#### INTRODUCTION.

It is well-known that, after the return of Bartholomew Diaz from the great expedition in 1487, on which he had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, the zeal of the Portuguese Government for the prosecution of the task of discovering the sea-road to India grew very fertile. Almost yearly since 1434, when Gil Eanes had, for the first time, passed Cape Bojador, so long the limit of the known world, expensive expeditions had been sent out with instructions to make their way to the Christian King of Abyssinia and to the lands whence the spices and precious stones, which formed the most valuable articles of Eastern commerce, came. Prince Henry the Navigator (1393-1460,) Affonso V (1438-1481) and John II (1481-1495) had never wearied in carrying on a work which, if successful, would make Portugal the first amongst the nations. Hitherto their efforts had been singularly unsuccessful. The coast of Africa, a long line of sands and mountains, stretching further and further towards the Antarctic Pole, seemed to have been raised as a barrier by the Almighty Himself to shut out for ever the nations of the West from the Eastern Seas. When, at length, almost accidentally, the Cape of Good Hope had been discovered, it was found that the road to India lay through cold and stormy seas, and that, even when the belt of storms was traversed, the Mozambique current, sweeping southward with resistless force, opposed to the navigator an obstacle even more formidable than the very tempests themselves. John II shrank from continuing any longer a task which had proved so useless in its results; and, but for the voyage of Columbus, who, by sailing westwards, imagined that he had arrived at the shores

of Asia and had placed the crown of the Indies on the brow of the Queen of Castille and of Leon, it is probable, that the honour of being the first to reach India by sea would have been reserved for some Spanish sailor.

In 1495, John II died, and Emmanuel, Duke of Beja, ascended the throne of Portugal as Don Manoel I. (1495-1521). In 1496, after the treaty of Tordesillas had conferred upon Portugal the undisputed dominion of all the Eastern world, he determined to resume the policy of discovery which for eighty years had expressed all the energies of his predecessors. If he could succeed in discovering the sea-road to India, he would not only wrest from the Turk, the Venetian and the Genoese, the spice trade which had, hitherto, centred in Alexandria, but, in the words of the diploma of nobility conferred upon Don Vasco da Gama on his return, would also ensure "that the Faith of Our Lord should be spread abroad, "and His Name should become known throughout yet other "parts of this earth."

King Manoel was encouraged in his task by the Court astronomer and astrologer, Abraham Ben Samuel Zacuth, a Jew who was versed in all the geographical science of the time, and also by despatches which had reached him through a Venetian merchant from Pero de Covilham, a gentleman of his predecessor's bedchamber, who, having been sent in May, 1487, through Cairo, on a Mission to Abyssinia, to prepare a friendly reception for Bartholomew Diaz in the Abyssinian ports, had, with the help of Indian traders, made his way across the Arabian Sea to Cambay and the Great Indian mart of Calicut, whence he had proceeded to Sofalla, the southernmost Arab settlement on the East Coast of Africa. At Sofalla he had learnt from the Arabian shipowners such particulars as to the existence of vast seas to the southward that there could be no longer any fear lest a land barrier interposed between the Great Fish River, which was the furthest point reached by Bartholomew Diaz, and Sofalla, whence the sea-road to India was well-known. Hence the existence of a communication by sea for vessels sailing eastwards from Lisbon to the eastern ports was fully established. Whilst on his return home, Pero de Covilham was arrested by the Negus of Abyssinia and kept in that country as a prisoner until his death; but through the Abyssinian Christians, who yearly made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who thus kept up some slight intercourse between Abyssinia and the Christian world, he was enabled to convey his fateful tidings to the King of Portugal.

On the receipt of Pero da Covilham's letters, an expedition was at once resolved upon, and three ships were laid down in

Lisbon dockyard, the work of construction being placed under the charge of Joam Infante, a sailor who had already made the Cape Voyage with Bartholomew Diaz. D. Manoel was singularly superstitious, and, apparently almost entirely in consequence of his belief in omens, placed the expedition under the command of Vasco da Gama, a noble by birth, who was the son of Estevam da Gama, formerly Steward of the household of Affonso V., and who had chanced to come into the room whilst the Royal Council were seated at dinner, discussing the intended undertaking. Vasco da Gama chose, as his colleagues, his elder brother, Paullo da Gama, and his great friend, Nicholas Coellho, whilst his servant, Gonzalo Nunez, was named to command a tender which was to accompany the expedition as far as the Cape of Good Hope.

The fleet was composed of four vessels, the St. Gabriel (120 tons), commanded by Vasco da Gama, who had, as a sailing master, Pedro de Alenquer, who had been a member of Bartholomew Diaz's expedition, with Diogo Diaz, that explorer's brother, as clerk; the St. Raphael (100 tons), under the command of Paullo da Gama; the Caravel, Berrio (50 tons), so named from her former owner, whose Captain was Nicholas Coellho, and a storeship (200 tons), possibly named the St. Miguel, of these only the St. Gabriel and the Berrio were destined to return to Portugal. The expedition numbered, in all, about 160 men.

Some idea of the appearance of the St. Gabriel may be formed both from a report based on drawings and sketches, believed to be authentic, which was issued by the Portuguese Government on the occasion of the Columbus Centenary, in 1892, and from the famous model of Columbus's own ship, the S. Maria, which figured in the rejoicings to commemorate the Discovery of America both at Huelva and at New York. Like the S. Maria, the S. Gabriel had large fore and stern castles raised high above the waist of the ship, and affording comparatively roomy and commodious cabins. Her rigging consisted of three masts and a bowsprit, her sails being six in number, *viz.*, mizen sail, fore-sail, mizen, spritsail and two topsails. She was a solid sea boat, but slow, and could not sail near the wind. As her bottom was not sheathed in copper, it soon became foul, and consequently the ship required to be frequently careened. The dimensions given in the Portuguese account are: Length at waterline 63 ft. 4 in.; extreme length, 83 ft. 2 in.; beam, 27 ft. 3 in., or about one-third of the extreme length. Draught forward 5 ft. 5 in.; draught aft, 7 ft. 4 in. She carried twenty guns, apparently fired over the bulwarks, and not through portholes, and unprovided with any

means for checking the recoil ; and it was usual, when salutes had to be fired, to discharge petards and blank cartridge suspended over the sides, so as not to shake the ship too much. The largest cannon may have been a twenty-pounder, but she also carried several sakers, falcons, minions and other smaller pieces. In accordance with the orders of Prince Henry the Navigator, when devoting the revenues of the Order of Christ, of which he was Grand Master, to defray the expenses of the task of African discovery, the *S. Gabriel*, like every other Portuguese vessel plying beyond Cape Bojador, flew the flag of the Order, crimson and white, with scalloped edges, and charged with its peculiarly-shaped crimson crosses, and had her sails emblazoned with its cross. In addition, she flew also a white flag, charged with the arms of Don Manoel\* and the red flag, proper to a Portuguese Admiral. Tradition states that her figure head, a well-carved effigy of *S. Gabriel*, is still preserved in the Monastery of Belem, which was raised as a memorial of Vasco da Gama's successful return.

Correia gives a long account, very much at variance with the facts as related in the "*Roteiro*," of the rich cargo and presents for native sovereigns with which the fleet was burdened. As a matter of fact, though the vessels were well provided with provisions, and, in particular, with double sets of anchors, spars, rigging and other naval stores, the expedition appears to have been fitted out with very great economy and to have had on board little or no merchandize of any kind. It was, however, well provided with interpreters ; and many of the seamen had learnt Arabic during their captivity in the hands of Moorish pirates, which was so often the fate of the members of that day. The expedition was also accompanied by 18 "*degradados*," or criminals sentenced to death, who could be used as pioneers or envoys on every undertaking of danger, and who could also be left behind at the various ports and study the languages and habits of the different countries, and thus become useful agents for future expeditions.

By the end of June, 1497, the fleet was in readiness for departure, various vessels, one of which was commanded by Bartholomew Diaz himself, were to sail under its convoy as far as the Cape Verd Islands, on their way to Guinea ; and the anchorage at Restello, a small village about two miles from

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\* The Arms of Portugal in the time of 'Don Manoel' were "Arg. in five escutcheons Az., charged with five plates, or five "*Golpes*" (lit. "*Wounds*," the heraldic term for Roundels Purpure").



Lisbon, on the north bank of the Tagus, where the Abbey of Belem (Bethlehem) now rises, was alive with shipping.

It is at this moment that the Author of the "Roteiro" commences his journal, on Saturday, July 8th, 1497.

It is well known that these arms were assumed by Affonso I. (1139-1185), the liberator of Portugal, in memory of a miraculous apparition in the sky, which appeared to him just before the decisive battle of Ourique (1139), in which he vanquished five Moorish kings, and drove the infidels for ever from Portugal. In memory of this victory, he assumed arms which, whilst commemorating the Moorish potentates, might also be interpreted to signify the Five Wounds of Christ, or the Thirty Pieces of Silver (the five "plates" on the centre inescutcheon being counted twice over), which were paid by the Sanhedrin to Judas Iscariot as the price of His Betrayal. A fine explanation of the meaning of the Portuguese Arms, which are usually known as "*As Quinas Reaes*," (lit. The Royal Wedges), is given by Camoens in the *Lusiad*, Canto III, Stanzas 42-54.

The personal arms of D. Manoel were, "Az. an armillary sphere or."

The Journal of the Voyage of Vasco da Gama to India A. D. 1497, by Alvarez Velho.

"In the Name of God," Amen! In the year A. D. 1497, His Majesty Don Manoel,\* in Portugal first of that name, sent out four ships† to go in search of spices, commissioning Vasco da Gama to go as Admiral in command of this fleet, and two other captains with him, named Paullo da Gama, brother of the aforesaid Vasco da Gama, and Nicholas Coellho.

We sailed from Restello‡ on Saturday, July 8th, 1497, and thus set out on our voyage, which may God our Lord, suffer us to bring to a fortunate conclusion, in His Service, Amen.

Our first landfall was on the following Saturday, when we made the Canaries. The same night we passed to leeward of Lanzarote, and at sunrise the next morning were just off Terra Alta,§ where we fished for about two hours. Just at

\* Manuel I, reigned from A. D. 1495 to A. D. 1521.

† The four ships were the St. Gabriel, 120 tons, commanded by Vasco da Gama, the St. Raphael, 100 tons, Captain Paullo da Gama, the Caravel Berria, 50 tons, Captain N. Coellho and a store ship, 200 tons, Captain Ayres Correia, cf. Introduction.

‡ *Restello*, now Belem, is a village on the Tagus, two miles below Lisbon. Lanzarote is the Easternmost Canary.

§ *Terra Alta* is on the mainland, north of Cape Bojador Island.

nightfall that evening we had the mouth of the Rio do Ouro\* opening clear. The sea ran so high during the night that Paulo da Gama and the Admiral, who were in the first and last ships of the convoy, lost sight of the main body of the fleet. As at sunrise we found we had lost sight of the flagship and all the other vessels, we laid our course for the Cape Verde Islands, where we had orders to rendezvous, should any such accident befall us on the voyage out. At daybreak on the following Sunday we were in sight of Sal Island,† and an hour later we sighted three ships. On boarding them we found them to be the store ship, Nicholas Coellho's ship and a vessel commanded by Bartholomew Diaz,‡ which was in our convoy, bound for Elmina,§ all of which had, like ourselves, parted company with the flagship. After rejoining them, we again went on our course; but the wind fell, so we lay becalmed until Wednesday morning at 4 A.M. At 10 A.M. we sighted the Admiral about five leagues before us, and later in the afternoon, to our great joy, ran up alongside and spoke him, and, in our great pleasure at meeting again, fired many salutes and sounded our trumpets. The next day, being Thursday, we reached S. Thiago|| Island, where we anchored off Santa Maria to our great pleasure and contentment. Here we filled up with meat, water and wood, and repaired the main yards of the ships, which were much in want of it. On Friday, August 3rd, we sailed eastwards. On August 18th, whilst we were running before a south wind, the Admiral sprung his main yard; we were at the time about 200 leagues from S. Thiago. For two days and a night we rode under our mizzenyard and studding sail. On August 22nd, whilst steering seawards south quarter south-west, we fell in with many birds,¶ very like herons, and at sundown we saw many lines, like flocks of birds flying landwards,\*\* drawing along towards the south south-east. On this same day we saw a whale, although, at the time, we were well eight hundred leagues out at sea.

On Friday, October 27th, being the Vigil of Saints Simon

\* An inlet on the Sahara coast between Capes Bojador and Blanco.

† Sal is the Easternmost of the Cape Verd Islands.

‡ Bartholomew Diaz was the first discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope A. D. 1486.

§ Elmina, "The Mine," is on the Gold Coast, eight miles west from Cape Coast Castle.

|| S. Thiago is the well known coaling station in the Cape Verd Islands.

¶ Probably frigate Birds.

\*\* "Birds flying landwards" were always looked out for eagerly by mariners of those days, in the belief that no sea bird ever flew more than 200 miles from land. It is now known that many kinds will follow shoals of fish for hundreds of miles out to sea.

and Jude, we saw many whales and some of the animals sailors call seals and sea-calves.

All Saints' Day, Wednesday, November 1st, we saw many signs of land, as quantities of sargasso weeds, such as grow upon the shore, floated past.

Two hours before daybreak on Saturday, November 4th, we found bottom in 110 fathoms, and at 9 A. M. we sighted land. Upon this, we all drew close together and saluted the Admiral by hoisting many pennons and flags, and firing our bombards and we all put on our holiday clothes. As we did not know the coast, we stood on and off shore during the whole day.

On Tuesday, we stood in towards the land and made a low-lying coast opening out into a great bay. The Admiral ordered Pedro d'Alenquer to go in a boat to take soundings and see if he could find a good anchorage. He found a very good one, clean and sheltered from every wind save the North-East. It lies due East and West. We named it St. Helena Bay.\*

We anchored in this bay on the Wednesday, and lay there eight days to careen the ships, mend the sails, and fill up with wood.

Five leagues to the South-East of this bay is a river which flows down from the interior. It is a stone's throw wide at the mouth and about two or three fathoms deep. Its current is somewhat strong. We named it the Santiago River.†

This country is peopled by a race of dark men who live upon nothing but sea-calves, whales and gazelle meat with a few roots of herbs. They are clothed in skins and wear some curious ivory ornaments, like sheaths. Their arms are horns, hardened in the fire and fastened to elderwood stakes. They own quantities of dogs, which are very like our Portuguese ones and bark like them.

The birds here are very like those of Portugal. Amongst them are Cornish choughs, Cape pigeons, rock doves and crested larks, with many others. The climate is healthy and pleasant; the vegetation luxuriant.

The day after we had anchored, a Thursday, we went inland with the Admiral and captured one of the natives. He was a small-made man very like Sancho Mixiaa, and was taking honey in the sandy plain, for the bees in that country hive in the roots of the bushes. We brought him on board the flagship, and the Admiral made him sit down to table with him. He ate everything we did. Next day the Admiral dressed him

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\* The well-known St. Helena Bay, in Piquetberg, Cape Colony. Correia makes them enter the mouth of the Orange River.

† Now Berg River, the boundary between Piquetberg and Malmesbury.

out very finely, and had him set on shore again. The day after, fourteen or fifteen natives came to the beach off which the ships were lying. The Admiral went on shore, and showed them samples of many different kinds of merchandize in order to find out if any of them were to be found in those parts. Amongst the samples he showed them were cinnamon, cloves, seed pearls, gold and such like things. They did not understand in the least what he meant, but seemed like men who had never seen anything of the sort before; so the Admiral gave them some hawk's bells and tin rings. This took place on the Friday. We again tried the same plan next day. On the Sunday about forty to fifty of them came down; so we went on shore after breakfast, taking with us some trifles, with which we bought some shells they wore in their ears, which looked as if they had been silvered, and some foxes' brushes which they had fastened in sticks and used to fan their faces with. I bought one of their curious sheaths for a trinket. We thought they must attach some value to copper, as they wore splinters of it in their ears.

This same day one Fernan Velloso, who had gone on shore with the Admiral, was seized with a great desire to accompany the natives to their huts and see their way of living. His prayers and entreaties became so pressing that the Admiral, seeing no other way of relieving himself from his importunity, suffered him to do so; so Fernan Velloso went away with them whilst we went back on board the flagship to supper. After the natives left us, they took a sea-calf and sat down near the foot of a hillock in a sandy place and roasted it. They shared their meal, which consisted of the flesh of the sea-calf and some roots, with Fernan Velloso, who was still with them. After eating, they told him to go back to the ships, as they would not let him remain with them any longer. He did so, and, directly he reached the beach off which the fleet was lying, began to shout lustily, whilst the natives stayed in hiding in the bush near, to watch him. We were still at table; but when we heard his cries, the Captains at once sprang up, and we with them, and got into the sailing boat to go and see what was the matter. Thereupon the blacks began to run along the beach and caught up Fernan Velloso, just as we came up to him. When they saw we wished to take him back on board, they began hurling the assegais they were carrying at us, and wounded the Admiral and three or four men. This would not have happened if we had not been foolish enough to put ourselves in their power by going on shore without arms, because we thought them by no means warlike in their dispositions. On this we went back on board.

After careening and refitting our ships and filling up with wood, we sailed from St. Helena Bay, on Friday morning, November 16th, as we did not know how far we were from the Cape of Good Hope. It is true Pedro 'd Alenquer\* kept telling us that we were at most only some thirty leagues to the North-East of it; but we could not be quite certain as to his accuracy, as, on his voyage home, he had sailed from the Cape early one morning and had passed this place late the same night, whilst the expedition had kept well out at sea on their way out. As we could not, then, be quite sure where we were, we stood out to see with a South South-East wind, and on the following Saturday afternoon sighted the Cape of Good Hope. This day we stood out to sea, and steered in the evening on the inward tack towards land. On Sunday morning we were again up with the Cape,† but could not round it, because the wind was South-East, and the Cape lies North-East and South-West; so at night we again tacked out to sea, and on the Monday night again stood in towards land. At last, at noon on the Wednesday, we passed the Cape on a course close in shore with a stern wind. Quite near the Cape of Good Hope, to the South, lies a very large bay,‡ which runs a good six leagues into the land and is just about the same width across the mouth.

On Saint Catherine's Day, Saturday afternoon, November 25th, we entered St. Bras § Bay, where we remained thirteen days, to break up the storeship and transfer her stores on board the other ships.

On the following Friday, whilst we were still in St. Bras Bay, about ninety dark men, very like those we had met at St. Helena Bay, came down. Some of them walked along the beach, whilst the others waited about on the hills. || All or nearly all of us were at the time on board the flagship. As soon as we saw the natives, we went on shore with the boats, which we took good care were very well armed; and, when we got close in, the Admiral kept throwing them hawks' bells on to the beach, close to the edge of the waves; and they followed us, stopping to pick them up, and at last plucked up the courage to come into the water and take them out of

\* Pedro d'Alenquer, who was a nobleman belonging to the King's Household, had been with Bartholomew Diaz on the expedition on which the Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486, and was now Sailing Master of the S. Gabriel, Vasco da Gama's Flagship.

† Cape Point, the southern extremity of the Cape Peninsula.

‡ False Bay, between Cape Point and Cape Hangklip, to the east of the Cape Peninsula.

§ Now Mossel Bay.

|| A low ridge of hills behind the town of Aliwal South, running down to Cape St. Blaize.

his hand. Their conduct greatly astonished us ; for, when Bartholomew Diaz was here, they use to run away from him and would not take anything he offered them. On the contrary, one day when his crews were on shore watering at a spring of very good water there is here close to the edge of the sea, they kept trying to drive them off by throwing stones at them from a hillock above the spring ; so he shot at them with a cross-bow and killed one of them. We thought the reason why they did not run away must be that they had already heard of us from the St. Helena Bay natives whom we had previously seen, for the distance by sea from the one place to the other is only sixty leagues. They would thus have learnt that we should do them no harm, and that we were also very free-handed with our gifts. As there was a very large stretch of bush at the back of the beach hereabouts, the Admiral would not land here, but made us row on and land at another place which was more open. He accordingly made signs to the blacks to come along and meet us, which they did. The Admiral and his captains went on shore with an armed escort, some of whom carried cross-bows. As it was not desirable that the natives should come close up to us, the Admiral made them signs to keep away, and only allowed two or three of them to approach. He made those who came a present of hawk's bells and scarlet caps and they gave us, in return, some of the ivory bracelets they wore ; for elephants, at least so we thought, are very plentiful in this country, and, indeed, we often use to find their dung round the spring where they drank.

On Saturday, about two hundred native men and boys came down, bringing with them about twelve head of cattle, both cows and oxen, with four or five sheep. We went on shore directly they came in sight. They greeted us with a concert of four or five flutes, some taking alto and others bass, and, altogether, giving us a very fine performance for niggers, whom one does not expect to be finished musicians, and also danced some native dances. To return the compliment, the Admiral bade our trumpets strike up, and we danced a hornpipe in the boats, led by the Admiral himself. After this entertainment was over, we again went on shore, and, for three bracelets bought a black ox, on which we made our Sunday breakfast. It was very fat, and the beef was as tasty as if it had been bred in Portugal.

On the Sunday about 200 more natives came, bringing their wives and young children with them. The women staid on the top of a hill near the sea, whilst their husbands kept driving in cows and oxen, and then they made two camps on the shore and played and danced as they had done on the Saturday. It

was their custom that the boys should stay in the bush with the arms, whilst the men came down and speak with us, only carrying some short staves\* and fox brushes stuck in cleft sticks, which they use to fan their faces with. Whilst we were conversing with them by signs, we saw the boys stealing towards us through the bush with the arms. On this the Admiral ordered a man, named Martin Affonso, who had once been in Manicongo †, to go and buy an ox from them for some bracelets. Directly he had given them the bracelets, they took him by the hand and led him to a spring, saying that, in payment for the bracelets, they would give us leave to water there, and, then, at once began to drive the oxen back into the bush. The Admiral, seeing what they were after, bade us draw together and hailed Martin Affonso to come back to us, as he thought they must be preparing to attack us. After we had come together we went back where we were before, with the whole mob following at our heels. The Admiral then sent us on shore fully armed, in our corslets, with lances, javelins and crossbows with arrows laid, just to show them what we could do to them if we chose, though we did not want to harm them. When they saw us coming, they began to run together in a great hurry; so orders were given for us to go back on board the boats, as the Admiral was afraid of our killing any of them by accident. As a further proof of our power, he also made us, directly we were on board, fire off two cannon which were in the sternsheets of the boats. At the moment the natives were all seated together on the beach close to the bush; but directly heard the guns go off, they made so straight for cover that they left their skin wraps and arms behind them, and two of them had to come back again to pick them up, whilst the rest ran away to the top of a hill near, driving their cattle before them.

The country oxen are very large and much like those of our Alemtejo. ‡ They are amazingly fat and very gentle. They are all bullocks. Some of them are harmless. The natives use the strongest of them as riding-oxen. They use saddle cloths of coarse slack cloth, very like those we see in Castille, on the top of which they put some pieces of wood shaped like the poles of a litter. When they wish to sell them,

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\* Knobkerries. Jackall tails stick in cleft sticks are still used by Voorloopers as fly flaps for their oxen.

† Manicongo was the powerful kingdom, at the mouth of the Congo, which at this time extended up the river as far as the mouth of the Aruwihimi. In the 16th and 17th centuries it was Christianised by the Jesuits and Capuchins and became a valuable fief of the Portuguese Crown. It is now represented by the town and province of San Salvador, the northernmost province of the Portuguese Colony of Angola.

‡ The province south of the Tagus between that river and the Algarves.

they pass a cistus stalk through their nostrils and lead them by it to market.

There is an islet in the bay three bowshots off shore, on which are many sea-calves. Some of them are as large as very large bears. They have very large teeth and are most courageous, as they came close up to our men. It is impossible to pierce them with a lance, however hard one may thrust. There is another kind, which is smaller, and a third much smaller still. The large ones roar like lions, and the smaller, bleat like kids. We went over for a trip to the islet one day, and what with large and small ones saw about 3,000 of them. We used to shoot at them from our boats with our cannon. On this same island we saw some birds, about the size of ducks, which cannot fly, as they have no feathers on their flappers. They are called penguins. We killed as many of them as we pleased. Their cry sounds like the baying of an ass.

Whilst we were still in Saint Braz Bay, filling up with water, one Wednesday, we set up a cross and a stone beacon. \* We made the cross, which was a very lofty one, out of a spare top-yard. The very next day, just as we were sailing from the bay, we saw ten or twelve blacks throw down both cross and beacon, even before we had got clear of the roadstead.

After taking on board all the supplies we needed, we sailed from Saint Braz Bay, but anchored again the same day some two leagues beyond our former anchorage, because it had fallen dead calm. On Friday, the Feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, we made sail at daybreak and went on our way. On the following Tuesday, we fell in with a great storm and were forced to run before the gale with our topsail close hauled. Whilst on this tack we lost Nicholas Coelho for the whole day from sunrise to sunset, when we sighted him from the topmast at four or five leagues astern of us. Thinking he had sighted us, we lighted our lanterns and let go one anchor. Just at the end of the first watch he ran up to us, not that he had sighted us before sunset, but because he could only get a sidewind, and so had, of course, to steer in our wake.

On Friday morning we sighted land, which turned out to be what they call the Low Islands, which are five leagues

\* These stone beacons, or Padrams, were square pillars marked on one side with the arms of Portugal, on the other with the name of the ship, which the Portuguese explorers use to take with them to erect at any remarkable place they come to. Several of them, such as the Padram erected by Diego Cam, in 1484, on the south point of the Congo estuary, and that set up by Vasco da Gama himself at the entrance to Melinde harbour, are still well known. They also have the inscription "Lordship of the Crown of Portugal, a Christian kingdom" (Portea)



beyond Saint Croix Island. It is sixty leagues from Saint Braz Bay to Saint Croix Island, and the same distance from Cape Point to Saint Braz Bay. From the Low Islands to the place where Bartholomew Diaz set up his last beacon is another five leagues, whilst from this beacon to the Rio do Ynfante is fifteen leagues.

On the Saturday following we passed the last beacon, and, whilst running close in shore, saw two men come running along the beach from the opposite direction, as if to meet us. The country is most beautiful, and we could see many herds of cattle grazing on the coast hills. The further east we went, the better got the country and the thicker the woods.

On the next night, we were riding on one anchor off the Rio de Ynfante, which was the point where Bartholomew Diaz turned back, and on the next day we ran on along the coast with a stern wind until vesper time, when the wind suddenly veered eastward, so we put out to sea and kept standing on and off along the coast until about sunset on the Tuesday, when our wind shifted back to the west. That night we again anchored, so that next day we might land and ascertain our position.\*

At sunrise we saw we were lying within an arrow-shot of the shore, and at 10 A. M. we found ourselves just up with St. Croix Island, which showed that we were just sixty leagues out in our reckoning. The fact was we had been set back by the very strong currents† hereabouts, so this day we had to sail back again over the course which we had already traversed. Fortunately we got a good stern wind, which held for three or four days, and helped us to break the back of the currents, which, for a time, seemed almost as if they would have prevented us from reaching the goal which we so longed to see. From that day forth, however, God in His Mercy suffered us to go forwards and not backwards, and may it be His will ever to grant us so prosperous a journey.

By Christmas Day, December 25th, we had discovered seventy leagues of new coast, reckoning from the Rio de Ynfante. After breakfast on that day, whilst we were spreading a studding-sail, we found that the main mast was sprung about six feet below the top mast, and that the crack was opening and closing. To make it hold until we could find some sheltered harbour where we could anchor and thoroughly repair it, we spliced it up with lashings as well

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\* When latitudes were taken with the Jacob's staff, or Cross staff and astrolabe, it was always necessary to go on shore to take observations, as these instruments could not be used on board ship on account of the motion,

as we could. On the Friday we lay to off the coast and got a quantity of fish, and at sundown made sail again and went on our way. Here we lost an anchor, as the chain got broken by a sudden pitch of the ship. From this point we laid our course far out at sea and did not enter any harbour, so that we ran short of water, and not only had to use salt water in the galley, but to put ourselves on an allowance of a pint a day. This at last forced us to put in somewhere, so when, on Thursday, January 10th, 1498, we sighted a little river, we anchored off the coast. Next day we went on shore in the boats, and found there many black men and women, amongst whom was a chief. On this the Admiral ordered Martin Affonso, the man who had lived so long in Manicongo, to land with another sailor; and the natives gave them a hearty welcome. Martin Affonso took with him, as a present to the chief, a doublet and a pair of scarlet hose, a hood and a bracelet. The chief said he would gladly give us anything his country produced which might be of use to us. Martin Affonso found he could understand what he said, and went off with his companion to stay the night at his kraal, whilst we went on board again. On his way back home, the chief put on the clothes we had given him, and kept saying again and again in the greatest delight to the natives who came out to meet him: "See, see what they have given me!" At this they clapped their hands over and over again as a homage to him, and repeated this ceremony three or four times. When he reached the kraal, he strutted through the whole place in his new clothes, but at last went into his own hut, where he ordered our two men to be lodged in a part which was screened off, and sent them some porridge made of millet, of which there is an abundance in these parts, and a chicken, just like those we have in Portugal. All through the night numbers of men and women kept coming to see them, and at daybreak the chief himself came to them and gave them some chickens for the Admiral, with a message, that he was going off to show his presents to a great chief of theirs who lived near, and who, we thought, must be the king of the country. By the time our men reached the harbour, where our ships were lying, they had about two hundred natives running after them who had come to see them.

We thought that this country must be very well peopled and have many chiefs, and also that there must be far more women than men in it, for amongst those who came to see us there were at least two women for every man. The houses here are built of straw, and the men are armed with very large

bows and arrows and iron assagays. It must abound in copper, as most of the natives wore bracelets, anklets, and head ornaments, twisted in their wool, of this metal. As they were wearing tin wristlets, it is probable that tin is found here. Ivory sheaths are also worn. These natives set great store by linen cloth, and would give us large quantities of copper for one of our shirts. They have large calabashes in which they carry sea water into the veldt, when they pour it into holes in the ground and evaporate it for salt. We staid five days to water, and the natives who had come to see us carried the puncheons for us to the boats. You must remember we had not been able to water when we wished to do so, as we had had to drive on before the wind. We lay here just outside the line of breakers. The country we named the "Land of Good People," and the river "Copper River."\*

On the next Monday, whilst we were running far out at sea, we sighted a low coast, thickly wooded with high timber †, and whilst still steering on the same course, we saw a river with a very wide mouth.‡ As we did not know our exact position, we lay to, and on Friday at sunset ran into it and found the brig Berrio lying there, having arrived the day before. This was on January 24th. The land hereabouts lies very low and is much cut up with marshy pools. It abounds in large trees yielding fruit of different kinds, on which the natives live.

\* The Mozambique current.

† "Seventy Leagues of new coast" would at most bring them up with the UmTamvuna River, the boundary of Rondoland and Alfred County, Natal. It is perfectly clear from this account that da Gama could not have discovered Port Natal on December 25th, 1497. It may even be doubted if he sighted the Bluff, as it seems probable that the fishing ground he mentions was the Aliwal Shoal, which is between thirty and forty miles south of Durban. From here he sailed at sundown and laid his course for out at sea. His silence as to the Bluff can, therefore, very reasonably be accounted for by the fact that he either passed it at night or else was so far out at sea, when off that part of the Natal coast, that he could not see it. If it be true that the Rio do Oebre is the Inhampura River, now known as the Limpopo, and not either the Rio Mance or the Rio da Logoa, now the Umhelazi, on which Loren Co. Marquez stands, it is obvious that, to make such a landfall, he must, on leaving the southern coast of Natal, have kept very far out at sea, and, at most, have got but a distant glimpse of the coast at Cape Vidal or at the entrance to Santa Lucia Bay. This course would likewise account for his otherwise inexplicable silence about Tuyaek Island and Delagoa Bay. De Barros, who is our earliest informant of the fact that Natal was named "Ierra Natalis," from its discovery on Christmas Day 1497 (in Portuguese *Dia de Natal*), did not write until 1547, fifty years later, at the earliest. The fact that Santa Lucia Bay, like Port Natal, is named from a Church festival, and that St. Lucy's Day is December 13th, renders it very probable that Natal was really discovered by a surveying expedition sent south from Sofala after the Portuguese occupation of the place under Pedro De Nharia, in 1508, which had explored the Zululand coast before reaching the Natal coast.

The natives here are black. They are strong, well made men and quite naked, but for some small cotton waist cloths. Their chiefs wear the same aprons, only larger. Their unmarried women, who are very well looking, have their cheeks pierced in three places, and wear pieces of tin, with the ends twisted back, stuck through them. They seemed very pleased to see us and brought us down to the ships what supplies they had, in troughs hollowed out from solid pieces of timber. Here, too, we went up to their village to get water.

Two or three days after our arrival, two of the chiefs \* came to see us; but they turned out to be so high and mighty that they looked upon our presents as mere nothings. One of them had a cap embroidered in bright silks stuck on his head. The other was wearing a green satin hood. With this same chief came a youth who, they showed us by signs, was from a distant country. He told us he had already seen ships as large as ours. These tokens of approaching civilisation gave us very great pleasure, as they proved that we were already nearing our long-sought-for goal. The lords ordered huts of woven branches to be put up on the river bank over against the ships and lodged in them for seven days, sending down to us every day to bargain for cloths, † printed with red ochre. When they had got tired of the place, they went off up the river in pirogues. We stayed in this river two and thirty days, during which we filled up with water, careened the ships and repaired the Saint Raphael's main mast. Here many of our men fell sick. Their hands and feet swelled, and their gums swelled over their teeth so that they could not eat. At the entrance to this river we set up a beacon, which we named Saint Raphael's beacon, because it had been brought out on board the flag-ship, and we christened the River, the River of Good Omens, ‡ or Good Tokens.

We sailed from here on Saturday, February 24th. That day we stood out to sea, and the next day due east, so that we might give a wide berth to the coast, which was very beautiful

\* The guillmane entrance to the Zambezi. The coast line sighted between the Inhampua and Zambezi Rivers is that about Beira and the mouth of the Pongwe River, in the Provinces of Inhambane and Sofalla, Portuguese East Africa.

† They had passed the Sofalla River by night. According to Correia, one of these chiefs, who went on with them to Mozambique, was a Mohammedan broker from Camboy named Davane.

‡ Cotton cloths printed with coloured patterns were known in Europe as early as the 14th century. A very elaborate one made for an overmantel, belonging to the Town of Soleure, which was said to date from the early part of the 15th century, was shown at the Swiss National Exhibition at Geneva in 1896. Similar elaborate hangings are mentioned by Camoens in *Lusad VIII.* 1-43.

§ Rio dos Bons Signaes. Lit. The River of Good Signs, called by Correia, Rio da Misericordia (Mercy).

from the sea. On Sunday we ran north-east, and at vesper time sighted a group of three small islands\*, two of which were well wooded, whilst the smallest was bare. They lie about four leagues apart. As it was dusk, we stood out to sea and passed them in the night. For the next six days we kept well out at sea standing on and off the land at night. On the afternoon of Thursday, March 1st, we sighted some islands † and the coast of the mainland, which stretches out beyond them. As it was about sunset at the time, we steered out to sea and lay to until daybreak, when we entered the country I am now going to describe.

On Friday morning Nicholas Coelho, whilst beating into the bay, mistook the channel, and, finding himself in shoal water, put about towards the other ships, which were following in his wake. Whilst he was doing so, some sailing boats stood out from the town which lies inside that island ; so the Admiral and his brother ran up and saluted them with great pleasure. We let ourselves drift out seawards to find an anchorage, but the further we went, the more eagerly they followed, making signals to us with their cloaks to wait for them. Just as we were dropping anchor in the lagoon formed by the island from which the ship was coming, seven or eight of these boats and pirogues ran alongside of us, with their crews clashing some kettle drums they had on board, and told us to make our way into the harbour, as they would pilot us inside if we wished. They then came on board and shared our meal. When they had got tired of our company, they went away again, and the captains held a council of war and agreed to run into the bay to find out who these people were. It was arranged that Nicholas Coelho should go on in front, with his ship, to sound the bar, and if he found there was water enough for them to cross it, that they should go inside. As Nicholas Coelho was beating in, he took the ground on the point of the island, and broke his rudder ; but the moment he felt himself touching, he backed out again into deep water, and I was there with him. We furled our sails, as we were backing into the channel, and dropped anchor about two hackbut shots away from the town.

The natives of the country are of a bright copper colour, and are strongly and stoutly built. They are of the sect of

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\* Angoche Island, between the mouth of the Zambesi and Mozambique, with the group, a little to the south, of Primeira and Camarina or Raza Islands.

† The Islands of Mozambique. St. George's Island lies at the entrance of Mozambique Harbour. Mass Island, where the Portuguese said mass, lies near it. There are three islands in all in the group. The name of St George was given to the group because the mass was said in his honour

Mohammed, and their language is like the Moorish.\* They wear linen and cotton clothes of very fine stuff striped in various colours, and richly ornamented with embroidery. They all wear caps on their heads worked with bright silks woven with gold thread. They are merchants, and trade with white Moors, † who had three or four ships in the place, at the time of our arrival, which had brought cargoes of gold, silver, cloth, ginger, silver rings, pearls, seed pearls and rubies, all of which are also brought here by the natives of the mainland. We gathered, indeed, from what they said, that most of these wares were brought down to the coast from the interior by caravan, and that the Moors only brought the gold. Further northwards, up the coast, they said, there was a great deal of it, and added that precious stones, seed pearls, and spices were so plentiful in those parts, that there was no need to buy them, as they could be picked up in baskets full. One of the sailors on board the flagship, who had once been a captive amongst the Moors, and learnt the language during his captivity, could understand those we found here very well. The Moors also told us that, if we held on the course we were steering, we should fall in with many banks and shoals, and that we should also find many cities along the coast, and reach an island, half the inhabitants

\* "*Como Maurio*," i. e., like the Spanish Moors, or Moriscos. The Arabic spoken by the Arabian and Indian Mahommedans is called by Vasco da Gama "*Arravia*." Many of the Spanish Moors prided themselves on their descent from the natives of Yemen, from which country most of the so-called "*Mouros*," i. e., Arabs on the East Coast of Africa also came. The dialect spoken in Yemen is very different from that of the Koreish tribe of Mecca, in which the Koran is written. The "*White Moors*" were probably traders from Jeddah and Mecca, whose journeys extended, according to Pedro de Covilham, at least as far as Sofalla, whence, according to Correia, caravans went inland to Manica, if not to Zimbabwe itself. Pearls are found at the Bazamto Islands, south of Mozambique.

According to Mr. C. Raymond Beazley ("*The Dawn of Modern Geography*" Lond. 1897, page 194,) quoting Cosmas Indicopleustes (Top. Christ. bk. II, pp. 138, 139 Montf.) a traveller of the age of Justinian, who visited the Indian Ocean about A.D. 527, "Condiments and spices were exported in large quantities from the equatorial, "or incense," coasts of Africa. The trade went by sea and the products were taken to Adulis or Adule in Abyssinia" (a kingdom which, in the sixth century A. D., included Khartoum), to the Homerites of Yemen in Arabia, to Persia and to India. But besides spices, Cosmas adds, this land of Barbary "bordering on the ocean of the Blacks or Zani, as they call themselves," which was known to the ancients at least as far as the Rhaptum Promontory, Cabo Delgado, or, perhaps, even Cape Corrientes), brings forth gold in abundance, and year by year the king of Axum in Abyssinia sends merchants to procure what they can of it." The gold lands were some distance in the interior, and could only be reached by caravans, which carried on trade by a curious system of barter. Emeralds were procured by the Abyssinians from the Blemmyes, a tribe on the White Nile above Khartoum; but rubies are not mentioned. These Abyssinian traders were the legitimate predecessors of the "*White Moors*," Vasco da Gama met at Mozambique.

† According to Fra Mauras's Map, in 1430 the King of Habesh (Abaxic) owned possession on the coast as far south as Zanzibar.

of which were Moors and half Christians, \* who were always at war with one another, and that in this island there were great riches.

They also said that Prester John's country † was very near theirs, and that he held many of the coast towns, which were inhabited by great traders who had large ships, but that Prester John himself lived far inland, and that they could only reach his capital by camel. In fact, they had brought with them two slaves who were Indian Christians. These tidings filled our hearts with such gladness that we wept for very joy, and prayed God that He might give us health, so that we might see what we were so longing for.

In this town and island, which is called Mozambique, was a chief whom the natives call Sultan, who held a post like that of one of our Viceroy's. ‡ He used often to come on board, with some of his followers. The Admiral used to give him very good dinners and made him presents of hats, short cloaks, coral and many other things. He was, however, so high and mighty that he turned up his nose at all our presents and begged us to give him some scarlet cloth, of which, unfortunately, we had none with us. However we gave him the best we had.

One day the Admiral made him a banquet of many kinds of comfits and preserves, and begged him to give us two pilots to go with us. He said he would gladly do so if the men themselves would consent to go; so the Admiral arranged with them to do so for thirty meticals § of gold, and two short cloaks a-piece, on the express condition that, from the day of payment until the departure of the fleet from Mozambique, one or the other of them should always remain on board our ships. To

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\* *Christians.* The Christians on the East African Coast were either Abyssinians or Nestorians. In the fifteenth century the Galla tribes, at least as far south as the Webbi, were still Christians, and remains of Christianity of the Abyssinian type also existed in Nubia. Before Mahomedanism began to spread in Equatorial Africa in the eighth century, Christians were to be found even in the Valley of the Niger at Jérme, possibly at Boussa, where certain relics of Christian teaching are alleged still to exist. In the eighth century, if not much later, there was a Nestorian Bishopric at Socotra, owing allegiance to the Patriarch of Bagdad, whilst in the same century all the Malabar Coast, including Calicut itself, were Christians.

† Prester John, in this passage, is, of course, the king of Abyssinia. It is uncertain whether the two Indian Christians were from our present India or from Abyssinia, which Alvarez Velho speaks of as "*A India Baixa*" (Lower India). He also calls the inhabitants of the Somali Coast "*Indios*" (Indians).

‡ The Sultan of Mozambique ruled as Viceroy (Sheikh) for the king of Kilwa who, at the time of Vasco da Gama's voyage, was the most powerful sovereign on the East African Coast. His dominion extended over the "Mahomedans of Sofala, the Zambezi, Angoya, (our Angoche) and Mozambique." Cf. Duarte Barbosa s. v. Quiloa, and Correia in loc.

§ A metical is  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an English drachm. It is an Egyptian measure. According to de Goe's, a metical of gold was worth 420 reis, or 2s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in modern currency. According to de Barros 30 meticals were worth 14 Milreis or £3-3-0. A sovereign in Portugal is legally current at par for 1 Milreis.

this they both gladly consented. We sailed on Saturday, March 10th, and anchored off an island about a league out at sea, as we wished to land there on the morrow, to have mass said, and to give an opportunity to those who wished to confess and receive the sacrament.

One of the pilots lived on this island ; so, as soon as we had dropped anchor, we sent out two boats to fetch him. The Admiral went with one of them and Nicholas Coelho with the other. Just as they were rowing in shore, five or six ships put out to meet them, crowded with men armed with bows, long arrows and small wooden bucklers. Seeing this, the Admiral at once seized hold of the pilot whom he had with him, and ordered his men to fire the bombards in the stern sheets at the ships. Paulo da Gama, who had remained on board our ships to survey them for repairs, made sail at once in the Berrio when he heard our bombards, but the Moors, who were already sheering off, on seeing the ship stand in, plied their oars might and main, and got on shore before she could come up with them ; so we went back to our anchorage. On Sunday we heard mass in the island, under a very high tree. After mass we went back on board and set sail at once on our voyage, after loading up with hens, goats and pigeons, which we had bought in the island for some yellow glass beads.

The country ships here are large, have no decks, and are put together without nails, as they are sewn with fibre thread. Their boats are built in the same way. Palm leaf mats are used as sails. The crews use compasses,\* by which they steer their course, quadrants and mariners' charts.

The palm trees in this country yield fruit as large as melons. The pith inside is eaten. It tastes like hazel kernels. They have also melons of many kinds and water-melons which they brought us for sale.

The day Nicholas Coelho ran in, the Sultan of the city came on board with a large suite. Coelho gave him a most courteous reception and made him a present of a scarlet hood, in return for which the chief gave him some black beads, he used as a rosary, as a pledge of his friendship, at the same time begging the loan of the ships' long boat to go ashore in ; so his request was at once granted. When the Sultan got on shore, he took those of our men who had gone with him to his own house and invited them in. When they went back on board, they brought Nicholas Coelho a pot of crushed dates,

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\* "*Agulhas Ginejocas.*" Lit. "Genoese needles." The compass was originally introduced into Portugal by mariners from Genoa in the time of King Diniz A. D. 1279-1325, who was the first Portuguese sovereign to encourage navigation. The Arab sailors of the Indian Ocean had learnt the use of the compass from the Chinese as early as the ninth century A. D.



preserved with cloves and cinnamon for him. He also subsequently sent the Admiral quantities of presents. It seems he was so generous because he thought we were Moors, or Turks, from some other country.

As every one in Mozambique believed the same, they kept pestering us by asking us if we came from Turkey and by wanting to see our Turkish bows \* and the books of our Law. When, however, they found out we were Christians, they kept making plans to take us by surprise and kill us. However, the pilot whom we were taking with us, used to tell us of all their conspiracies against us before they could carry them into execution.

On the following Tuesday we sighted a coast † with lofty mountains rising behind a point, thinly fringed along the shore with high trees like elms. This country can only be about 20 leagues from our point of departure. Here we lay becalmed all Tuesday and Wednesday. Wednesday night we stood out to sea against a gentle breeze from the east, and at daybreak, found ourselves about five leagues below Mozambique. We sailed on all day until the afternoon and then anchored close in to the island where we had heard mass the Sunday before. Here we lay eight days waiting for fine weather. During our stay there the king of Mozambique sent us a message, that he wished to make peace with us and to become our friend. His envoy on this occasion was a white Moor, who was one of their scherriffs or priests and a good bottleman. A Moor also came on board one of our ships, with his little son, and said he wished to go with us, as he was from near Mecca and had come down to Mozambique as pilot to a country ship. Though the wind was anything but favourable, we had again to run into Mozambique harbour to fill up with water. The drinking water here is brought from the mainland, as on the island there is nothing but brackish water.

On Friday we ran in again to the port, and, when it was pitch dark, sent out the boats. As it was my night on watch, the Admiral, with Nicholas Coelho and some others of us, went to see where the watering place was. We took with us, the Moorish pilot who was much more anxious to find a chance of escaping from us whilst on shore than to help us to find the

\* The Turkish cross bows were famous in the Middle Ages. Even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century some of the Janissaries were armed with bows.

† Probably Cape Melamo and Logono Peak, on the coast of the province of the Portuguese East Africa. Mounts Pao and Meza are more southern peaks of the same range.

spring. Indeed, he lost his way so completely that he could not show us whereabouts it was. Possibly he was not over-anxious to do so, so we wandered about on shore until day broke. We then went back aboard, but landed again after nightfall with the same pilot. When we were close to the spring, about twenty natives, with javelins in their hands, came along the beach in skirmishing order, to prevent us from watering; so the Admiral ordered three cannonshots to be fired at them, to keep them off whilst we were on shore. The moment the shots were fired, they ran and hid themselves in the bush; so we filled up with water and got back on board at sunrise. On our return, we found a negro belonging to the Sailing Master John\* of Coimbra had run away.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ART. XI—THE TOPOGRAPHY OF GOVINDA DAS'S DIARY.

GOVIND DAS'S diary was written at a time most important for the history of India, and especially of the Deccan and Southern India. The history of India means the fusion of a very large number of independent political entities into one vast empire, immediately followed by the dismemberment of that empire, resulting in the establishment of numerous small compact kingdoms. The Pathan Empire, which, in 1309, comprehended nearly the whole of India, may be said to have come to an end with the death of Mahmud Tughlak, *alias* Juna Khan, in 1351. Northern India was divided into nearly twenty independent kingdoms, some Hindu, others Mahomedan. But in Southern India and the Deccan the dismemberment of the Pathan Empire brought about two large independent kingdoms, the Bahmani Kingdom of Bidar, and the Hindu Kingdom of Bijayanagar. The one extended from the Tapti to the Krishna, the other from the Krishna to Cape Comorin.

Govinda's diary was written in the year 1508-9. The Bahmani Kingdom was then in the midst of its last struggle for existence. Already three kingdoms had been carved out from its provinces by rebellious generals. Bijapur, Ahmednagar, and the Berars had already been in existence for more than twenty years. The Kutub Shahis were only awaiting the death of Kasim Bari to throw off their allegiance to the Bahmani Empire, which sat but very loosely upon them. Kasim Bari, too, was waiting for an opportunity to create a kingdom for himself at the very capital of the Bahmani Empire.

The dynasty of Hindu princes who, during the middle of the 14th century, founded an empire in Southern India and gave a new impetus to the Hindu religion, and a new life to Hindu institutions under the guidance of the great scholars, Sáyana, Madhava, and others, was now represented by weak princelings who were tools in the hands of powerful and designing ministers.

At both the Hindu and the Mahomedan Capitals, therefore, turbulence and crime were the order of the day. The more distant conquests of both these great kingdoms were fast falling away from their hands, and petty chiefs were advancing inconvenient claims on these remote territories.

Govinda's route lay generally through the coast countries; and these were almost wholly, from Bengal to Sind, in the

hands of the Hindus. Petty Hindu Chiefs in the Sunderbunds held the whole coast of Bengal, from Chittagong to the mouth of the Ganges. These small chiefs gave way, sixty years later, to the rising power of Vikramaditya and his son, Pratapaditya, of Jasohar, in the Sunderbunds. The Uriyas, who as yet had never owed allegiance to a Mahomedan, held the whole coast from the mouth of the Ganges to the mouth of the Godaveri. The currency of the Utkala era in the Tumlook and Contai Sub-divisions still testifies to the fact that the Uriyas were at one time supreme in this part of the country. The coasts near the mouth of the Godaveri were occupied for a time by the Bahmanies, under their great Minister, Khauja Mahmud Gawan, who, taking advantage of the dissensions in the Orissa royal family, took possession of Kandapille and Rajnahendri about the year 1471. But the Minister was murdered in 1481; there was nobody to follow up the advantage he had gained in this direction, and the kings of Orissa lost no time in recovering these important outposts.

Between the Godaveri and the Krishna the coast line was in a most unsettled state. The kingdom of Wairangul, which included it, was destroyed in 1434 by Ahammad Shah Bahmani. But the city still held out, and the Hindu Chiefs sold their lives dear, rather than submit to Mahomedan annexation.

Between the mouths of the Krishna and Cauvery the kings of Bijaynagar were paramount; and, though, at about the time of Govinda's travels, there were great internal commotions in the kingdom, there was no falling off in this part of the country. Beyond the Cauvery there were the kingdoms of Tanjore and Madura, the chiefships of Rammath, Setupati and Pudukota, till we reach the Kerala Country which terminates in the Cape Comorin, and was in the hands of petty Hindu kings, most of whom owed a nominal allegiance to the great kingdom of Bijaynagar. At the northern extremity of this coast was the Guvaka Vana, or Goa, which was for a long time the bone of contention between the rival Hindu and Mahomedan kingdoms. In the early wars for the possession of Goa, the greatest Hindu scholar, Madhavacharya, showed consummate generalship, which kept the Mahomedans at bay for a long time. The Portuguese, who had been in India for only ten years, were casting a wistful eye on the possession of this important city. North of Goa were the Sahyadri and the Konkan, which, overrun and subverted by Mahmud Gawan, were still in the hands of the Hindus. The coast of Guzerat was, however, in places, in the hands of the kings of Ahmedabad, and the recent conquest of Juna Gar by Mahmud Begarra had given the Guzerat king a commanding position

on the western sea. Their power, however, did not extend much beyond Diu, the coast-line to the west of which, up to the western extremity of the Kathiawar Peninsula, was still held by the Hindus, as some of their holiest of holy places were situated in this part of the country.

It should be borne in mind that Govinda was not a traveller of the type of Hiounth Shang, or Ibn Batuta. It was no part of his business to note down political changes, bearings and distances of places, manners and customs of the people, and the like. He was merely an humble servant of Chaitanya, whom he regarded as his divinity. The principal object of his diary was to note down the doings of this great incarnation; and, unfortunately for the general reader, Chaitanya cared very little either for history or politics, geography or topography. He cared for one thing, the great shrines of Hindu worship, especially of the Vaisnavite Sect; and these temples or places of worship have been noted down in the work with some care. But to identify the places after such a great lapse of time, without bearings and distances, is often a task of very great difficulty. Nevertheless, if we fail to identify some of them we entertain a confident hope that they will be discovered at no distant date; since to point out a difficulty is the first step towards its solution.

We owe one thing to Govinda, and that to Govinda personally. It is the descriptions which he gives us of the various articles of food in the different parts of the country. In this matter Govinda's interest varies in an inverse ratio to that of Chaitanya. And we believe it will be admitted on all hands that we owe much of the interest of the diary to the keen appetite with which Govinda was blest.

The journey commenced from the place of his birth, Kanchannagar, which is still the great suburb of the city of Burdwan, and is celebrated for its cutlery, and its bell-metal plates. Dr. Waddell attempts to identify it with Karnasuvarna, the capital of Western Bengal in the seventh century. His process of identification is rather curious. Karnasuvarna he translates into Kānshōnā, and Kānshōnānagar he corrupts into Kanchannagar. Sir Alexander Cunningham, or rather his assistant, M. Beglar, identified it with some place in the Manbhum District. Mr. Beveridge, who is the most recent authority on this question, identifies it with Rāngāmāti, in the district of Murshidabad. Kanchannagar was inhabited, in Govinda's time, by skilled blacksmiths and other artisans, who appear to have had some pretence to education; otherwise, the opprobrious epithet, *Murkha*, or illiterate, applied to him by his wife, would not have determined him to renounce the world. It was not the

high Sanskrit culture of the Tols, but a sound Vernacular culture, without which an artisan's life would be an intolerable burden.

No place is more celebrated in Bengali literature than the Parganah Indrānī. It had twelve great marts and thirteen ports on the Ganges. Indrānī on the Ganges was its chief city. A little to the north of Indrānī was another town of nearly equal importance, and this was Kantaknagar, or modern Catwa. The whole Parganah was inhabited by a people who were smart in mercantile business and extremely fond of poetry. It was a great place for religious instruction also, as there were many learned and pious Sannyasis living in it. It was for this reason that, being determined to renounce the world, Govinda directed his steps towards this town. But there he came to know that Chaitanya was the greatest man living for imparting religious instruction to non-Brahmin Hindus.

Nadiya was, in Govinda's time, situated on the eastern bank of the Ganges, a little towards the north of its confluence with the Khariya. But the river has changed its course several times within the last four centuries, and it now flows to the east of the city. The old bed is still visible and becomes quite navigable in the rainy season. It has become extremely difficult to identify old sites of the city. There are some works entitled '*Parikramās*,' or perambulations, of this city, in Bengali, which may give some clue to these identifications. But it requires the skill of an archæologist and the outlay of some money to complete the work. In the meantime it is useless to quarrel with the sectarian identifications based on these *Parikramās*.

The town of Santipore was a place of very little note about this time. Bipradās Pippali, writing in 1495, does not make any mention of this town. It was first mentioned by Vaisnava writers, because one of their Trinity was an inhabitant of the place. There was, however, a very ancient place in Bengal, named Santipore. In a Buddhist Purana, entitled Svayambhu Purana, this city is described as having an immense fortification, with one gate only. One of its kings, Prachanda Deva Burma, renounced the world in extreme old age and proceeded to Nepal. There he lived in the Svayambhu hills, under the name of *Shantikara* Muni. He raised a large structure towards the north of the Svayambhu Mount which still goes by the name of *Santipore*. Prachanda Deva's capital in Bengal, or rather the Gouda country, may have been the town of Santipore in the district of Nadiya. Its surrounding villages are inhabited by a turbulent race, called Gar Gowālā, meaning the *gowālās* inhabiting the *Gar*. They are expert in handling the *latli*, and with them the pole of the *bangi* is an instrument

of offence. The surrounding villages are also the cradle of the highest Kulinism among the Brahmins. The town might not have been of very great importance in Bipradās's time ; but, since the date of the Chaitanya movement it has assumed large proportions, and at the present moment is in point of population the second town, after Calcutta, on the Hughli.

Leaving Burdwan, Chaitanya and Govinda accepted the hospitality of Kasi Mittra, who lived at a place on the Damodar. This man was celebrated for his hospitality, which in those days meant entertaining Brahman travellers and mendicants with every luxury and comfort available. In this very part of the country there are still some Mittra families who take a religious pride in hospitably entertaining Brahmins and others. The *Mittras* of Nathu on the Damodar have only one aim in life, *viz.* hospitality. They would refuse shelter to none, and they try to make their guests as comfortable as their position permits. The spirit of Kasi Mittra, in fact, still lingers on the Damodar, even after a lapse of four centuries.

Going one stage to the south, Govinda came to Hajipore. This is a place not to be found in the maps. It was, perhaps, a small hamlet which has been obliterated during the changes of centuries.

Midnapore, on the *Kanshai*, is still a district town. It was then a place of considerable trade. We know very little about the ancient history of Midnapore. But we know that, during the wars between the Uriya, Hindu and Bengali Mussulman Kings, this place rose into importance.

Fortunately the history of the next place, Narayan Gar, is very well known. It was on the borderland of Bengal and Orissa. It commanded the road to Poree, and the chief of Narayan Gar had to be coaxed and flattered even by the emperor. More than six hundred years ago, Narayan Gar fell into the hands of a chief belonging to the Satgop caste, and his descendants reigned there till very recently. The Zemindari of Narayan Gar yielded an income of three lakhs of rupees, and it has now been sold to Maharaja Durga Churn Law. What Narayan Gar was in the beginning of the 17th century, may be gathered from the description of the place given in Bharat Chandra's celebrated work, *Mansinha*, describing the victorious march of that great Rajput general from Jashor, the capital of Pratapaditya, whom he conquered, to Delhi, *via* Puri. The road to Orissa lay through the fort of Narayan Gar, and the chief's permission was necessary to pass through it.

From Narayan Gar to Jaleswar on the Subarnarekha. A few miles from Jaleswar the river takes a turn, and Chaitanya crossed it at that point.

The next place mentioned in the diary is Hariharpur, a place of considerable trade in those days. More than a century later, the East India Company established its first factory in this city. Stewart and Marshman say that the first Orissa factory of the Company was at Piplai. But Mr. C. R. Wilson has shown, from the early records of the Company, that the first factory was not at Piplai, but at Hariharpur near Balasore. Hariharpur is also mentioned in other Vaisnava works.

As the object of Chaitanya was pilgrimage, not travel, he directed his steps from Balasore towards the west, to the Nilghery hills, in which was the city of Nilgar with its Vaisnava shrines. From Nilgar he crossed the Vaitarani. On the next day he crossed the Mahanadi, too, and reached Cuttack, which city is not mentioned by name. But Govinda speaks of the temples of Gopinath and Sakshigopal, both of which are situated close to Cuttack. The latter divinity is very celebrated among the Vaisnavas. His name, being translated, means the witness Gopal, because he bore witness in order to get a Brahmin released from the charge of stealing butter. His deposition was to the effect that it was not the Brahmin, but he himself, who had stolen it. His temple is situated at a place called Remuná near Cuttack.

From Cuttack to Puri is about 30 miles, and there are two objects which attracted Chaitanya's attention. One is the temple of Ningraj, a form of Vishnu, at an early stage of the journey, and the other Uttarah Nalah, or eighteen ditches, which forms the boundary of the holy district of Puri and from which the pinnacle of the great temple is visible.

It is ordinarily believed that the temple of Puri was built by Ananga Bhima Deva about the year 1192. But the researches of Babus Nagendra Nath Vasu and Manomohan Chakravarty have proved conclusively that the great temple is the monument of the conquest of Orissa by Choda Ganga Deva, who was king of Kalinga, and who conquered Orissa early in the 12th century. Choda Ganga himself was descended, on his father's side, from the Ganga, or Kanka, kings of Karnat, and on his mother's side, from the Chota kings of Southern India. The Gangas, after their expulsion from Karnat, or Western Mysore, in the 9th century, made an exodus into the Kalinga Country and there carved out a small kingdom for themselves, with Kalingapatham for its Capital. In the course of time, as the Kesari dynasty of Orissa waxed weaker and weaker, Choda Ganga conquered that country, and, to commemorate his conquest, built a rather small temple at Puri. It still exists. It is the sanctum of the temple of Jagannath. Ananga Bhima Deva enlarged the temple, built the Jagamohan, or the pillared



portico, made arrangements for the worship, dedicated lands to the temple, and so on. From these facts his name came to be associated with the foundation of the temple, to the exclusion of that of the real founder, Choda Ganga. the temple enjoys the revenue granted to it by Ananga Bhima, and it must be said, to the credit of the Rajas of Puri, that they have, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, from the imperial dignity to petty landholdership, kept inviolate the trust imposed upon them by one of their ancestors, seven hundred years ago.

There is very great difference of opinion as to the identity of Jagannath. The Hindus believe that he is an incarnation of Vishnu. The Buddhists think that he is the Buddhist Trinity in one. There are conflicting theories and conflicting opinions ; but, if one goes deeper into the history of this deity, he will find that the word Jagannath is used more by the Buddhists than by the Hindus ; that the symbol of a Buddhist triad, with slight alterations, is the figure which represents Jagannath, Subhadra and Balaram in the Puri temple ; that, in ancient sculptures and in ancient drawings, Jagannath is given as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, i.e., Buddha ; that the temple was built, or, perhaps, earlier than that, the image was consecrated, at a time when Buddhism and Hinduism already showed a tendency to fusion with each other. There are certain abnormal features about this Vaisnava temple. Outside the gate of the holy city is to be found an emaciated figure of *Ekdasi*, the personification of the fast on the 11th day of the moon, so sacred to every Vaisnava all over India ; she cannot enter Puri ; there the fast is prohibited. One of the essential features of Vaisnavism is neglected at Puri. The Hindus reconciled themselves to this abnormal feature by the theory of *Sthana mahatmya*, or the holy influence of the spot. But a more reasonable explanation is now available. The Buddhists were very much opposed to fasting. The other religions preach, "Fast and pray." But the Buddhists preach, "Feast and pray." There are three distinct traditions about Jagannath ; one is embodied in the Pali work *Datubansa*, or *Dantabansa*, the adventures of the two relics of Buddha ; another in the *Uthalakhandā* of the Skanda Purana ; and the third is the local tradition embodied in an Uriya work. Babu Kailas Chandra Sinha, in his work in Bengali entitled *Darubrahma*, or the wooden deity, has given a summary of all the various traditions.

In Govinda's time Prataprudra was the reigning Sovereign of Orissa. His was a prosperous reign. It lasted from 1504 to 1532. The great enemies of his dynasty, the Bahmanis, were

sunk to the lowest condition of weakness and misgovernment. The Kutub Shahis of Golconda were not yet strong enough to cope with him. His distant provinces on the Godaveri were in the hands of a powerful, philosophically inclined Kayastha governor, named Ramananda Ray. He had only one powerful enemy to cope with. This was Alaluddin Hussein Shah Saiyyad, of Bengal, who, having rescued the kingdom of Bengal from the hands of the *Khanjas* and Havshis, who terribly oppressed it, and having checked the aggressions of the Tipras of Comilla and Coach of Komtapur, felt himself strong enough to take the offensive against the kings of Orissa. The result of his quarrel with Pratap Rudra does not appear to have been favourable to him, for history is silent about his conquest in that direction.

Pratap Rudra was himself a very learned man and always had a number of Pandits about him. Some of the best Bengali Sanskritists took refuge at his court, and many Bengali Pandits, in their old age, resorted to Puri, to pass their days in the service of religion and to die on the holy spot. Thanks to the Vaisnava writers, short notices of the lives of all these men are to be found in their writings, and these lives should be very interesting reading. On the appearance of Chaitanya at Puri, Prataprudra was anxious to see him ; but Chaitanya had taken the vow of eternal poverty, and he refused to see a Raja. Chaitanya's instructions were therefore conveyed through the medium of one of the court-pandits, and the king gradually became a strong adherent of Chaitanya's faith. Down to the present day there are more followers of Chaitanya in Orissa than even at the birthplace of Chaitanya.

Chaitanya was followed up to the temple of Atalnath, ten miles to the south of the temple of Puri. This is also a temple of Vishnu and marks the southern boundary of the District Kshetra, as Uttarahnala forms its northern boundary. Those who make a pilgrimage to Puri are bound to see the Atalnath also. Govinda is silent about the route of Chaitanya from Atalnath to the Godaveri, on the banks of which Chaitanya found a kindred spirit in Rāmānanda Rāy, Prataprudra's governor in the Godaveri district.

From the Godaveri the pilgrims went to a place, variously named Trimanda, Trimada, Trimalla. This place is very difficult to identify. Babu Dinesh Chundra Sen suggests Trimallagherry, near Hyderabad, as probably the Trimalla mentioned. But nothing can be said on the point with any degree of probability. It would involve a long detour, however, for one proceeding to the holy places in the south.

The next place is Siddha Bateswar, with a large *bat* tree, supposed to be on the river Panna (Pinakini), near Cuddup.

From Bateswar the travellers went to Munna, due south, on a tributary of the same river, through a pathless jungle extending over twenty miles. From Munna to Benkat was one march, beyond which there was another dense jungle, infested with robbers, the chief of whom was Pantha Bhil. The whole jungle was named Bagula. This was probably the border of the Bijayanagar territories, under the direct administration of their Rājās. Six miles from the southern end of Bagula there was a remarkable temple, dedicated to the phallic emblem of Siva. The three walls of the temple are formed by three hillsides, the southern side being covered by a *bel* tree. This place is known as the Girēswar.

Tirupati, in the Chandragiri Taluk, in the North-Arcot district, is a range of low hills, divided, according to their heights, into upper and lower Tirupati. There are two towns, one in the upper, the other in the lower hills. The whole place is studded with ruined temples and ruined tanks. The scenery of Tirupati is said to be charming. Its Mohanta derives a large income from lands and from pilgrims. Some years ago the Mohanta was put into jail for misappropriating temple funds. There was a temple of Nrisinha in the lower range of the hills, whose favourite beverage was *sarbat*. The temple seems not to exist at the present day; but there is a post dedicated to Nrisinha, with a stone inscription close by.

From this range of picturesque hills the pilgrims proceeded to Kanchipuram, or simply Kanchi, the queen of Southern India, one of the most ancient cities in the world, and one of the greatest places of pilgrimage of the Hindus. Of the seven great holy places, enumerated in the Shastras, Kanchi is said to be equal to Kasi. The seven are

অযোধ্যা মথুরা মাল্লা কাশী কাঞ্চী অবন্তিকা ।

পুরী দ্বারাবতী চৈব সঙ্কীৰ্ত্তে মোক্ষদায়িকা ॥

In this list Maya means Haridwar and its vicinity, Abantika means Ujjayini, Puri Dwarabati means Dwaraka at the western end of the Kathiawar Peninsula, the residence of Krishna. The verse appears to have been composed before Puri, or Jagannath, became a famous place of pilgrimage, in the 11th century. Kanchi is said to have existed even in Buddha's time, and Asoka is said to have raised some of his *stupas* in that city. It was the ancient capital of a country variously named, in Sanskrit, as Drāvidu, Dravida, Dramila. From the latter word the vernacular Thamal, or Tamil, seems to have been derived. During the first centuries of the Christian era the Pallavas

made it their capital and extended their empire throughout Southern India and the Deccan. They raised immense temples and made Kanchi one of the most imposing cities in India. They lost their empire in the 7th century, but they retained Kanchi and the surrounding country till the 11th century. During the last five centuries of their existence, they were constantly at war with the Chalukyas of Badami, or Batassl. They several times captured Badami and raised it to the ground. But the Chalukyas, in the few instances in which they captured Kanchi, were so awe-struck at the gigantic specimens of architecture in this ancient city, that they did not venture to destroy even a single temple. There is evidence, on the other hand, that they added considerably to the beauty and magnificence of the capital of their rivals. In fact, during the whole course of its existence, up to the present day, Kanchi has never been sacked, except by the Mussalmans under Muhammad Shah Bahmani II, in the year 1477. The city was Hindu at first, then Buddha, then Saiva, and last of all Vaisnava. Sankaracharya ended his days here, and his ashes remained buried in the Kamakshi temple in Kanchi.

A change came over the spirit of Kanchi about the 12th century. The Chola King conquered it from the Pallavas, and Ramanuja preached his peculiar form of Vaisnavism in that century. The great Ramanuja had his education in this city and preached for the first time there. In consequence of his preaching some Saiva were changed into Vaisnava temples, and the quarter inhabited by the Jains and Buddhists was changed into a Vaisnava quarter. In fact, from this time onward, we hear of two countries, the Siva Kanchi and the Bishnu Kanchi. The Chola Kings retained their position, with some breaks, to the year 1301, when Alauddin's generals overran Southern India and destroyed the ancient state of things. But out of the confusion created by the Mahomedan inroad there arose the strongest and most powerful Hindu dynasty that ever reigned in the South, *viz.*, the Bukka dynasty of Vizianagaram. They conquered Kanchi in 1347 and kept possession of it till the year 1647, when the Kutub Shahis wrested it from them.

During the confusion that followed the dismemberment of the Moghul Empire, it was besieged by Hyder Ali; and the magnificent Vishnu temple of Krishna Deva Ray bears the mark of Hyder's canon shot. The principal object of the pilgrimage to Vishnu Kanchi is the temple of Varada Raj Swami, a form of Vishnu. But Govinda makes no mention of this temple; he speaks of the temple of Laksmi-Narayan. The reason is not far to seek, for the founder of that temple used to dedicate two maunds of boiled milk to the service of

the deity. And Govinda, with his keen appetite, gratefully remembers the temple of such a great donor of sweetmeats, to the exclusion of a far greater object of reverence in the neighbourhood.

Omitting a few small bathing places which are difficult to identify, we come to Chainpalli, or Trinchinpalli, on the Kauvery. The people of this place were strict adherents of the Vaisnava regulations of life. Trinchinpalli stands at the junction of the three southern kingdoms of Pandya, Chora, and Chela, and derives its name from the three peaks or *sira*, the Sanskrit name being Trisirapalli. It was in the possession of the Pallavas. The Kauvery seems to have been a favourite river with these ancient kings. Trinchinpalli played a great part in the struggles between the French and the English for supremacy in the Carnatic during the last century. This was the last stronghold of Muhammad Ali, the friend of the English, and he was here closely besieged when that heaven-born general, Colonel Clive, created a diversion by occupying Arcot, the capital of Chand Shaheb, the besieger. Its rocks bear inscriptions of the Pallava dynasty and were studded with ancient temples.

Nagar is the next place visited. There is a Nagar on the seashore, about 40 miles nearly due east from Trinchinpalli, while Tanjore would be 40 miles due west from Nagar. This would make a long detour of 80 miles from Trinchinpalli to Tanjore, *via* Nagar, which is not very distant from Trinchinpalli. There is another objection to the identification of this sea-coast town with the Nágara of Govinda. It has no temple of Ram and Laksman in it. From this we are led to believe that Nagar was a small hamlet on the side of the Kauvery, opposite to Trinchinpalli, about 14 miles to the north of Tanjore.

Then comes Tanjore, the last capital of the Chola dynasty. From the 10th century downwards, Tanjore was one of the capitals of the southern extremity of the Indian Peninsula. During the 11th and 12 century the Cholas were a great conquering race. One of them is said to have overrun even Bengal. They conquered and annexed most of the territory up to the river Godaveri. With the advent of the Mussalmans, in the year 1310, the political power of the Cholas came to an end. But the Chola name was respected for several centuries in this part of the country, and Sadasiva, the last king of Bijaynagar, ordered a descendant of the Chola kings to be the master of certain ceremonies at Kanchipore. At the time of Govinda's diary, Tanjore was subject to the Bijaynagar kingdom, though it had a Chola sovereign of its own, whom Govinda names

Jayasinha, and praises for not exacting tolls from the Sannyasis. After the battle of Talicott, Bijaynagar was deserted, and the family removed first to Pennaconda and then to Chandragiri, near Kanchipore. They had viceroys both at Madura and at Tanjore. But the viceroys, or nayakkas, of Madura gradually shook off their dependence and conquered Tanjore. Shivaji's father, Shahaji, conquered Tanjore from the Nayakkas, and his family ruled there till the year, 1855. It was annexed in 1857. Govinda describes a large tank in a part of the city named Kumbhakarnakharpara. Close to it was a small hill, in the caves of which there were a large number of Sannyasis.

Puddakot, modern Pudukottah, a tributary State, was created, between the years 1673 and 1708, by a Shelupati prince of Ramnad, in favour of Raghunath Tondamadas, of the Kallana caste, with whose sister he fell in love. The state still survives.

Madura is the capital of the ancient Pandya country, ruled by the Pandya dynasty of kings. The Pandyas are mentioned in the inscriptions of Asoka, the writings of Megasthenes, the Mahabharata, the Mahawansa, and by the Greek and Roman geographers. Baraha Mihir, who flourished in the 5th century A. D., mentions the Pandya kings in connection with the river Tamraparni and the pearl-fishery. Kalidas, a contemporary of Barahar Mihira, mentions the country and the dynasty; but he gives a different name for the capital, *viz.*, Uraga. Mr. Sewell gives a long list of 74 kings from the Madura *Sthal Purana*. The Pandya dynasty ruled from the earliest times to the Mahomedan invasion in 1310. The great traveller, Marco Polo, came to the Court of Sundara Pandya Deva, who died in 1293. The Pandya dynasty actually came to an end with the Mahomedan conquest; but the name survived for some time longer. Madura continued long under the Rajas of Bijaynagar, till, at last, by the end of the 16th century, their viceroys, the Nayakkas of Madura, asserted their independence and made certain conquests. The titular Pandya dynasty was, however, continued from 1365 to 1623. They may have been the masters of ceremonies, or they may have held certain outlying districts while the city and the environs were in the hands of the Nayakkas. The Nayakkas continued to reign till the year 1731, when the throne was occupied by the widow of the last king, Minākshī. In the course of three or four years the Nawabs of the Carnatic occupied the country, and Chanda Shaheb was left in charge of it. Great confusion followed, in which the country was ruined by the successive inroads of the Mussalmans, and the Maharattas, the French and the English.

This state of things continued till 1780, when Hyder Ali invaded the Carnatic, and the Zamindars of Madura revolted. The revolt was put down by Colonel Fullerton in 1783 and the country was subjugated. Mr. Macleod was appointed first Collector of Madura in 1789.

Govinda did not come to the city of Madura, but he passes through the kingdom. Leaving Puddakota, he entered what is now the Siveganga Zamindari, and came to *Tripatra*, mentioned by Sewell as Tiruppachatti, or Tiroopashathee, with an old Siva temple with many inscriptions.

Passing through a thick and pathless forest, Govinda came to Srirangam. This place is not mentioned by Sewell, nor is it to be found in the Sheet Atlas.

Then passing through the Rishava Mountain they entered into the city of Rāmnād, within seven miles of which is Rameesswaram.

*(To be continued.)*

## A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I had a vision ; when the night was old  
And in my chamber crept the early cold,  
I saw a lawn on which the sunrise slept,  
And made a silver shimmering, except  
Where little hollows sheltered, from the breeze  
That shook the mist, the bottoms of the trees  
That covered with a half-transparent shade  
Fair festive groups reclining in the glade ;  
And what was half a voice and half surmise,  
Whispered, ' Behold ! Thou art in Paradise.'  
Trembling with hope, yet quite abashed by fear,  
I murmured, ' Who am I that I am here,'  
Who never worshipped in Jerusalem,  
Whom the saints never favoured, or I them ?  
The temple of the Priest I did not haunt,  
Nor enter with him into covenant ;  
I gave the Lord no sacrifice for sin,  
Nor, when He was a stranger, took ' Him in.'  
' If neither by thy virtue nor thy wit  
Canst thou, can any, claim the benefit,  
Yet enter freely,' so One seemed to say,  
' I am the Lord, the Light, the Door, the Way ;  
But, if thou judgest that thou art not pure,  
Deem not thy calling and election sure ;  
Make thyself perfect ; if an earthly thought  
Seek harbour in thy breast, receive it not ;  
Be sure the impulses that gave it birth



Show thee still hampered with the fumes of earth ;  
If harboured here, the virtue of the place  
Will smite thy heart with pain, at which thy face  
Will writhe, so that the company of blest  
Will turn in horror from so false a guest.'  
'But this, 'I murmured,' is the faded story  
My mother made me loathe, of Purgatory ;  
And here I wander, an uncertain ghost,  
Not knowing yet if I be saved or lost !'  
There was no answer.

Then a fair form stood  
Before me, floated from a neighbouring wood,  
And, sliding into mine her velvet hand,  
Pointed the other towards the shining land,  
Whose touch such fascination did impart,  
A sudden shock of passion shook my heart ;  
One instant all my nerves to madness sprang,  
The next—ah ! Now describe the cruel pang  
With which I saw her fly, and woke to feel  
An ague clasp me in its coils of steel.

II. G. K.

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# THE QUARTER.

**S**INCE the date of our last summary, events of more than usual moment have succeeded one another with almost breathless rapidity. The outbreak of war between Spain and the United States of America and the further development of the situation in the Far East are matters which deeply interest the world at large, and the latter of which possesses a special significance for Great Britain in particular. The brilliant victory gained by an Anglo-Egyptian force under General Kitchener over the Dervishes in the Soudan is an incident which, if of less far-reaching importance, has stirred the hearts of all patriotic Englishmen and produced a profound impression on the great military Powers of Europe. The death of Mr. Gladstone, though it has occurred at a stage in that statesman's career which minimises the effect it is likely to have on practical politics, has cast a gloom over the Empire and left few thoughtful citizens of the world untouched by a sense of loss. In India, the satisfaction which the return of peace and plenty is calculated to inspire, has been seriously marred by the persistence of the plague and its extension to the capital; while in business circles confidence has been rudely shaken by what is felt on all hands to be the perilous inaptitude of the currency proposals of the Government.

Into the details of the quarrel between Spain and the United States, or into the progress of the war, we cannot undertake to enter at length. The conflict was clearly foreshadowed, for those who understood the temper of the parties, by the Resolution of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, of July, 1896, extending the sympathy of that body to the people of Cuba "in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence," and, still more imminently, by President Cleveland's message to Congress of the following December, in which he said: "It cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained. While we are anxious to accord all due respect to the sovereignty of Spain, we cannot view the pending conflict in all its features, and properly apprehend our inevitably close relations to it and its possible results, without considering that, by the course of events, we may be drawn into such an unusual and unprecedented condition as will fix a limit to our patient waiting for Spain to end the contest either alone and in her way, or with our friendly co-operation.

"When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba, for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its re-establishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, which we can hardly hesitate to recognise and discharge.

"Deferring the choice of ways and methods until the time for action arrives, we should make them depend upon the precise conditions then existing; and they should not be determined upon without giving careful heed to every consideration involving our honour and interest, or the international duty we owe to Spain. Until we face the contingencies suggested, or the situation is by other incidents imperatively changed, we should continue in the line of conduct heretofore pursued, thus, in all circumstances, exhibiting our obedience to the requirements of public law and our regard for the duty enjoined upon us by the position we occupy in the family of nations.

"A contemplation of emergencies that may arise should plainly lead us to avoid their creation, either through a careless disregard of present duty, or even an undue stimulation and ill-timed expression of feeling. But I have deemed it not amiss to remind Congress that a time may arrive when a correct policy and care for our interests, as well as a regard for the interests of other nations and their citizens, joined by considerations of humanity and a desire to see a rich and fertile country, intimately related to us, saved from complete devastation, will constrain our Government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved, and at the same time promise to Cuba and its inhabitants an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of peace."

In March, 1897, President McKinley, then recently inaugurated, appointed a Commissioner to enquire into the state of affairs in Cuba under General Weyler's regime, and, as a result of his report, warned the Spanish Government that the war in the island must be conducted more in accordance with civilised principles and due protection provided for the lives and property of American subjects there. Moved apparently by these representations, the Spanish Government superseded General Weyler and offered a measure of autonomy to Cuba. This offer was, however, spurned by the insurgents, and the struggle continued with unabated fury.

Popular feeling in the United States was further irritated by

an offensive letter written by the Spanish minister at Washington to a friend in Havana, and inflamed to fever point by the *Maine* disaster, which, though probably an accident, was reported by a United State's Commission to have been the result of design, and was generally attributed to Spanish agency.

In the middle of April last, notwithstanding that the Spanish Government had, in the meantime, in deference to further representations from Washington, granted an armistice to the rebels, Mr. McKinley sent a message to Congress, in which, after dwelling on the intolerable character of the situation, he declared that long trial had proved the object for which Spain was waging war in Cuba to be unattainable; that, for the sake of humanity, civilisation and the interests of the United States, the war must cease; and he therefore asked Congress to authorise him to take measures to secure the definitive termination of hostilities and the establishment of a stable Government in the island, and give him power to use the military and naval forces of the United States in such way as might be necessary to secure these ends. Referring to the armistice he said that he was sure it would receive the attention of Congress, and, if it attained a successful result, the aspiration of the United State's would be realised.

Congress, however, were apparently determined to precipitate war: and after some dissension over the question of the recognition of a Republic in Cuba, which was favoured by the Senate, but opposed by the House of Representatives, both Houses ultimately agreed to a Resolution declaring that the people of Cuba were and ought to be free, directing the President to demand that Spain should at once relinquish her authority over the island and withdraw her forces from it, and instructing him to use the entire land and naval forces of the country to carry the Resolutions into effect. President McKinley therefore sent an ultimatum to the United States Minister at Madrid to be presented to Spain; the Spanish Minister at Washington applied for his passport; the Spanish Government, without waiting for the ultimatum, broke off diplomatic relations; a United States fleet was sent to establish a blockade of Havana and captured several Spanish merchantmen, and Congress, at the instance of the President, formally declared that a state of war between the two countries existed.

The conduct of the United States in thus intervening by force in the internal affairs of an independent Sovereign State has been the subject of fierce controversy. The question is one which it must be left to history to decide. International law has much to say above the way in which war shall be waged, and its effect on the relations of other Powers with the belli-

gerents; but as to what constitutes a just cause of war, it is silent. Was the object of the United States in itself a righteous one? If so, was it of sufficient importance to justify the means? These are the main issues on which the verdict of the impartial critic must depend. In forming a judgment on the first of them, he will set himself to enquire whether the United States entered into the conflict clean-handed; and he will not ignore any light that may be thrown on this question by the use she makes of her victory, if successful.

So far, the most important events of the struggle have been the annihilation of the Spanish fleet at Manilla by an American squadron and the bombardment of Santiago di Cuba, apparently without any very serious result; while its most noteworthy feature has been the unpreparedness of both sides, as displayed in the helplessness of the Spanish navy on the one hand, and of the land forces of the United States on the other.

The question of the ultimate destiny of the Philippines is not unlikely to give rise to grave international complications. It would be opposed to the interest of the United States to retain them permanently, and it was said to be the intention of the President to put them up to auction on the termination of the war, in the event of Spain being then unable to redeem them. It is very doubtful, however, whether she could dispose of them in this way without casting a bone of contention among the Powers. While Great Britain would lose more than she would gain by acquiring them, she could hardly regard their transfer to Russia, or France, or Germany, with indifference.

The course of events in the Far East has been equally damaging to British prestige and discreditable to the insight of Lord Salisbury. When we last wrote, Russia, it will be remembered, had replied to the German occupation of Kiaochau by despatching a naval squadron to Port Arthur. Mr. Goschen, who happened, at the time, to be at St. Petersburg, was assured by Count Mouravieff that the arrangement was temporary and possessed no political significance. Vladivostock, he said, remained, as before, their head-quarters in the Far East, and the fact of the squadron wintering at Port Arthur made no change in the situation.

A remarkable, if somewhat mysterious, and not altogether prudent, speech, pointing no doubt, to the conviction we have just mentioned, and, possibly, to facts unknown to the public, was made by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham on the 13th May. The foreign situation, he said, was serious and critical, and the time was, perhaps, not far distant when an appeal would have to be made to the patriotism of the people of

Great Britain. England, he added, stood alone; and it was therefore the duty of the whole empire to draw closer together and to their American kinsmen. Referring specially to China, he pronounced the situation highly unsatisfactory, and urged the necessity of alliances in order to secure its settlement consistently with British interests.

These assurances seem to have been implicitly accepted by Lord Salisbury, and shortly afterwards, the British Admiral having on his own motion, despatched two of his ships to Port Arthur, he was induced by representations from St. Petersburg to order their withdrawal. A few days later, out of deference to further objections raised by Russia, he instructed Sir C. Macdonald to abandon the request that Talienwan should be made a free port as one of the conditions of a British loan to China, negotiations for which were then in progress. No sooner had this been done, than Russia, with a cynical disregard of Count Mouravieff's assurances, demanded from China a lease of both that port and Port Arthur, together with the right to construct a railway to the latter place.

In reply to enquiries made by him on the subject, our minister at St. Petersburg was informed by Count Mouravieff that the uncertainty attending the development of affairs in the Far East had made it necessary for Russia to obtain some place where her vessels in those waters could coal and be repaired in safety. At the same time Count Mouravieff assured him that Russia did not ask for sovereign rights or a perpetual cession of the ports in question, and that Talienwan would be open to foreign trade, like other ports in China. Our minister pressing for a similar assurance regarding Port Arthur, prolonged negotiations on the point ensued, and, as a result of these, Sir N. O'Connor, on the 6th March, reported that Count Mouravieff had assured him that he had seen the Emperor in the morning and that his Imperial Majesty had authorised him to give him the assurance that both Port Arthur and Talienwan would be open to foreign trade, like other Chinese ports, in the event of the Russian Government obtaining a lease of them.

Lord Salisbury, however, was not satisfied with this statement, and on the 22nd March, he sent a strongly worded despatch to Sir N. O'Connor, instructing him, among other things, to inform Count Mouravieff that, while Her Majesty's Government would not regard with any dissatisfaction the lease to Russia of an ice-free commercial harbour, connected by rail with the trans-Siberian railway, questions of an entirely different kind were opened if Russia obtained control of a military port in the neighbourhood of Peking. Port Arthur, he added, was useless for commercial purposes, its whole im-

portance depending upon its military strength and strategic position, and its occupation would inevitably be considered in the East as a standing menace to Peking and the commencement of the partition of China ; while the military occupation of any other harbour on the same coast would be open to the same objections with almost equal force. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg, however, was unmoved by these representations, and the result was that Sir C. Macdonald was instructed by telegram to obtain the refusal of Wei-Hai-Wei, on its evacuation by the Japanese, on terms similar to those on which Port Arthur had been leased to Russia, in order to preserve the balance of power, which had been materially affected by the surrender of the latter place to Russia ; and, on the 3rd April, Japan having in the meantime expressed her concurrence in the arrangement, China acceded to this request.

Thereupon Russia lost no time in throwing off the mask in the matter of the status of Talienwan and Port Arthur ; Count Mouravieff, repudiating his recent assurances, informed Sir N. O'Connor that, while the latter port would be open to British ships on the same conditions as before, Russia refused to make it a commercial port ; and, a few days later, it was announced that she had determined to close half the port of Talienwan to foreign ships and convert it into a naval station.

It is understood that the Government intends to fortify Wei-Hai-Wei. It is very questionable, however, whether it will possess much strategical value when the railway through Manchuria is completed.

Lord Salisbury has also been severely criticised for his action in regard to the relations between Great Britain and Germany in connexion with the situation in the Far East. When the latter Power first occupied Kiaochau, he asked for an assurance, not only that it would be made an open port, but that its possession would carry with it no special privileges in Shantung. Nevertheless, when the acquisition of a lease of Wei-hai-Wei by England came to be discussed, he went out of his way to assure Germany that we had no intention of interfering with her "interests" in that province. There are two points, however, to be remembered in connexion with the matter. One is that "interests" do not necessarily include "special privileges ;" the other is that we do not know what is behind this apparent complacency to Germany. The apprehensions which recent developments have excited, arise largely from a growing conviction that there is a conspiracy between Russia and France to dispute England's sovereignty of the seas ; and the measure of the danger which such a conspiracy would imply would depend materially upon the attitude of Germany.

In connexion with the situation in the Far East, it should be added that an agreement has been entered into between France and China by which the former Power obtains the right to construct a railway to Yunnanfu, the lease of a coaling station at Kwang Chuwan and an undertaking not to alienate any part of Kwantung, Kwangsu or Yunnan.

The Niger question is believed to be on the point of settlement, Great Britain retaining Boussa, and France Nikki two ports on the Niger, and a wide extent of territory, including the Hinterland of Dahomey.

Among other noteworthy events of the period under review are the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to Peking, when he was granted a personal interview with the Emperor and Queen Dowager; the general elections in France, which have left the Meline Government with a bare majority of 12; the evacuation of Thessaly by the Turks; the quashing of the sentence against M. Zola by the Court of Cassation in Paris; serious bread riots in Milan, Naples and other places in Italy, an extensive strike of coal miners in the United Kingdom, and the outbreak of a serious rebellion in Sierra Leone.

The currency scheme of the Government of India, which was submitted to the Secretary of State in a despatch dated the 3rd March, is based on the assumption that the rupee currency is redundant, relatively to an average exchange of 16*d.*, to an extent which cannot be exactly ascertained, but which probably does not exceed 24 crores of rupees, and that the removal of this redundancy, by the withdrawal of the superfluous rupees from circulation, would result in permanently raising the sterling value of the rupee to the level named and causing an inflow of gold on private account.

In order to effect this object, it is proposed that the Secretary of State should obtain power from Parliament to borrow up to a maximum of twenty millions sterling; that, in the first instance, the Secretary of State, in virtue of this power, should borrow five millions sterling, which should be shipped to India and placed in the reserve treasury; and that the Government of India should then withdraw ten crores of rupees from the reserve, melt them down and sell the bullion thus obtained to the public.

It is calculated that the result of this operation will be to return to the reserve treasuries six crores of rupees, leaving the balance of four crores to be replaced by gold, the amount of the latter metal that would be required for the purpose being £2,700,000. Six crores of rupees would then have been withdrawn from the circulation, while a further sum of four crores would have ceased to exist as coin, and been replaced in the reserves by gold.



Supposing that it were necessary to repeat the operation in a second year, the amount of the rupee circulation would be reduced by twelve crores, while eight crores of the Government balances would have been replaced by sovereigns, the total amount of gold absorbed being about £5,300,000.

It is expected that, before this point had been reached, the exchange rate would have attained the level of 16*d.*, or even higher, and sovereigns would have flowed into the country to fill up the deficiency of current circulation outside the Government balances, caused by the withdrawal of coin. Until this stage has been reached, it is not the intention of the Government to part with any gold, but, when it has been reached, the despatch goes on to say, "the sovereign will be a recognised coin of the Empire, in use in its chief cities at least, and as long as this condition can be maintained, the exchange will be stable at about 16*d.* and a good standard will have been attained under conditions not dissimilar from those prevailing in France, though not a gold circulation in the English sense."

"We cannot help thinking," the despatch continues, "that the determination of the Government to take active steps in the manner we have stated, will have the effect of reversing the influence of the distrust in the future of the rupee which at present not only prevents the importation of gold to meet the demands of trade, notwithstanding the much higher rates of interest and discount prevailing in India, but also keeps sterling capital out of the country."

As regards the cost of the measure, the despatch says: "The interest on a sterling loan producing twenty millions would be £550,000 a year; and this is the maximum charge for interest which we contemplate having to incur. But we have said that it will not be necessary to borrow so much as £20,000,000 to effect our object, and that very probably the first instalment of £5,000,000 will prove to be sufficient. If it should, the interest charge will be about £130,000 a year."

Regarding the Lindsay scheme, which is rejected, the despatch says: "This scheme, like our own, operates largely through the withdrawal of rupees now in circulation, and though it has much to recommend it, our main reason for deciding not to adopt it is that it would involve us in a liability to pay out gold in London in exchange for rupees received in India to an indefinite extent. Even if the ultimate liability were not greater than under our own scheme, still its extent from time to time would be quite beyond our control, and we can easily conceive that we might find ourselves unable to discharge it on certain quite possible suppositions as to the market rate of exchange and as to the comparative redundancy of the existing volume of the currency. Mr. Lindsay, it appears to us, does not give sufficient weight to one fundamental necessity of our position, namely, that we must remit, in the contrary direction to that in which the offer suggested by Mr. Lindsay

would be operative, an annual sum of about £17,000,000 to discharge our sterling liabilities. In addition to his anticipation that the Indian money market could not support the withdrawal of the number of rupees which would suffice to dangerously reduce the gold reserve, Mr. Lindsay relies on the general confidence in the future stability of exchange which the promulgation of his scheme would induce, as being certain to prevent the demand for gold in India rising to a sum which would occasion us any inconvenience; but we think that such confidence is much more likely to be established by the accumulation of a strong gold reserve in India than under his plan, which contemplates the keeping of the reserve in London, and we prefer to establish confidence by that measure without involving ourselves in a liability which we might possibly not be able to discharge."

In a separate note on the scheme, it is further objected to it that the Government would have to pay for rupees received in exchange for gold at an arbitrary rate exceeding their market value.

The ultimate intention of the Government, it will be seen, is to make the sovereign legal tender, and it is mainly on this ground that they reject Mr. Probyn's proposal to establish a gold reserve in India, in the shape of bars, in order to prevent the metal passing into circulation and disappearing into hoards. "We do not think it either desirable or necessary," they say, "that gold coins should, until the gold standard has for some time been established, pass to any appreciable extent into general circulation: under the scheme we have above proposed the bulk of the currency in circulation—and practically the whole of it outside the Presidency Towns—in which the banks might, like ourselves, hold reserves in gold coin—would continue to consist of rupees and currency notes. But we do not think it necessary, in order to secure that result to refuse to have legal tender gold coins of a convenient value. We are, moreover, not satisfied that there would be any smaller disappearance into hoards of the gold bars, which it would be easy to subdivide, than of gold coins. We are also of opinion that the simpler and more direct a monetary standard can be made, the more acceptable it will be to the public. We think that the only state of things which can be called a thoroughly satisfactory attainment of a gold standard is one in which the gold coins which represent our standard are those also which are good for payments in England."

The chief objection to the scheme is that it affords no guarantee either of the ultimate attainment of the end in view, or, assuming that end to be ultimately attained, of the time in which that result would be reached. It will not, therefore, like

Mr. Lindsay's scheme, immediately induce, and it may possibly never reach the stage at which it would induce, that confidence in the future of the rupee on which the flow of capital to India admittedly depends, and the establishment of which would tend, *ipso facto*, largely to remove any redundancy that might exist previously to its adoption.

A committee consisting of Sir Henry Fowler, Chairman; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir John Muir, Sir Francis Mowatt, Sir David Barbour, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Sir Alfred Dent, Messrs. F. C. Le Marchant, Hambro, Holland, Robert Campbell, and Robert Chalmers, Secretary, has been appointed by the Home Government to examine and report on the scheme. The Secretary of State, in a letter to the Chairman, urges a speedy decision, and states that it will be the duty of the Committee to examine the proposals of the Government and any other matter strictly relevant thereto, including the probable effect of the proposed changes in the monetary system upon internal trade and taxation in India, and to submit any suggestions they may think fit for establishing a satisfactory currency system and securing a stable exchange. At the same time Lord George Hamilton has plainly declared the re-opening of the Indian Mints to be out of the question.

The English Budget, which was introduced by Sir Michael Hicks Beach in the House of Commons on the 21st April, shows a surplus for the past year of £3,678,000, the revenue, which amounted to £116,016,000, exceeding the estimates by £3,570,000, and the most remarkable feature connected with it being the yield of the death duties, which was £1,400,000 more than had been estimated. Of the surplus realised, £2,550,000 has been set aside for the purpose of Government buildings in the Metropolis, the remainder being retained in the Exchequer balance. The revenue estimated for the current year is £108,715,000, and the expenditure £106,929,000, leaving an anticipated surplus of £1,786,000. The grant to Scotland for local purposes is expected to absorb the major portion of this sum, and advantage has been taken of the balance to reduce the duty on unmanufactured tobacco by six pence a pound; to abate the income-tax in respect of incomes between £400 and £700, and to make certain alterations in the death duties and land tax.

In the course of the debate which ensued, Sir Henry Fowler expressed his regret at the decision arrived at by the Government, in spite of these prosperous results, to render no pecuniary assistance to India. He understood, he added, that the Government of India would have to borrow six millions sterling to make both ends meet, and he thought that it was a matter of justice, right and policy that, under these circumstances,

some consideration should have been shown to India, a view of the matter which, in spite of Sir James Westland's arguments on the subject, will be generally endorsed in this country.

The outbreak of Plague in Calcutta, which, so far, has been of a sporadic character, began, as far as can be ascertained, with the case of a moodee, living in Copalitolah, in the Bow Bazar Section of the town, who was apparently attacked on the 16th April and died the same day. This man, it is stated, had arrived from Tipperah two months previously, and in the interval had not left Calcutta, and none of the cases known to have occurred between that date and the 25th May appear to have been imported.

The number of cases ascertained to have occurred up-to-date is small—not more than about ninety, as far as we have able to gather from the published reports; and, though some have probably been concealed, the death-rate during the period, which has been either considerably below, or only slightly above the normal, would seem to indicate that the true number cannot have been much greater. Nevertheless the way in which the cases have been scattered over the town seems to point to a widespread infection, and it is to be feared that the setting in of the rains, and, again, of the cold weather, may be attended by serious exacerbation of the epidemic, if it can yet be so called.

The outbreak has been the occasion of a general panic among the native population, due chiefly to the dread of segregation, and to a belief that the healthy were to be subjected to compulsory inoculation, and this has resulted in an extensive exodus of all classes, but especially of Marwarees and Ooriyas, by the desertion of large numbers of domestic servants, strikes of bheesties, sweepers, carters and coolies, the closing of shops and serious rioting, attended with violence, and in one case with the murder of a harmless European, who was mistaken for an inoculator.

Strenuous efforts have been made to re-assure the people; the rules regarding segregation have been revised, with a view to meeting their objections to it as far as possible; house-to-house visitation, on which the Government of India have insisted, has been entrusted to Ward Committees, and there have latterly been signs that the panic is abating.

The plague has greatly abated in Bombay since the hot weather set in; but there has been a serious recrudescence of the disease at Kurrachee, where the daily number of cases at one time rose above a hundred, and it is still spreading slowly in the Jullunder district.

The battle on the Atbara resulted in the virtual annihilation of the force under Mahmud Effendi, which, to the number of about 12,000, had advanced from Metemmah with the object

of crossing the river and attacking Berber, but, finding the fords strongly guarded, had encamped in the bush in its neighbourhood. There General Kitchener, with a force of about the same number, including three brigades of British troops, attacked them at daybreak, after a midnight march, and dispersed them with a loss of upwards of 3,000, the position being carried at the point of the bayonet, following upon a fierce cannonade, to which the slaughter was largely due. Our loss was, British, three officers, and twenty-one non-commissioned officers and men killed, and ten officers and 106 non-commissioned officers and men wounded; Egyptian, eighteen officers and fifty-one men killed, and 319 wounded. The effect of the victory is to remove the last serious obstacle to the march on Khartoum, which is expected to take place on the rising of the Nile in July.

The Budget of Government of India for the current year, which was introduced on the 21st March, and discussed on the 28th idem, shows that the revised estimates for 1897-98 resulted in a deficit of Rx. 5,283, 100, which is larger than that originally estimated, by Rx. 2,819,100, the difference being due to the expenditure on Famine Relief exceeding the estimates by some fifty per cent., and to the outlay involved by the operations on the North-Western Frontier. The estimates for 1898-99, after providing the full amount of Rx. 1,500,000 under the head of Famine Grant and Rx. 1,488,500 for further outlay on the frontier operations, show a surplus of Rx. 891,400. The rate of exchange for the year is taken at 15. 6*d.*, which was the average rate realised in the past year; and no change is made in taxation. The Secretary of State proposes to renew the temporary debt of £6,000,000 incurred during the past year; to raise a permanent sterling loan of the same amount, in addition to a rupee loan of three crores, and to draw on India to the extent of £16,000,000.

The Bengal Financial Statement, which was laid before the Council on the 27th March, shows that the year 1897-98 was expected to close with a deficit of Rx. 34,15,000, against an anticipated deficit of Rs. 31,07,000, the difference being mainly due to excess outlay on Famine Relief. The balance was thus reduced to Rs. 5,39,000; and, the receipts and charges for the current year being both estimated at the same sum—Rx. 4,55,30,000—, this is accepted as the closing balance of the year.

The Bill to amend the law relating to the Municipal affairs of the Town and Suburbs of Calcutta was referred to a Select Committee of the Bengal Council on the 2nd April; the Bengal Tenancy Bill was passed on the same date, and a new Tenancy Bill for the Central Provinces has been introduced in the Imperial Legislative Council and referred to a Select Committee.

The man Chapekar was executed on the 18th April ; and the brothers Natu have since been released on parole and re-instated in their property.

Among the more important personal changes of the past three months in India we may note the assumption of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal by Sir John Woodburn, in the place of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who has been compelled by ill-health to retire ; the appointment of Sir Louis Kershaw in succession to Sir John Edge, as Chief Justice at Allahabad ; of Mr. La'Touche, to act as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces during the absence of Sir A. Macdonnell on six months' leave ; and of the Rev. James MacArthur to the Bishopric of Bombay, in the place of Bishop Mylne, who has retired, and the retirement of Bishop Johnson, of Calcutta, and the Honourable Mr. C. C. Stevens, late acting Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

The Irish Local Government Bill was passed through Committee in the House of Commons, after having been read a second time without a division.

The death of Mr. Gladstone, to which we have already referred, occurred on the 19th May, and was due to general decay, precipitated by cancer in the face. The body lay in State for two days in Westminster Hall, where it was viewed by a vast multitude, and the funeral was a public one, the pall-bearers being the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Balfour and Sir W. Harcourt ; but, in deference to the expressed wish of the deceased, the ceremony was of simple character.

Among other names, the obituary of the Quarter includes those of the Dowager Countess of Elgin ; Sir Henry Bessemer ; Sir Richard Quain ; Major-General R. P. Anderson ; Major-General Sir George Bouchier ; Count Emerich Szechenyi ; Zacharias Topelius, Sir W. Fraser ; Mr. Aubrey Beardsley ; Admiral Robert Coote, C. B. ; Sir Henry Lushington, B. C. S., Ret. ; Mr. James Payne, the novelist ; Sir W. Fraser ; the Earl of Strafford ; Sir Syed Ahmad Khan ; the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D. D., LL. D., the well known Biblical critic ; General Sir Henry J. Warre, K. C. B. ; General Man ; Mr. Samuel French, the theatrical publisher ; M. Charles Yriarte ; Professor Büchler, the Sanskritist ; Colonel Sir Vivian Majendie, K. C. B. ; Mr. James Routledge ; Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A. ; the Duke of St. Albans ; Mr. Horatio Nelson Lay ; Prince Kung ; Admiral Brin ; the Due de Talleyrand ; Mr. Cooke, B.C.S., late Commissioner of Orissa ; and Arthur Orton.

*July 9, 1898.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NOTE.

**W**E have to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from Mr. R. P. Karkaria, in reply to certain criticisms of his recent article on "The Oldest Paper in India," which appeared in the Calcutta Review for April last, and another from Mr. Richalo Deva Jaini on the subject of the article on Jainism and Buddhism in the same number.

Both these communications reached us too late to be included in the contents of the present number; but we hope to publish them in that for October.

# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Indian Frontier Warfare.* By Br. Major G. J. YOUNG HUSBAND.  
(forming Vol. III. of the Wolseley Series). London 1898.

THE appearance of a new book by the author of "The Relief of Chitral" affords a welcome opportunity to say a word on a burning question of the day which may not be extinct for many days to come.

One of the principal symptoms of the decline of the Roman Empire, one of the most unerring presages of its fall, was the persistence of Barbarian outbreaks on the northern frontiers. From the defeat of Varus, in A. D. 9, to the death of Stilicho, nearly four centuries later, the Romans were perpetually organising expeditions against the Barbarians of the border, effecting temporary triumphs at an ever increasing expense of blood and treasure, until the drying up of their resources and the failure of national virtue and public spirit prepared the way for the ultimate overthrow of skill and discipline by weight of numbers. In the years immediately before and after the commencement of the Christian era, Drusus and his brother—the Neronēs of Horace—had penetrated the North-west as far as the river Elbe, cutting military roads through the country and establishing fortified posts by which it was believed that the people would be completely subjugated. The Barbarian tribesmen appeared tranquil and friendly, acquiring the military habits of their conquerors and enlisting freely in their army. Suddenly Varus, the Roman commander, was entangled in the mountain-passes, and his force of three legions, or brigades, annihilated by the Cherusci under their chief Hermann, or Arminius. The popular champion was successfully encountered, some five years later, by the son of Drusus; but political reasons led to his recall, and from that date the territory of the Cherusci was never again the subject of Roman conquest, which was henceforth bounded by the Rhine; and that river continued to be the frontier for very many years, in fact so long as the empire held together. But before the close of the first century A. D. other checks had been sustained, in Dacia. Temporarily arrested by Trajan, who was in turn stopped in Armenia; under the Antonines the forward policy slept, and the empire appeared to enjoy nearly three generations of equilibrium and repose.

Severus contracted the Provincial limits in the early part of the third century A. D.; but the division, demoralisation, and



general degeneracy that followed on his death must have greatly weakened the empire for the defence of even a reduced frontier. In 250 A.D. began the incursions of the Getae, or rather the "Goths," who had occupied the country and amalgamated the inhabitants with themselves. In the war that ensued, the Emperor Decius and his son were both killed; but the Goths were for the time bought off and quieted. For the next hundred and fifty years the forces of an effete civilisation are seen contending with those of an evolving series of young nations; until the great mercenary leader was murdered at Ravenna, 23rd August, 408. Stilicho, by birth a Vandal—or Wend—was the last of the able adopted sons who had preserved Rome during a century and-a-half, when Italian valour had quite died out. As Emperors, or as Imperial generals these barbarian leaders had been Rome's champions against barbarian enemies; and, when there were no more of them left, Rome ceased to struggle.

It seems the fate of all over-expanded Powers. With expansion comes a strain on resources, physical and moral, which luxury and corruption are gradually unable to meet. On the other side the border-barbarians, though often worsted, learn by defeat. The desire to *gain* gradually overpowers the wish to *keep*; sooner or later the bowling gets too strong for the batting, and a new inning begins.

It is by enabling India to prolong the process of defence that frontier-war is of so much use, and a book like this of Major Younghusband's of such interest. In it we learn that the fundamental changes are less than would be inferred from the changed conditions. The bold barbarian still defends his stony villages and ill-cultivated fields with natural resources gradually strengthened by the acquisition of superior arms, trained recruits from the enemies' ranks, and experience of scientific warfare. Still the civilised Power, with officers and men of its own race, supported by well-drilled aliens, uses, with more or less of success, all the superior armament, skill and discipline that have been the result of centuries of scientific study and intelligent practice. Sometimes one side prevails; sometimes the other; but, in the long run, the resources of civilisation prove the stronger, and a sullen peace is patched up.

How to attain that modicum of success, is the subject of the work under reference. Aided by a number of plans, Major Younghusband traces the story of frontier campaigns and expeditions that have occurred during the last twenty years; since the extension of rail-roads, the use of arms of precision and the employment of Pathans and Afridis in the Indian army have revolutionised the conditions of border war.

The author's previous treatment of the story of Chitral will have prepared readers to expect what he has given them here ; a set of brief commentaries, incisive, straightforward, yet never ill-natured, and entirely free from political entanglements. The converging of General Low and Colonel Kelly on the beleaguered heroes of Chitral is told once more, on a reduced scale, but with sufficient detail ; there is an account of the defence of Sherpur by General Roberts, and of the battles of Ahmed Khel and Maiwand ; in all which faults are gently and even generously adumbrated and practical lessons enforced. There is a chapter on "Defensive warfare"—fortunately not often waged by Indian armies ; and due notice is taken of the gallant stand of Lieutenant Grant at Thobal, after the Manipur disaster. Convoys, mountain-artillery, and special arms receive attention ; while short chapters are at the same time devoted to questions affecting commissariat, transport and signalling. The last subject touched on is the presence with military expeditions of a civil officer under the title of "Political," a system of which we have 'probably seen almost the last. The senior Intelligence-officer, our author says, should conduct dealing with the enemy in strict subordination to the General.

It will be seen that the book is full of interest and instruction, alike for the cadet and the Staff-collegian.

H. G. KEENE.

*A Portfolio of Indian Architectural Drawings :* Prepared by Edmond W. Smith, Archæological Survey, North West Provinces and Oudh : Issued by the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh. Photo-lithographed by W. Griggs, Hanover Street, Peckham, London. London, W. H. Allen and Company, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company ; Calcutta, Thacker, Spink and Company ; Bombay, Thacker and Company, Limited, and the Superintendent, Government Press, North-West Provinces and Oudh, Allahabad, 1897.

THE originals of the photo-lithographs in this sumptuous collection were prepared, in the first instance, on a comparatively small scale, to illustrate the Report of the Archæological Survey of India on the Moghul Architecture of Fathpur Sikri. In order to increase their utility, the Government of the North-West Provinces, with praiseworthy liberality, decided to reproduce a selection of them on a larger scale. The originals, which were executed by native draughtsmen, under the direction of the Compiler, are exquisitely done, and the selection forms a treasury of ornamental design of immense value. The

chief subjects illustrated are the Turkish Sultana's House; Raja Birbal's House; Jodh Bai's Palace; the Jami Masjid, and Salim Chishti's Tomb, at Fathpur Sikri; and the Kanch Mahal at Sikandra. The work of photo-lithographing has been admirably done by Mr. Griggs, and the short descriptive notes which accompany the illustrations distinctly add to the usefulness of the publication.

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*On Portraits of Christ in the British Museum.* By Cecil Torr, M. A. Illustrated. London: C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane. 1898.

THOUGH, if we disregard a single passage in Luke, the received chronology of the life of the Founder of Christianity appears to be supported by the text of the Gospels as it has come down to us, there is good reason for thinking that it is not that which was generally current among the early Christians. In the pamphlet before us, Mr. Torr has made certain portraits of Christ in the British Museum, the peg on which to hang an interesting discussion on this subject. In the works in question, which are inlaid in gold-leaf in two glass bowls or saucers of the type generally associated with the Catacombs at Rome, and which probably date from the latter end of the 3rd Century of our era, Christ is represented as a beardless youth; and this is how he seems to have been generally represented in the works of Christian artists down to, at least, the close of the sixth century, though it subsequently became the practice to depict him as a bearded man. The questions which Mr. Torr discusses are, first, whether the discrepancy thus disclosed indicates a change of belief as to the age of Christ at the time of his public Ministry and Crucifixion, or whether it merely indicates that the older artists preferred to represent Christ at an earlier, rather than at a later, period of this life, and secondly whether, on the former assumption, the older belief is capable of being reconciled with the probabilities of the case and with the facts of Christ's life as recorded in the Gospels. The conclusion at which he arrives is that there are two conflicting accounts of the matter in the Gospels, one of which places the Nativity in the reign of Herod, while the other, which is supported by the passage in Luke above referred to, places it ten years later, when Quirinius took the census of Judea; and he maintains, with considerable show of reason, that the latter view of the chronology links together the events recorded in the Gospels better than the former, the narrative becoming continuous, and the mysterious hiatus required by the current chronology between the date of Christ's reasoning with the doctors in the Temple and his Baptism and Ministry disappearing.

The inference from the passage in Luke to which we have referred, is based upon the fact that the Nativity is said to have occurred when Quirinius, as Legate in Syria took a census of Judea. This census, Mr. Torr points out, is mentioned in an inscription, and also by Josephus, who places it within the 37th year of the era of Actium, that is, between the 6th September in 6, and the same date in 7, A. D. It is, moreover, obvious that Quirinius could not have taken a census of Judea before this date, as it was only when Archelaus was deposed—in 6 A. D.—that Judea became a Roman province.

Now, if the Nativity is placed at the end of 6, or the beginning of 7, A. D., the following results ensue:—Christ must have been born ten years after Herod's death, which occurred in the spring of 4 B. C.; and, instead of being about thirty years of age in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, *i.e.*, in 28-29 A. D., would have then been only about two and twenty years old. He could not, again, have been more than eight and twenty years old at the time of the Crucifixion, even if it was as late as the spring of 35 A. D., while he would not have been more than twenty years old if it occurred as early as the spring of 27 A. D., these being the dates between which it is confined by the known chronology of the life of Pontius Pilate, coupled with the fact that it took place just before a Passover. Of course, Mr. Torr adds, these results cannot be reconciled with those which follow from the other statements in the Gospels on the subject; "but," he says, "the divergence may possibly be explained," and this is the explanation of it which he suggests.

"In the Gospel of Luke the mention of the census is prefaced by the phrase 'in those days;' and presumably the phrase has reference to the statement that comes immediately before, namely, that John the Baptist was in the desert, till the day of his showing unto Israel. This 'showing unto Israel' can hardly be anything but his appearance at Jerusalem for the Passover when he was twelve years old. There is much material for proving that the strict observance of the Law became a matter of obligation when a child attained the age of twelve. It is clear that Christ came up to Jerusalem for the Passover when he was twelve years old. And no doubt the rule was followed in the case of John as well as in the case of Christ. But, if John was twelve years old at the end of 6 or the beginning of 7 A. D., he must have been born at the end of 7 or the beginning of 6 B. C., *the date at which those other passages would place the birth of Christ.* And the inference is this: It was John who was born in 7 or 6 B. C., while Christ was born in 6 or 7 A. D. But by the time the Gospels were composed" (or by the time the present text

was settled), "a group of traditions that originally were connected with the infancy of John, had already been transferred to the infancy of Christ."

Certain it is that the current belief, that Christ was born within six months of John the Baptist, is absolutely incompatible with a number of early pictures of the Baptism in which John is represented as a bearded man and Christ as a boy.

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*Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies.* By the ABBE J. A. DUBOIS. Translated from the author's later French M.S. and edited with notes, corrections, and biography. By Henry K. Beauchamp.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with the *Mœurs, Institutions et Cérémonies des Peuples de l'Inde* of the Abbé Dubois, published in 1816, will hardly recognise the work in the corrected and revised form in which it is now presented to them by Mr. H. K. Beauchamp of the *Madras Mail*. The history of the Abbé's M.S. is as remarkable as it is interesting. Remarkable as affording an instance of the tardy methods adopted by Government, not only for giving to the world a work of great public importance, but in doing justice to a writer who has for many years lain under the imputation of having written with insufficient knowledge. The facts briefly are these: The Abbé Dubois, after a residence in India of fourteen years, wrote a record of the manners, customs and ceremonies of the Hindus, among whom he had lived in as close communion as would be possible to a foreigner—adopting their language, their dress, their food, and many of their customs. The M.S. of this comprehensive and valuable work was entrusted by him, in 1806, to Major Wilks, who brought it to the notice of the Government of Fort St. George. It was purchased by Lord William Bentinck on behalf of the East India Company for 2,000 star pagodas, and was sent to London for translation and publication. For some reason or other, however, it was allowed to remain untouched for ten years, when, in 1816, it was published under the supervision of Major Wilks. In the meantime a copy of the M.S. in the records at Fort St. George attracted the attention of Mr. A. D. Campbell, who, not knowing that the original had been sent to England and was actually being published there, proposed to publish an annotated edition in Madras. But, on examining the M.S., he came to the conclusion that, before steps were taken for its publication, it ought to be again submitted to the author for revision and correction, as it appeared certain that ripened experience would lead him to reverse or qualify many of the statements contained in it. It was accordingly sent back to the Abbé, who, as had been anti-

ipated, found a great deal to correct in its contents, which were also augmented by a mass of details not in the original document. So much, indeed, had the ten years which had elapsed since he first compiled it tended to increase his knowledge of the people he described, that his corrections and additions were so numerous that the second M.S. bore but faint resemblance to the first. It was obviously unfair both to the Hindus and to the Abbé that the first edition of his work, with all its imperfections—its hastily recorded impressions and its serious omissions—should have been given to the public while the corrected M.S. was lying hidden away in the India Office Library, and Mr. Beauchamp deserves the gratitude of all students of Indian history for having not only brought the real views of the Abbé to their notice, but removed from England the reproach of having misrepresented him.

The present volume may be taken, then, as embodying the matured impressions of a singularly honest and unprejudiced mind regarding a people whose inner life he had had peculiar opportunities of studying, and among whom he had lived and laboured as a missionary for nearly thirty years. Nevertheless it seems to us probable that, had he been permitted to live among them a little longer and again to revise what he had written, he would have found himself impelled still further to correct some of his judgments, or at least greatly to modify them. We cannot suppose, for instance, that he would still maintain that "there is no nation in the world who think so lightly of an oath or of perjury. The Hindu will fearlessly call upon all his gods—celestial, terrestrial and infernal—to witness his good faith in the least of his undertakings; but should fresh circumstances demand it, he would not have the smallest scruple in breaking the word that he had so solemnly pledged. Woe to the imprudent person who confides to Hindus any private matter that affects his fortune, his honour, or his life! If it served their purpose they would divulge it without any hesitation.

"The unscrupulous manner in which Hindus will perjure themselves is so notorious that they are never called upon to make a statement on oath in their own courts of justice, unless they are persons who bear an exceptionally high character."

There are other sweeping assertions in his book which, to persons well informed on the subject, will appear equally unjust and misleading, and which seem to us to require for their refutation something more than the very slight notes in which the editor has sought to dispose of them. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Abbé wrote more than 80 years ago, and although the manners and customs of an Oriental people change slowly, the influence of foreign rule, and other causes incidental to it, must inevitably tend in the direction

of change of some sort, and statements which may appear incredible to the reader of to-day, may have had their origin in fact when Dubois recorded his experiences. The Abbé was a man of wide sympathies, keen insight and sound judgment, and, in regarding the people in their relations with the paramount power, he does not allow the prejudice of race to blind him; to the demands of justice and common sense. At the present moment, when a concatenation of untoward circumstances has clouded, to some extent, the vision of both the rulers and the ruled, some of his cool-headed conclusions and warnings seem specially apposite. "Since our European ways, manners and customs," he says, "so utterly different from theirs, do not allow of our winning their confidence, at least let us continue to earn their respect and admiration by humane examples of compassion, generosity, and well doing. Let us leave them their cherished laws and prejudices, since no human effort will persuade them to give them up, even in their own interests, and let us not risk making the gentlest and most submissive people in the world furious and indomitable by thwarting them. Let us take care lest we bring about, by some hasty or imprudent course of action, catastrophes which would reduce the country to a state of anarchy, desolation and ultimate ruin, for, in my humble opinion, the day when the Government attempts to interfere with any of the more important religious and civil usages of the Hindus will be the last of its existence as a political power."

And the justice of the following expression of opinion has probably seldom been brought home to us as at the present day: "At the same time I venture to predict that it (the British Government) will attempt in vain to effect any considerable changes in the social condition of the people of India, whose character, principles, customs and ineradicable conservatism will always present insurmountable obstacles. To make a people happy it is essential that they themselves should desire to be made happy and should co-operate with those who are working for their happiness. Now, the people of India, it appears to me, neither possess this desire nor are anxious to co-operate to this end. Every reform which is obviously devised for their well-being they obstinately push aside if it is likely in the least degree to disturb their manner of living, their most 'absurd prejudice or their most puerile custom.'"

The scholarly manner in which Mr. H. K. Beauchamp has performed what must have been no light task, is worthy of all praise, and if we are disposed to complain that a few more notes indicating changes that have occurred, and refuting grave errors would have been welcome, it is but to emphasise our appreciation of his share in the work.

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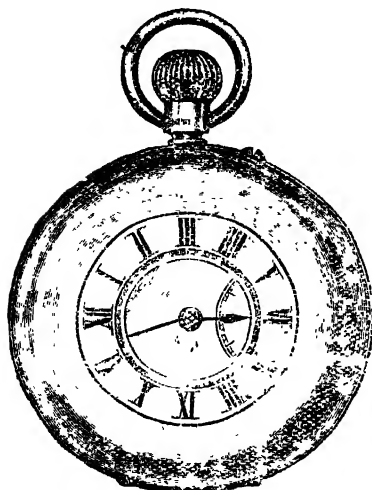
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# THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

No. 274—OCTOBER 1898.

## ART. I.—ANJENGO.

"Territoire d' Anjinga, tu n'es rien ; mais tu as donné naissance à Eliza ! Un jour, ces entrepôts . . . ne subsisteront plus, mais, si mes écrits ont quelque durée, le nom d' Anjinga restera dans le mémoire des hommes."

*Alfred Raynal, Histoire Philosophique des Deux Indes, tome, ii. p. 72.*

FEW names are so unfamiliar to-day as Anjengo. It is true that we may see in booksellers catalogues, unbought and unread, the volume of Raynal's History, which contains his rhapsody over the faded factory. But the place never inherited the immortality he predicted, and both his narrative and its object have long ago found their way into the gallery of things forgotten. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to be reminded of its chequered fortunes and its romantic associations. The spot itself is nothing more than an insignificant fishing village on a strip of British territory imbedded in the native state of Travancore, seventy miles north of Cape Comorin. But this ruin was the site of one of the most important settlements of the East India Company in their mercantile days, and the centre from which English influence spread to the country powers of the Pepper Coast. At the time of its foundation, in 1684, it took precedence next to Bombay Castle, and its earlier chiefs ranked as second in council in the western presidency. In 1776, however, Anjengo, with its neighbour, Tellicherry, was reduced to the status of a Residency : and in 1810 it ceased to exist as a commercial dépôt. It is now incorporated in the Madras district of Malabar. The diary of the factory is still extant, and we can sit out a complete act of the progress of the British "half and quarter emperors," who in their lifetime got their good things and are now forgotten. But any modern Azrael who spreads his wings and sails into this convocation of ghosts will find more to attract him in a lady who has come down to posterity with a thin volume of letters under her arm, immortalised by the genius of Sterne, than in all these middle-

class magnificoes with their balemarks and invoices and their lists of outlandish merchandise.\*

Eliza Draper naturally figures as the heroine of this sentimental city: but among its lesser celebrities are Orme, the historian, and the unremembered Forbes, grand-father of Montalembert and himself an author of no mean eminence. We are transported back a hundred and fifty years to the sunny settlement by the side of the quiet backwater. We can fancy ourselves visiting Eliza in her modest parlour and watching with her the Company's "grabs and gallivats" tossing at anchor in the offing. Many old friends walk its streets. We seem quite at home with little Orme and his bearer, and are ready to discuss affairs of State with his father, Alexander, the head of the factory, and his Portuguese linguister. It may be that Forbes will invite us to accompany him in one of his favourite excursions to the foot of the ghauts, "towering in rude magnificence," or to the Quilon and Eddowa heights, where we may see the sun rise as we sit, and admire the view from the rustic villa of the English chief. If we elect to remain in Anjengo, we may perhaps encounter the local ghost, a sun-dried old country captain, who comes, "chewing his beetle and smoaking his cherute," from the burying-ground to the battery, and sits in moody contemplation on the masonry steps of the dismantled flagstaff. Last of all, we may fall to speculating over the identity of Joseph Toller, who has scratched his name for the mystification of forgetful posterity on a window pane of the dilapidated Residency.

The commercial glories of Anjengo have long been a thing of the past. The defects of its situation soon became apparent, and were aggravated by the extreme difficulty of access, which was only possible through a heavy and dangerous surf. James Forbes, its most famous resident, was nearly drowned in landing, and relates in feeling language how he was flung on the shore by the fury of the rollers. Colonel Welsh, of the Madras army, the author of a forgotten book of Indian reminiscences, who approached it, in 1819, from the land-side, had to swim rivers and breast torrents before he could arrive at his destination. The breakers he describes as "really tremendous and if possible, more terrific than at Madras," and the whole coast "looked dreary and desolate."

No ships now utilise the insecure anchorage, and the port of call for trading steamers is Collachel, an old Danish possession in a diminutive bay, some distance down the littoral, which did not pass into English hands until it was ceded, together

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\* What, for instance, can be made out of items such as the following—"aunneketchies, callawapores, doreas, moorees, percaulas, putton ketchies, sassergates, sastracundees, and tarnatannes."

with Tranquebar and Serampore, in 1845. The turtle who come to lay their eggs in the moonlight on the foreshore, and a handful of poverty-stricken Christian fishermen, who devote one-third of their Friday's haul to Mother Church, are now the sole inhabitants of Anjengo. All that is left of the town is a row of squalid houses, and the only street is a dead man's walk between the forsaken flagstaff and the crumbling cemetery, with the backwater on one side and the ocean on the other.\* The surrounding sand-hills are covered with a profusion of cocoanut trees, from which circumstance the town derives its Malayalam name of the city of "five cocoanuts" (*ancku tennu*). In Malabar, from the crown of the tree to the root, every portion of the coco-palm is devoted to a distinct purpose. The oil from the nuts, the nuts themselves, the fibres, the leaves, the stem, and the toddy, are one and all appropriated to the service of the thrifty inhabitants, who assert that the uses of their "tree of life" are as many as the days of the year.

In the annals of this forgotten settlement the name of Forbes holds a prominent place, although the period of his actual residence was short. He was appointed member of Council at Anjengo in February, 1772, but quitted his post at the expiry of a year, as the climate did not agree with his health. "I was not partial," he writes, "to Anjengo as a residence, and the situation I held afforded no emolument equal to the sacrifice of my friends and a delightful society at Bombay." He left India in 1784, after a service of twenty years, and spent his leisure in preparing the materials for his "Oriental Memoirs." It is said that they consisted of 150 folio volumes comprising 52,000 pages, but the book itself was mercifully limited to four portly quartos, profusely illustrated by the author. While travelling on the Continent in 1803 after the Peace of Amiens, he was interned at Verdun with other English prisoners, but was released at the special intercession of Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society (of which he was a member), on the ground of his being a distinguished man of letters. He died in 1819, having devoted the last years of his life to the education of his grandson, the celebrated Montalembert, whose Catholicism was marked with so deep an impress of the sturdy Protestant piety of his Scottish forbear.

Four miles from Anjengo lies Attinga, the hereditary domain of the Tamburetti, or eldest Princess of Travancore, who formerly possessed the sovereignty of the country, and with whom the earliest pepper-contracts of the

\* There are three tombs of any interest in Anjengo cemetery. The oldest is that of Deborah Brabourne (1704), wife of the first Chief, John Brabourne. Adjoining the graveyard is the Goanese Church of St. Peter, locally famous for its old paintings,

factory were made. As far back as 1684, the English Company obtained from the Rani the site of Anjengo proper. Eleven years later, the merchants received permission to erect their fort, the cannon of which commanded the river, the main artery of traffic, as well as the shipping in the roadstead. Affiliated to the factory were the minor ports of Eddowa\* Collachel and Brinjohn, the last of which deserves to be remembered if only for the quaint uncommonness of its name. In 1721, Cottadilly was ceded, in satisfaction of the murder of Mr. Gyfford, chief of Anjengo, and his party, who had gone to present in person their customary tribute to the Attinga Rani. All were cut off, except a few black servants, "whose heels and language saved them from the massacre." The settlement was then attacked, and was most valiantly defended by Gunner Ince, who kept the besiegers at bay until relieved by Mr. Adams, chief of the neighbouring factory of Tellicherry, and maternal uncle of the historian Orme. The successor of Gyfford at Anjengo was, in fact, Orme's father, who had come to India as an adventurer, and, proving himself useful to the factors of Calicut in his capacity of surgeon, had been successfully recommended by them to the Court of Directors for employment, as "a very capable and ingenious person that would be extraordinarily serviceable to our masters and us in sickness."

Among the old records are copies of treaties between the British and the Travancore kings, in which the relationship of Dr. Alexander Orme and Mr. Robert Adams is expressly stated. They had married two sisters of the name of Hill, and the physician's second son, who was born on Christmas Day, 1728, was named Robert, after his uncle, while the mother of Robert Bouchier, afterwards governor of Bombay, is stated to have been his sponsor. The little boy was of a sickly constitution, and his connection with Anjengo was not of long duration. He was sent home when scarcely two years old, and placed under the care of his aunt Adams, whose residence in Cavendish-square afterwards passed into the possession of her descendants, the Earls of Gainsborough. His school days were spent at Harrow, which he entered at

\* That eighteenth-century Sinbad, Captain Hamilton, who visited Anjengo in 1708, has left an unflattering picture of Eddowa in his "New Account of the East Indies" (1746): "Erwa lies two Leagues to the southward of Coiloan (Quilon), where the Danes have a small Factory. It is a thatch'd House of a very mean Aspect, and their Trade answers, every Way, to the Figure their Factory makes." The book of adventures of this worthy mariner, who "applied himself to the Study of nautical Affairs in Neptune's School, and in Process of Time, came to be a Master of Arts in that University," is most diverting, and quite in keeping with his opening announcement, in which he tells us that "a Book without a Preface, now a Days, is as unfashionable as a Lady to pretend to be dress'd *à la mode* without a Hoop, or a nice Beau without a Snuff-box."

the unusual age of six ; and his subsequent career as historiographer to the Company is well known. He returned to India as a Writer, and rose to be fourth in Council at Madras, where his signature is still to be seen in the consultation-books of Fort St. George : but he never revisited his birthplace, and the whole of his service was passed on the Eastern Coast. He died in London, in 1801, and descendants of his, of Eurasian blood, are said to survive in the town of Madras. Robert Orme, a namesake of the historian, was the Hon'ble Company's solicitor and clerk of the Crown in the first quarter of the century, and the pedigree-hunter may still come across the name in the local vestry records and obituary lists.

Dr. Alexander Orme left Anjengo in 1729, the year following his son's birth. The next fifteen years of the Factory's existence were mainly occupied by the prolonged struggle between the English, the French, and the Dutch Companies for the monopoly of the pepper and piece-goods trade : but it is not to these dead and gone commercial rivalries that Anjengo owes her place in history. Eliza Draper's name still retains its interest for the old-fashioned person who relishes such literary lumber as the works of Sterne. Not so long ago one of the London Magazines instructed, and, perhaps, amused, its readers with gossip about her career. But much was left unsaid, and few have remembered her birthplace on the Malabar Coast, her parentage, or her maiden name. Although the gap has not yet been completely filled, the credit for piecing together the lost pedigree is reserved for the fifty-fourth and most recent volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Here, for the first time, are the facts correctly stated. Her father, as Mr. Sidney Lee tells us in his article on Sterne, was May Sclater, an ancestor of the lately ennobled house of Basing. Several members of the family have been connected in the past with Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as scholars or fellows, and a valuable piece of plate, presented to the College by one of Eliza's relatives and still in use, serves to perpetuate a circumstance of more than ordinary or academic interest.

May Sclater arrived in India on August 17, 1736, at the age of seventeen. Two years later, he rose to be Assistant-Secretary at Bombay Castle. His wife was a Miss Whitehill. The precise name of her father is uncertain ; but it is probable that she was the daughter of Charles Whitehill, who arrived in India in 1715, and, twenty years later, was land-paymaster and seventh in Council at Bombay, William Wake, the then Chief of Anjengo, being sixth. On April 5, 1744, their daughter Elizabeth was born at Anjengo. It does not appear



in what capacity Mr. Sclater was attached to the factory\* ; but the name of Thomas Whitehill, Eliza's maternal uncle, occurs as Chief of Anjengo from 1759 to 1769, and it was there he died in the latter year. From the fact that Eliza was Indian-born, it has been customary to speak of her as an East-Indian : and an unsupported Masulipatam tradition describes her as a "fair Eurasian with soft dark eyes." It is unfortunate that the three portraits of Mrs. Draper which are known to have existed, have not been preserved : but probably all that is true in the expression applied to her is that she was (in Anglo-Indian parlance) of Europe blood and country birth. There is nothing to show that she was anything more than what the French would term a *créole*, or, in other words, *née dans une colonie*. As a matter of fact, she was taken to England at an early age, and did not return to India until she was thirteen. The deserted Portuguese bungalow on the lagoon, immediately under the eastern face of Anjengo Fort, is said to be the house in which she was born. Here Colonel Welsh lodged, on the occasion of his visit in 1819. It was, he tells us in his naivest manner, the remembrance of the Abbé Raynal's apostrophe to Sterne's Eliza that made him "somewhat desirous of visiting this place." There was little else to attract him, for in 1810 the factory had been abolished, and the town was in a hopeless decline. The reflections of the traveller were in harmony with his surroundings : "*Sic transit gloria mundi*. Time has now left no traces of a woman whose name has been most capriciously handed down to futurity by two eccentric priests, who might have employed their talents on a much better subject, as far as we can learn at this distant period. Still, in spite of my disapprobation of Lawrence Sterne's heroine, I found myself mechanically led to seek some relique, and actually robbed a broken window of two or three pieces of oyster shell, or mother of pearl, in memento of my visit to the birth-place of Eliza Draper. Another century, and even the site of the house will be washed away, or mingled with promiscuous ruins : while Sterne's writings will last to the end of this sublunary sphere : a proof to after-ages, of his transcendent wit, his energetic feelings, and, I am sorry to add, his unfortunate depravity."

To-day misshapen masses of stone are all that remain to mark the spot, and jungle-grass grows over the discoloured floor of the shrine at which the highly moral Colonel paid

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\* In the statement of salaries due to the Hon'ble Company's servants on the Bombay Establishment from July, 1738, to January, 1739, May Sclater's name is entered, but there is no mention of his name in subsequent statements. It would appear that in the beginning of 1739, he was appointed to some subordinate factory, but, as the records of these outstations are most incomplete, it becomes impossible to trace his career.

his unwilling devoirs. The "capital Government House and the commodious square" of eighty years ago are replaced by a cluster of miserable huts and a mound of ruins.

There is less desolation at Tellicherry, where a house in the citadel is still pointed out, as it was to Welsh, as the one Eliza inhabited during the time of her husband's chiefship. Posterity has canonized other localities made famous by their association with Sterne's divinity. At Masulipatam, the road outside the civil station, where the quality of the Settlement "eat the air" of an evening, long possessed an interesting memorial of former days in "Eliza's Tree." The disastrous storm-wave of 1864, which is still kept in remembrance by the cyclone-monument in the Fort, swept away this ancestral landmark of Eliza's sojourn at Bunder with her uncle Whitehill. On the opposite side of India, Mazagon House, in Bombay, was long regarded as a literary rendezvous, until its demolition in 1874.\*

Of her husband, Daniel Draper, a good deal is known. He arrived in India in 1750, and must have been twice as old as Eliza when he married her, on July 28, 1758. She was then fourteen, the same age as another Indian-born celebrity, Catherine Werlée, when she became Mrs. Grand. Draper appears to have been, from all accounts, one of those typical mediocrities who came to the country to make money and succeeded in doing so. He filled in turn the usual routine appointments of the Indian official of the day, and, soon after his marriage, became paymaster of maritime accounts at Bombay. At the time of his retirement in 1782, after thirty-two years' service, he had risen to be second in Council in the Presidency, and died as late as 1805, in St. James's Street, London, where, no doubt, he had long posed as a representative nabob. About the time he was auditing marine accounts, a more famous namesake of his was campaigning in the Carnatic. This was Sir William Draper, the eponymous hero of the 79th, or Draper's, regiment, whose officers lie buried in many a South Indian churchyard, and whose exploits are recorded by their colonel in a classic cenotaph on Clifton Downs. He held the King's, and not the Company's, commission, and was the captor of Manila in 1762. Later on in life, his immoderate and maladroit partisanship of Lord Granby drew down upon him the invective of Junius.

The first years of Eliza's married life were passed in Bombay. In 1765, however, Daniel Draper found himself compelled to return to England with his family. He had contracted an

\* Maria Graham writes in her journal (edition of 1813): "Mazagong House, a leading mark into the Harbour. It is interesting to the admirers of sentimental writings as the house from which Sterne's Eliza eloped, and perhaps may call forth the raptures of some future pensive traveller, as the sight of Anjengo does that of the Abbé Raynal, when he remembers that it is the birth-place of Eliza."

attack of writer's cramp, which developed into resident rheumatism, and to the end of his days his signature was singularly tottering and shaky. When at home, the opportunity was taken to place their children, William and Betsy, at school : and then the father made his return voyage alone, leaving Eliza with friends. It is now that the episode of her life begins. Her chief chaperone was a Mrs. Anne James, the wife of a retired Indian commodore, who had served against Angria and his pirates, and had taken part in the relief of Calcutta by Admiral Watson and Clive\*. His naval career is fully set out by Orme ; and a copy of that "elegant history" was once sent by Sterne to his daughter Lydia for her perusal. Captain James, as became a future chairman of the Hon'ble Company and a baronet, lived in considerable style in Gerrard Street, Soho, and was a person of consequence in London Society. It was at his house that Yorick and Eliza first met. A fashionable lady nabob was then quite a rarity, and Sterne's curiosity was excited by the sprightliness and individuality of Mrs. Draper. His interest in her rapidly grew into a more mercurial passion. To use his own phrase, he "patriarched" it with his "bramine" companion, and made her the object of much epistolary affection. The following *confessio viatoris*, which occurs in the Amiens chapter of the *Sentimental Journey*, is characteristic : "It had ever been one of the singular blessings of my life to "be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some "one : and, my last flame happening to be blown out by a "whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I "had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza." But Sterne, general lover though he candidly confesses himself to be, was not alone in his admiration. Forbes, a pious and sober Scotchman, who met Eliza in later years, speaks of her refined taste and elegant accomplishments as requiring no panegyric from his pen. This enthusiasm may have been exaggerated ; but there was something thoroughly genuine in it. The age was one of sentimentality, and not only Sterne but Jane Austen introduced the prevailing spirit into the titles of their books. Eliza left England in the *Earl of Chatham*, East Indiaman, which sailed from the Downs on the third of April, 1767. Although it was barely a couple of months since she had made the acquaintance of Sterne, she had evidently produced the deepest impression. He busied himself to the last in providing luxuries and comforts ; not forgetting the indispensable deck-chair and wall-pegs for the cabin, of which he appropriated two for his own use, in order that he might "never hang or

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\* James had himself visited Anjengo on his return journey to Bombay after the rout of Surajah Daulah. His surgeon and shipmate on the *Rewange* was the good Dr. Ives, the chronicler of the pathetic story of Billy Speke, whose grave lies next to that of Admiral Watson and of Job Charnock in St. John's Churchyard, Calcutta.

take his hat off one of them, without thinking of her." His last farewell came in a packet of ship's letters, to be delivered on board by Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot, immediately the "Deal machine" arrived. The extent of his anxieties may be judged from his fear that the fresh painting of the state-room would be pernicious to his *Dulcinea's* health. Nor did his interest cease with separation. From the day they parted, he opened a journal of his movements and doings, specially composed for her amusement. This record was sent out in portions, and was to be her refuge "when weary with fools and uninteresting discourse." It is strange that Thackeray, who saw this curious compilation, should have made no use of it for his lecture upon English humourists : for it reveals in a marked degree the many weaknesses and peculiarities of its whimsical author.

Among the passengers by the Indiaman were a Miss Light, and a susceptible young soldier, whose presence led Sterne to prophesy that, before they had sailed together a fortnight, the amorous son of Mars would fall in love with his fair companion. The registers of Fort St. George, however, show that on January 19, 1768, Miss Hester Eleanora Light was married to George Stratton, a Company's servant, who afterwards acted as Governor of Madras during the eight stormy days that followed upon the deposition of Lord Pigot. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the husband of Eliza's shipmate should have been succeeded as Governor by no less a person than her uncle, John Whitehill, with whom she stayed at Masulipatam. He was twice Governor for short periods, and obtained an inauspicious notoriety by his connection with the Nuzveed Zemindary scandal, which led, in 1783, to the introduction against him in Parliament of a bill of pains and penalties. Upon Whitehill's dismissal by Warren Hastings, the place was given to Thomas Rumbold from Bengal, a typical adventurer, who began life as a tide-waiter in the London Docks, and ended it as a millionaire and a baronet.

In the following year (1768) Sterne died. We are so accustomed, in his letters, to hear of his frequent illnesses, that it is no surprise to learn that Death, after knocking so often at his door, should at last have found admittance. As for Eliza herself, after living so long in a Utopia of gallantry, it is hardly to be wondered at that she soon ceased to find attraction in the society of her prosaic husband, or in the atmosphere of an isolated Indian factory. Intellectual occupation was not, however, altogether denied her ; and an interesting letter is still extant, written in 1769 from Tellicherry, where her husband was Chief in Council. It is always good to come across a letter written by a person who can write a letter, and Eliza's

acquaintance with many of the actors in the stirring scenes of those times, furnished her with topics of more than passing interest. Her energetic description of "the gloriously hated Hodges," Governor of Bombay, is no less striking than her estimate of Hyder Ally Cawn, as "really a very clever and enterprising Man, accustomed to face and conquer Europeans, having for his secret adviser one of the best politicians in India, Governor Laws of Pondicherry\*, who, it is imagined, has always plan'd each of his campaigns." "The attitude of the gentlemen of Bengal," and of "the Madrassers," is contrasted with the half-hearted policy of Hodges, "a poor despicable creature in every respect, and as unfit for a Governor as I am for an Archbishop."

Eliza not only wrote sound sense and capital English, but her handwriting is admirable. For a woman of twenty-five, her intellect was singularly observant and receptive, and the glimpses into history which her letters afford will bear favourable comparison with the vivacious chronicles of Gibbon's girl-correspondent, Maria Josepha Holroyd. Sterne showed his friend's letters to half the *litterati* in town, and asserted that, when in straits, he would publish them as finished essays by an unfortunate Indian lady.

As time went on, her husband's common-place society grew more and more irksome to Eliza. Although she so far accommodated herself to his circumstances as to serve as his amanuensis, it does not appear that she ever found his company or his career congenial. She chafed at her Indian exile, as the prospect grew more and more remote of exchanging her situation for an independence in England, which, as she writes, "I hope I am in the way of obtaining and may accomplish in six or seven years." Eventually, in spite of Draper's precautions, she managed to elude his vigilance, and on January 12, 1773, made her escape from the upper window of his house in Bombay. Many fanciful versions are current of this so-called clopement; but it is altogether improbable that Eliza compromised herself in any way, beyond somewhat indiscreetly availing herself of the assistance of Captain Sir John Clerk, of the Indian Navy. Her city of refuge for the ensuing twelve months was her uncle Whitehill's residence at Masulipatam†, where she gave her name to the tree

\* Jean Law de Lauriston, a son of the financier, after whom a street is still named in Pondicherry. He was appointed Governor in 1765, on the restitution of the place to the French by the Treaty of Paris, and held the office until January 1777. Eliza's spelling of the name indicates its French pronunciation (Lass).

† This was the John Whitehill, Governor of Fort St. George, to whom reference has already been made as the hero of the Nuzveed Zemindary scandal. He was chief in Council at Bunder from October 28th to December 11, 1773, and again from April 22, 1774, to January 29, 1776.

under which she spent much of her time and which survived for nearly a century. She subsequently returned to England and died at Bristol, on January 3, 1778. Over her grave in the Cathedral cloisters stands a sculptured monument with the simple inscription : " Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Eliza Draper, in whom genius and benevolence were united."

It was shortly before her death that Eliza made the acquaintance of the eccentric Abbé Raynal, who sang the praises of Anjengo and its departed saint through three closely printed pages of his monumental and (shall it be said?) turgid History. Few authors once so popular have sooner sunk into neglect. Yet the book, many handed performance as it was, and directed against all Governments and all religions, literally took Europe by storm, and was translated into every fashionable language. The fate of the ten volume Geneva edition was sufficiently remarkable to provoke Carlyle to one of his characteristic outbursts : " Loquacious Abbé Raynal, at length, has his wish ; sees the *Histoire Philosophique*, with its ' lubricity,' unverity, loose loud cleutheromaniac rant (contributed, they say, by Philosophedom at large, though in the Abbé's name, and to his glory), burnt by the common hangman ; and sets out on his travels as a martyr. It was the edition of 1781 ; perhaps the last notable book that had such fire-beatitude."

There is an Eastern legend that, when the soul leaves the body, it will first revisit the spot on earth which gave it birth. To complete the picture of Anjengo and its memories of Eliza, we may quote a stray passage from the Asiatic Annual Register for 1803\*. The Mr. John Taddy Dyne, whom it rescues from obscurity, was afterwards one of the last Residents of Anjengo.

" On the 2nd October, a superb launch took place from the building-yard of Mr. Dyne, of Anjengo. The vessel is named the *Anjengo* : her dimensions are 76 feet keel, breadth of beam 25 feet, computed tonnage—carpenter's measurement—260 tons.

" This is the first time that a vessel of such capacious dimensions has been constructed at Anjengo. She is built of the finest Travancore timber, and finished in a style of strength and elegance highly creditable to the science and taste of the ingenious constructor, Captain Jepson, a native of Holstein. The ship's head, a figure of Diana, habited as a huntress, bears the marks of masterly skill in such work.

" The Resident of Anjengo and the Resident at Travancore, with all the fashion and beauty of Anjengo and the vicinity,

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\*The extract is reproduced in Seton-Karr's Selections from Old Calcutta Gazettes, but without the concluding sentence, which gives it its chief interest !

honoured the launch by their presence and applause, and afterwards partook of a cold collation prepared for the occasion by the owner, Mr. Dyne. *The shade of Eliza hovered over the scene.*"

Yours the secret, Anjutinga !

Yours the passed-away renown !  
Serenade without a singer,

Let me take the music down :  
Harpstrings, answer to my finger,  
Through the time-stain'd town !

Fortune was a strange assortress  
In the lives she chose to pair :  
Orme was born within your fortress,  
Forbes was Chief in Council there,  
With Eliza, pretty portress,  
Radiant everywhere.

Classic shade of Sterne's Eliza !  
Folk once fed upon your looks :  
Now, a generation wiser  
Pries not into bye-gone books,  
We who linger, may surprise her  
In these empty nooks.

Old Bombay her praises chaunted,  
Old Bombay and Mazagon ;  
Now, elsewhere her flag is flaunted,  
Lethe-wharf and Acheron ;  
But 'twas here her beauties vaunted  
Budded one by one.

Still across the blue backwater  
Comes the pink approach of day :  
As of old the factor's daughter  
Saw them, still the sunbeams play :  
We have miss'd her, for we sought her  
Only yesterday.

In those curly craft she coasted  
Past Cochin and Alleppee,  
Up to Bunder, which once boasted  
To possess Eliza's tree,  
Happy tree ! by lovers toasted,  
Wreck'd in '63.

Now, forgotten mistress Draper  
Sleeps within her Bristol tomb,  
Past the reach of pens and paper,  
Shovell'd into utter gloom,  
None to light a votive taper  
In the darken'd room.

Otherwhere is this world's wonder,  
Gone the past and out of view :  
Who will reck of last year's thunder,  
Craving after what is new ?  
Abbé, Sterne, Eliza, Bunder,  
They've forgotten you.

JULIAN JAMES COTTON,  
*Madras Civil Service.*

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## ART. II.—LEIGH HUNT'S "ABU BEN ADHEM."

THERE have come to my hand, flotsam and jetsam of other work, a set of records and traditions concerning the "Abu ben Adhem" of Leigh Hunt which have, I believe, been rarely mentioned in English periodical literature. They are apropos just now, when there is a vogue for making of Omar Khayyam and FitzGerald shuttlecocks for every battle-dore. For, in truth, they show a good example of what, in the FitzGerald vein, another writer has done with another thought, and they possess interest and novelty all their own.

The history of Leigh Hunt's poem may be summed up in three points—the author, with heart warm towards all that touched his kind; his immediate source, that compendium of wonders, D'Herbelot's Dictionary, and the publication by Moxon, in 1844, of the poem, with its accompanying foot-note, quoting the passage which inspired it.

Readers who are not familiar with Arabic or Persian nomenclature will not consider it intrusive, if I dwell for a moment upon the name used by Hunt; because the form "Abu ben Adhem" cannot be excused on any ground other than that of metrical exigency. The hero of the story, who is a real personage, has for a minimum of style the names Abu Ishaq, Ibrāhīm, bin Adham. The maximum runs back up the family tree in the manner of the genealogies in Hebrew Scripture. "Abū Ishaq"—technically the *kanyat*—is a surname, indicating fatherhood, and here means "Father of Isaac": "Bin Adham"—"son of Adham"—is the common patronymic. The individual's name was Ibrāhīm (Abraham), and one can well understand that this and Ishāq are words a poet would gladly let fall from his verse.

It is not always easy to meet with Leigh Hunt's poem, probably because it does not come within the definition of several popular anthologies. For this reason, and also for the pleasure of reproducing a thing so charming, it is here quoted in full.

"Abu Ben Adham (may his tribe increase !)

"Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

"And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

"Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

"An angel, writing in a book of gold :—

"Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

"And to the presence in the room he said :

"'What writest thou ?'—The vision raised its head,

"And with a look, made of all sweet accord,  
 "Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
 "'And is mine one?' said Abu, 'Nay, not so,'  
 "Replied the Angel. Abu spoke more low,  
 "But cheerily still; and said 'I pray thee, then,  
 "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'  
 "The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,  
 "It came again with a great wakening light,  
 "And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.  
 "And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

If, now, we turn to the sources of the story which is the basis of Hunt's poem, we shall see what this owes to its latest expositor, and by addition of what modern element it has been brought into line with the ideas of the 19th century. As the foot-note mentioned already shows, Hunt's immediate source is the tale as told by D'Herbelot in his account of Ibrāhīm bin Adhem (s. v. Adem.)

"On rapporte de lui (Abu ishhaq-bin-Adham) qu'il vit, en songe, un ange que écrivoit et qui lui ayant demandé ce qu'il faisoit, cet ange répondit; "J'écris le nom de ceux qui aiment sincèrement Dieu, tels que sont Malek bin Dinar, Maber-al-Benani, Aioud-al-Sakhtiani etc.:" Alors il dit à l'ange, "Ne suis-je point parmi ces gens là?" "Non," lui i répondit l'ange. "Hé bien!" répliqua-t-il, "écrivez-moi, je vous prie, en qualité d'ami de ceux qui aiment Dieu." L'on ajoute que le même ange révéla bientôt après, qu'il avait reçu ordre de Dieu de le mettre à la tête de tous les autres."

It is a far cry from the French savant of the 17th century to Ibrāhīm, who first drew breath in Balkh in the eighth century. The story, however, reappears again and again down the intervening line of Arabic and Persian hagiologies. It is sufficient for the purpose of a brief criticism of some changes made by various authors, if I name three only of the numerous recorders of the same story. These are;—(1) Yāru-l-lāh Zamakhshārī, who seems to be D'Herbelot's authority. He is said to have been born in 1074 (A. H. 467) and died in about 1142 (A. H. 537). He mentions Ibrāhīm in his *Rabīʿ-l-abrār*, or Springtime of the Just. (2). Faridu-d-dīn Attār. He is said to have been born in 1119 (A. H. 513) and to have been murdered in 1230 (A. H. 627). He writes at great length of Ibrāhīm in one of the most renowned of his many books, the *Tazkiratu-l-auliyya*, or Lives of the Saints. (3). Prince Dārā Shikoh, that eldest son of Shāh Jahān whose romantic and individual charm tempt one to discursiveness. He was born in 1615 (A. H. 1024) and murdered by his brother, Aurangzib, in 1659 (A. H. 1069). He writes of Ibrāhīm in his *Safīnatu-l-auliyya*, or ship of the Saints.

Each of these writers sets his individual mark on the story. Fairūd-ud-dīn names the angel as being the great Gabriel ; and both he and Prince Dārā (who in some respects copies him) agree in one point which sets their version higher in spiritual sentiment than Leigh Hunt's. Hunt's angel writes and vanishes, going away to learn the Divine command. Farīdu-d-dīn makes the angel receive the order into his silent thought and in Ibrāhīm's presence. Dārā, without uttering the ineffable name, makes a Divine voice issue the command. Is there room here for the suggestion that between the days of Zamakhshārī (whom Hunt follows) and Farīdu-d-dīn, the less material conception of a near Divine presence had come to sway religious thought? The variation on this point, *mutatis mutandis*, recalls FitzGerald's fusing and recasting. Leigh Hunt renews the older conception of a remote and localised Deity to whose Court angels made report and from whom commands were brought by winged messengers to mortals. In this point, one may call Hunt's poem retrograde from Farīdu-d-dīn and Dārā's.

But let us now see what Hunt has done, under the clear impulse of modern ideas, with Zamakhshārī's story. His essential change is one of the ideal ; the saints of a creed are supplanted by the children of God. D'Herbelot's Musalman loves certain named individuals, and his sentiment is limited by creed and person. Probably this is a truer view of his manner of regarding his fellow-creatures than the one attributed to him by Hunt. But thoughts grow and fructify beyond the grasp of their early spokesmen. Leigh Hunt was born when the idea of human brotherhood was far less potent than now, and when it had to struggle with pains and penalties at the hands of the society of which it is, in truth, the antiseptic breath. But he stepped out of the circle of Musalman isolation, and he drew no other to set premature bounds to the thought of the Divine love. One might say that he looked at his fellow men by the X rays of sympathy, and so saw jewels invisible through the translucency of Muhammadanism.

Looked at as it stands, Hunt's poem is a beautiful setting for a thought which to-day has become a working-power ; the altruism which has rent caste prejudice and set the social spirit free, and which has prompted the gracious and loveable advance of learning towards inculture, which plants the University settlement and comrade enterprises. Hunt's words are in harmony with all this and much more, within and without our nation ; and for this reason they lift the heart and carry hope beyond Lessing's dictum, because it now seems to hear, from several quarters, the not uncertain sound of the coming Religion of Christ.

The shaping and broidery of the Englishman's poem are charming and his own. The scene colours under the artist hand. First it is steeped in cold moonlight, and in this lies the aged sleeper, himself chilled in his fires of life. Lo! the angel! and, from the lily symbol, we divine a stately presence, a golden auricle, a clear-eyed gaze. Because he made the moonlight rich, we know his own radiance. The finished picture glows as though the artist had worked out the Muhammadan fancy, that the angels are fashioned of light. Few poems lead the eye so pleasantly to the central accessory, which is here the golden book. The brevity of its diction is itself an aid; so, too, is a certain slightness of grammatical construction which lets the colour of each descriptive clause brim over.

What soul, chilled in the unsunned spaces of the Pilgrimage, would not welcome an angel visitant who, from such a volume, might, perhaps, read the tally of our deeds and so give guidance. But the golden book and the radiant angel are not the modern vesture for the thought which still has us in its grip; for the faith that is in us convinces us that the account is kept and our balance struck in the unbound volume of existence where "all that is at all, lasts ever past recall". This saying of Rabbi bin Ezra, and its hint, broadened by Lowell into the conjecture that man makes his immortality, are floating threads awaiting the loom of some future poet-weaver.

Let us now put together some of the biographical material which is within our easy reach, and let us see what manner of man is screened by Hunt's words, and whose breath has given them life.

Spite of all that reverence and romance have done to obscure the fact, Ibráhm bin Adham seems to have been a historical personage. He was a Sultán of Balkh, and, although the statement may seem to relegate him to fairyland, his life was in part contemporary with that of Hárúnu-r-rashíd. He is said to have lived to be 110 years old—presumably lunar years—and to have died in about 777 (A.H. 161). He was, then, living when Offa made his dyke from Wye to Dee, which one must admit seems long ago, and sufficiently so for much mist of fable and forgetfulness to have obscured the facts of his existence. At this point in his story, mention of his parentage is due; and, as what is recorded about it is far too delightful to be scouted into contemptuous omission because, forsooth, it is incredible, I shall tell the tale as it is told in two Persian works. (*Sairu'l-iktáb* and *Khazina'l-afsiya*).

Our old friend Scheherazada would have called Ibráhm's father a calender, but, at the instance of the Oriental Congress, Shahrzada would now write him down a qalandar—(a monkish

beggar). Adham is said to have renounced the world; but he did not renounce the whole of it, or where would have been the love story we have to tell? The biographical fragments we possess call him, nevertheless, a qalandar, and we may picture him as learned in theology; poor, and, by his creed's custom, a beggar unashamed. We first hear of him as constructing a hut outside the gates of Balkh, and here he dwelt alone. We know, too, that he claimed descent from Ali, a son-in-law of the prophet.

One day, the king's daughter was returning from a visit to a garden outside the walls of Balkh. Adham stood aside to let her cortège pass, when a strong wind lifted the curtain of her litter and revealed to him a face which might move the envy of Houris. Straight to the target of his heart flew the arrow of love. He followed the litter and saw the princess alight at a house in the city. He made enquiry: "Whose house is this? and who is the lady?" "It is the palace, and the lady is the daughter of the king."

On the next durbar day, the beggar presented himself in the hall of audience. The king took note of him and sent his Vizier to ask his business. Adham answered that he wished to marry the king's daughter. The Vizier was dumbfounded and returned to his place and kept silence. Then the king said: "I sent you to ask a question; have you nothing to tell?" "There are things which cannot be spoken," was the reply. At last, as the king grew urgent, the Vizier disclosed the wish of the beggar. Adham was called to the foot of the throne and the king told him that, as he was a descendant of Ali, there could be no objection to giving him the princess; but that there was a form in all such matters, and that he must then go away and return after a few days. Adham went to his hut, overjoyed at the reception given to his suit. In a short time, he again presented himself at the durbar. The king saw him and said to the Vizier: "There is that qalandar come again. What is to be done?" The counsellor represented that to give the princess was impossible, for this would arouse the anger of all neighbouring sovereigns. "But my promise! my promise!" said the king. "Leave it to me! leave it to me. I will settle it," said the Vizier. Then he took the beggar aside out of the presence and told him that no objection was made to his marrying the princess, but that the wedding was delayed because no match could be found to a pearl which he showed to Adham, and the princess wanted a pair of pearl earrings. "If you can get another pearl to match this, the princess is yours."

Adham set out on his quest and went to the sea—presumably the Persian Gulf. He took the cup in which he was accustomed to receive the alms of the charitable, and with it he began

to ladle out the sea upon the shore. But the pearl of his desire did not come to his hand, and, after a few days, he thought of drowning himself. He had neither eaten nor slept since he began his quest, and he now stood on the shore, despairingly thinking of death. Suddenly Khizr, that grandson of Elias who plays so many parts in Eastern fable, appeared and asked him his grief; heard the whole story, and vanished. Then a wave rolled to Adham's feet, bearing innumerable pearl oyster shells. From these, Adham took out twelve gems, each finer and larger than the king's. He hid them in his high cap and started for Balkh. Day and night he travelled and came to the city while it was still dark. He counted the hours till he could get admission to the king's presence.

When he entered the durbar hall, the king asked him what he wanted. He showed his glorious pearls and said: "You asked for but one; here are twelve. Now do you do your part in the matter." The king was in no way willing to give his child to a beggar, and again took counsel with the Vizier, who again repeated that it was impossible. Then the Vizier led Adham from the hall and, taking him apart, abused him, saying: "Vile wretch! do you think a princess is for such a miserable being as you?" Then, true to the traditional villainy of his class, he took away the pearls; had the suitor beaten by the door-keepers and driven forth with the warning that, if he returned, it would be at risk of his life. The helpless qalandar retired to his hut, and the story-teller interjects the proverb: "The anger of the poor man is on the poor man's soul."

An hour had not elapsed before the princess fell sick, and, spite of all the doctors could do, she died. Her father sent for his Vizier and upbraided him, clearly because he saw the hand of retribution in his loss. The Vizier hung his head in shame and sorrow. But what was done could not be helped, and the dead body was carried outside the walls to the grave; lights were lit, incense burned, and readers of the Koran appointed.

Meantime love suffered not the qalandar to sleep. He rose and went to the tomb. By Divine might, a sleep so profound fell upon the guardians, that the birds of their souls might seem to have escaped from the cage of their bodies. The lover took advantage of this; he entered the chamber, took up the body and carried it to his hut. Here he laid it on a plank such as is used before internment (*takht-i-chob*), lighted a lamp, and stood, each hair an eye, to gaze upon his love. He wept and lamented for the holder of his heart (*dildar*). The night was half-gone, when

there came to the hut a physician without peer. He was journeying from Greece to Balkh, and, being belated, could not enter the city till the gates opened at dawn. He had seen from afar the glimmer of the faqir's lamp and had made for it. When Adham heard his steps, he hid himself in the underground chamber (*sard-āba*) where he kept cool his drinking water. He feared that spies of the king were coming after him. The Greek entered and saw no one but the fairy-faced, moonlike woman, stretched, as if dead, on the burial plank. He took the lamp and read in the book of her countenance that she was not dead. He opened a vein and a few drops of blood oozed forth. She unclosed her eyes, and, at sight of the stranger, drew her veil over her face, and said: "Oh father! what is this? How did I come here? What means this shroud? and this wooden plank and this beggar's hut?" "My daughter! I know no more than you do, for I am a stranger from a distant land." The qalandar heard the voices, and, looking out from his cellar, saw his beloved sitting up and talking to an old man, white-bearded and mild of face. He came forward, full of joy, and the physician, seeing that he must be the owner of the house, asked the meaning of what he saw. When Adham had told the whole story, the princess knew that she owed her life to him.

The Greek considered for a while and then united the two in the bonds of wedlock. It was now near morning; he departed, leaving the qalandar with his bride. These remained in mutual felicity, and, in due time, Khwāja Sultān Ibrāhīm was born. In appearance he resembled the virtuous lady, his mother. In a few years, his father took him—the Jewel in the path of sovereignty—to school. Now, it happened that, one day, when the king went to examine the school, his eyes rested on the glorious Khwāja. Love for him surged in the royal heart, and the king took the child and carried him to the palace in his arms. In the evening, as her boy did not come back from school, the mother became anxious and urged his father to go in search of him. At the school, Adham learned that the king had taken Ibrāhīm away, and he, too, went to the palace. The king recognised him and said: "You have a wonderful son, and I have so fallen in love with him, that I have carried him off." The qalandar said: "Why should you not love him? He is the child of your daughter." Then he told the whole story. The king thanked heaven and repeated the tale to his wife. Then the princess and the qalandar were brought to the palace, and splendid quarters were assigned to them. The Sultan had no son; so he named Ibrāhīm his successor, and, in the course of time, the son of the beggar and the princess sat upon the throne of Balkh.

The offspring of the resuscitated princess could hardly have been other than remarkable. We, however, now touch solid ground of apparent history again, for Ibrāhīm was a Sultān of Balkh. He succeeded his grandfather in early manhood, and, while still a young man, he turned from the world and became a seeker after God. His conversion does not appear to have been a recoil from evil living. It is attributed to various causes, some of which, it may be of interest to mention. The first takes back our thoughts to the eye of the needle and the rich man.

Once the king was aroused at midnight by a sound on the roof, and, crying out: "Who is there," received the reply: "Friend! I have lost my camel and am looking for it." "How could a camel come on the roof?" "O! unthinking man! thou seekest God lying in a gilded bed and wearing garments of satin. This is more strange than looking for a camel on the roof." Awe fell on the heart of the king and he grew pensive and troubled.

On another day, Sultān Ibrāhīm was giving audience, with the Pillars of his State ranged in order due around him. Suddenly there entered at the door a man of mien so majestic that none might say him nay, and passed to the presence of the king. "What do you want?" asked Ibrāhīm. "I have but alighted at this inn." "This is no inn; it is my palace!" "Whose was it before you?" "My father's." "Whose before that?" "His father's." "Whose before that?" "Such a one's." In this way, the stranger ran over the names of a number of the dead and gone dwellers in the palace, and then demanded. "Is this, then, not an inn? Is it not clear that one comes in and another goes out?" The Sultān became full of anxiety. He followed the stranger, and, when alone with him, asked: "Who art thou?" "I am Khizr." Then great fear fell upon the king and he set his face to the desert.

According to a third story, of which there are various forms, a warning was conveyed to Ibrāhīm whilst he was hunting. It will be best to quote the account, which purports to be autobiographical. It is taken from the "*Annales Muslemici Arabicae et Latinae*." Reiske. *Abū-l-Fada*. Copenhagen. 1790, Vol. II, p. 43.

"In the year 1611, died Ibrāhīm bin Adham bin Mansūr, a contemner of pleasure. By race he was a genuine Arabian; but he was born in Balkh, and, later in his life, dwelt in Syria, where he lived ardently devoted to the Divine worship and remote from the madding crowd. I will here give the account of Ibrāhīm Jasaridae concerning the marvellous conversion of this man to God.



"One day," says Jasaridae, "I asked Ibrahim bin Adham how he attained such sanctity." He replied: "Any question rather than that." I, however, was not repelled by his reproach and urged him more and more till he unwillingly disclosed what follows. "My father," he said, "was a prince in Khurāsān." (This is clearly the adoptive father, the maternal grandfather.) "He was devoted to hunting and inspired me with the same love of the sport. It happened that once, as I rode and the dogs had started a wild animal and were in pursuit, I heard a voice behind me say, 'Ibrāhim! not for this wast thou created nor wert thou commanded to do what thou art now doing.' I drew rein in such astonishment that my hair stood on end. I looked round, and, seeing nothing, adjured the Devil and prayed God to put him to flight. Then I spurred on my horse; but the same words issued from near the peak of my saddle. I stopped and said: 'A warning has been given me from the Lord of the world. In God's name, I will not disregard it.' I left the hunt, went straight home, and, going to one of my father's shepherds, exchanged my clothing for his shirt and cloak. First I visited Irāq, then Syria, and at last went to Tarsus, where a citizen hired me as a gardener. I spent many years in his garden. Whenever I found that I was becoming known, I avoided men."

Abū'l-fada adds this creditable testimony to the real worth of Ibrahim: "He was a most excellent man who did not practise a holiness which was troublesome or burdensome to others. Nor was he a mendicant, but earned his bread by the work of his hands, reaping the harvest of the care for a garden and of delving its earth."

Another version of the hunting story puts into the invisible mouth the words: "Arise! arise before they bid thee arise at thy death." This is, perhaps, an allusion to the angel of the Resurrection.

Whatever the true portent which led Ibrahim to abandon his throne and kingly state, he undoubtedly became subject to that turning of thought which sets the world and its concerns in an ignoble light. He changed the fashion of his garb and struck into the "way," or, as we might put it, adopted the Religious Life.

Ibrāhim made the pilgrimage to Makkah, according to one account, immediately after his conversion. In his fiery zeal, he chose a woeful task to enhance the pains of the journey. He made a thousand genuflections at the end of each mile of his march. Under the best of conditions it is a toilsome journey from Balkh to Makkah. The route was probably by way of Teheran, Hamadan, Kirmān, and so to Baghdād. Then across the grim wastes of Northern Arabia. The pilgrimage spun

out to twelve years. Ibrāhim made no provision for mortal needs ; no companion lightened the solitude ; and he went on foot. Naturally he saw visions and was assailed by temptation, the evil work of demons jealous of his mounting soul. He travelled alone; but each year he must have been overtaken by many a caravan wending its way to the holy city, and he must have met the same pilgrims returning to their homes as Hājīs. What wonder that traditions are rife of a man who kept the pilgrim route in touch with his austerities for more than a decade.

In his article on Ibrahim, D'Herbelot mentions an entertaining encounter between the Kings *in esse* and *in posse* of Baghdād and Balkh. To understand it, we must for a moment take up the story of Hārūn-rashīd. Before his accession (A. D. 786 A. H. 170) he had endured great chagrin at the hands of a brother, and his annoyance had reached such a height, that he vowed a pilgrimage on foot, if this might avail to lift the burden off him. The brother died, and Hārūn succeeded to the throne. Then arose question as to the fulfilment of the vow. Courtiers dissuaded from a task so toilsome ; but theologians declared that the vow must be performed, and performed as made and not absolved by any of the substitutes allowed sometimes by Musalman custom.

The reader will feel no surprise at learning that the path of Hārūn covered itself with carpets ; rather it would be strange if the caliph of the Arabian Nights had lacked any magic aid to comfort.

At some point on the way, Hārūn met with Ibrāhim. It is certain that Ibrāhim was not at the time still making his first pilgrimage, for he had left that far behind him before Hārūn had succeeded his brother. Perhaps, as another story is located on the Tigris, Ibrāhim was resident in the Caliph's dominions and not on his pilgrimage at all. D'Herbelot makes irreconcilable statements about the meeting and leaves them. The chronology of many of the records of the great Dictionary is, in truth, like a house of cards, and falls at a touch.

But still the two men may have met, and at any rate there is the story of the words exchanged.

"How fares it with you ?" asked the Caliph. The Sufi replied by quoting an Arabic quatrain, which I roughly re-produce from D'Herbelot's French version.

"With shreds which we tear from the robe of Religion, we patch this world's rags.

"This we do in such sort, that we leave ourselves nought of the robe of Religion.

"And that which we patch slips from our grasp.

"Happy is the servant who has chosen God for his master.

"And who uses the gifts of to-day only to gain those which he looks for to-morrow!"

This greeting from the meagrely clad devotee can hardly have failed to emphasize the ease of the Caliph's pilgrim path.

We must now return to the first journey made by Ibrāhīm to Makkah. When he reached the holy city, he enrolled himself amongst the disciples of a celebrated Sufi teacher, Fazail bin Iyāz. This was a converted sinner whose youth had been passed in highway robbery, and whose heart received grace to repent when, by chance, he heard a voice reciting the Koran as he was escalading a house where he had clearly no right to be. Yet he attained to the highest degree of saintly dignity. Under Fazail, Ibrāhīm steeped himself in the ideas of the Sufis. It is said of him that he put on the ragged garment of desire after the Unseen; slept little, and lived austere; perhaps his restrictions may be measured from one which is named;—he cooked vegetables without salt and ate them.

Time did nothing to lessen his reputation for sanctity. Prince Dārā and later writers carry on the story, and Dārā says that his dignity and greatness could not be brought within the bounds of speech or writing.

It is a matter of course that of such a man many miracles should be recorded. I choose one of these which seems entertaining. The scene is the bank of the Tigris, where the dervish sat, mending his clothes with needle and thread, and surrounded by envoys from his deserted Balkh who were urging his return. By way of reply, Ibrāhīm flung his needle into the river and asked the envoys to get it back. "You are lords of this world, get me my needle." The ex-king pressed home the lesson of his abdication. He called out: "O! fishes of the river! bring me my needle." Immediately thousands of fish, each bearing a silver needle in its mouth, put their heads above the water. "I want my own," said the saint. Then a little fish brought out the identical common tool which Ibrāhīm had cast away. "This!" said he to the envoys, "this is the least of the things I have gained by losing Balkh. My sway is wide as the world. I care not for yours."

Passing on now from these stories, we may quote something which indicates the inner life of the devotee\*.

Ibrāhīm, fils d' Adham, dit un jour à quelqu'un : "Voulez-vous devenir *wali* ?" "Oui", répondit cet homme. "Eh bien !" repondit Ibrāhīm, "ne désirez aucune chose de la vie présente, ni de la vie future ; videz vous, pour Dieu seul, de toute autre

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\* *Nafahatu-l-uns*. Silvestre de Sacy. *Notices et Extra its*. Vol. XII, p. 320.

chose, et approchez vous de lui. Ne désirez ni ce monde ni Je l'autre ; car tout désir de ces choses te détourne de Dieu ; détachez vous de tout, pour l'amour du maître souverain ; ne permettez pas qu'aucune chose de ce monde ou de l'autre ait entrée dans votre cœur ; tournez le visage de votre cœur vers Dieu ; quand vous en serez venu à posséder toutes ces qualités là vous serez *walî*."\*

To Ibrāhīm is attributed the authorship—surely shared—of the saying that he had rather suffer the pains of hell in obedience to the Divine will, than gain Paradise by disobedience.

Ibrāhīm was the founder of a religious Order known as Adhami. Those who know anything of the great Religious Order of Chishtī which finds such frequent mention under Akbar, will hear with interest the detail in its history that Ibrāhīm bin Adham was regarded as in the line of its spiritual pedigree by that one of its members who wrote its history under Akbar.

What I have told of Ibrāhīm makes no claim to exhaust the sources. Rather it is a beggar's cupful from a great store of waters. It will, however, suffice except for a fairy-book such as might well be written about the ways and power of Muhammadan saints. Legends about them bring novel contrasts and transitions and a refreshingly new affluent into the stream of story. They make one glad that the dear childhood of each nation's literature has hoarded away for us so many delightful impossibilities that it is our own fault if we do not sometimes dip in the waters of fairy founts.

In conclusion of the motley tale I have told, since Leigh Hunt gave the motive for telling it, let us take hold again of the fact that his gracious expression of human fellowship was inspired by the thought of a Musalman devotee who lived and died eleven hundred years ago. There is real fascination in the thought of the tiny winged seed floating from that dim day and unfamiliar city to niche and bloom in our own London.

ANNETTE S. BEVERIDGE.

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\*One spiritually near to the Divine Being.

## ART. III—THE REVIVAL OF THE NATIVE PRESS OF WESTERN INDIA—THE RAST GOFTAR.

### *Another Chapter in the history of the Native Press.*

**I**N a former article we have traced the beginnings of native journalism in Bengal and Bombay, and given an account of the long career of the first native paper in Western India. The *Samachar* was followed by the *Chabook* and the *Jame Jamshed*, the second and third native papers in the Presidency. The present article will treat of the revival of the native press owing to the labours of the newly-created class of English educated youths, the first fruits of the beneficent policy of Bentinck and Macaulay. As the opinions of eminent Anglo-Indian officials and statesmen on the native press in its early days are very interesting, and as they have not hitherto been rendered accessible to the reader out of the huge Parliamentary folios in which they lie buried, they are quoted here.

Towards the close of the first half of this century the native press of Bombay may be said to have been at a very low ebb. There were three Gujarati papers and two Marathi. These three Gujarati papers were all languishing, their old zeal having departed, and there being no excitement of controversy to infuse life and energy into them. The first period of the history of the Bombay native press may be said to close about the year 1850, the period of its infancy and tentative efforts. During these twenty-eight years, from 1822 to 1850, the old school of journalists had done their part in laying the foundation of a taste for this kind of literature among the natives of Western India. They struggled amid great difficulties with scanty resources, intellectual and material. Their countrymen did not show much appreciation of their enterprise, and Government cared even less than the people, giving them but scant encouragement. Elphinstone, as we have seen in the former article, encouraged the first native newspaper in Bombay by subscribing to 50 copies of it. But his successor, Malcolm, reduced this support considerably, ostensibly owing to considerations of economy, while the succeeding Governors did not show in any substantial way their zeal for the enlightenment of the natives through newspapers and no native paper received any support from them.

The feelings of alarm with which the native press was regarded by Anglo-Indian officials at the time of its birth died out during this first period of its existence, giving place to indifference and contemptuous toleration. Government had no regular means of keeping itself constantly informed about the

contents of the native papers, and the highest officials, who had served long and in responsible posts in the country, acknowledged freely, before the Parliamentary Select Committee of 1852-53, that they did not know accurately or regularly what the native press was writing about their actions and policy.\* The Secretary to the Government in the Persian Department in Bombay was supposed to bring to its notice anything requiring its consideration that appeared in the native papers, but he rarely gave serious attention to this part of his work (J. Willoughby before the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, I. Report, p. 343).

Still some of the high officials, and also a few non-official Europeans interested in the progress of the country, had watched the growth of the native press during their sojourn here, and their views were expressed before the Select Committee on Indian affairs of 1852-53. They are to be found scattered up and down the huge folios containing the various reports and minutes of evidence of that Committee, and I shall here bring together the views of some famous and experienced Anglo-Indians of the second quarter of this century on the native press as they found it in those early days.

The chief fear of the wisest Anglo-Indian statesmen at the time of the birth of the native press, was, it will be remembered, about the native army, lest this press might corrupt the sepoys and excite them to revolt. This apprehension seems to have died out in some years, and it is curious to find not a single person even alluding to this supposed danger in 1852-53. Still some statesmen were not without fears of some kind. Lord Hardinge declared that he had no doubt that the press might be, whilst the people were in a state of transition, a dangerous instrument in times of excitement; though he thought that it was not so then, in quiet times. And he gave an illustration of what some native papers did in times by no means very excited. "As regards the Persian papers into which matters of the most importance are translated, many of them go to Afghanistan, and thence to Bokhara,† they inform the people of

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\* Lestock Reid, who filled the highest office in the Bombay Presidency, and was for some time acting Governor, confessed that he was never in the habit of reading these papers (Report from Select Committee of Lords, 1852, p. 274).

† We find Lieutenant-Colonel W. Morrison, Member of the Governor-General's Council, alluding to this fear in 1835, in his Minute on the Act by which the press was liberated. "Whether the strong opinions recorded by the late Sir Thomas Munro on the subject of the press in India be correct or otherwise, time alone can determine. I am, however, so deeply impressed with the wisdom and foresight of that eminent person, that I think his opinions on this subject deserve, on the present occasion, the greatest consideration. What he most apprehended was the effect which would probably be gradually produced on the minds of the native army, and I confess that I am not free from the same apprehension. The native press in particular will not fail to furnish materials to interest the feelings of that army, and I am

those countries that there is a hope that these British troops may be beaten in an encounter with the Sikhs ; or when the news of a misfortune at the Cape is received, it is immediately translated into the Persian language, and it travels into Afghanistan, and Bokhara and Herat ; so that the system of allowing a free press extends information very rapidly not only throughout India, but through the countries adjacent to India ; and when railways are established and education becomes more extensive, it is difficult to say what will be the result of a free press in an Eastern Empire."\*

T. C. Robertson, once Lieutenant-Governor at Agra, said that, when the Persian army was advancing against Herat, in 1838, the tone of the Persian native papers in India was hostile ; and that, when, a few years later, the British suffered the terrible disaster at Cabul the excitement among the native newspapers became greater.† Lestock Reid, once acting Governor of Bombay, said that the Bombay native papers were exceedingly scurrilous and very prone to abuse the Government and all in authority. They published articles of libellous tendency at times almost exciting to rebellion.‡ But still, he added, no notice was taken of them, as they had very little effect, for their circulation was very little too. J. T. Willoughby who was Reid's colleague in the Bombay Government answered more guardedly when asked whether there was an attempt made to act upon the minds of the people by means of the native press. "I have no doubt if it had come to the knowledge of the Government that there was any systematic attempt to create disaffection, they would have inquired into it, and have reported it to the Government of India, or have adopted such other measures as might be practicable to check an evil of such magnitude." And he quotes H. J. Prinsep's words : "Why should the seeds of disaffection and disloyalty be sown by our own hand, in a soil well prepared to receive lessons of order, and impressions favourable to the permanence of British rule?" He thought that it was the duty of the Government to watch the press, and that the liberty of the press was not taken proper advantage of, but "according to my

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enabled to show from the accompanying copy of a native paper published at Madras that there would probably be a demand for such papers in the native ranks, if the expense of postage were not at present a bar to their transmission to regiments." (Parliamentary Papers : East India (native press) Minutes, 1835, p. 5.)

\* (Report of the Select Committee, 1852, p.p. 256-7.)

† (Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1852, p. 252.)

‡ It may be said that Reid is exaggerating a good deal here. I could not find much in my perusal of the native papers of those days to substantiate this charge. But Reid must not be taken very seriously, as he confesses that he was never in the habit of reading those papers. His accuracy and knowledge can so be tested by his assertion, immediately following the one quoted above, that there had been no prosecution of the native press for private libel. As we have seen, as early as 1837 there had been such a prosecution.

experience the Government of India are very averse to interfere with the press.\*"

Dr. Duff, the famous Missionary of Calcutta, gave his opinion that 'the native press as a whole was gradually improving in its literary character and in the quality and the extent of the information given by it year by year.' But he had some faults to find with some of them. Some of them touched upon questions of European politics very sharply. "There is one English paper in particular which has been of late years dealing rather acrimoniously with the subject of European politics. It is in the hands of a party in Calcutta, not very well affected towards the British Government." Moreover, they very often translated passages of the worst and most libellous kind from the English newspapers, both on the subject of politics and of religion, the character of the one being anti-Christian, and of the other anti-British.† Frederick Halliday rightly said that he apprehended no danger from such boldness. "The native press is a very curious problem. I cannot say that I apprehend any danger from it, but I have by me some specimens of the productions of the native press which I should be glad to lay before the Committee; they discuss the measures of the Government with remarkable freedom and even sensibility. The existence of the Articles published in them is by no means sufficiently known or observed, and they receive no sort of answer or contradiction. It is a question to be considered, whether that state of things is sound, and whether now, or at any future time, a time of war for instance, any and what means should be adopted for meeting it. I believe that any attempt to put it down by absolute prohibition or censorship would be out of the question."

The contingency contemplated here in the penultimate sentence occurred in four years and the press was controlled for a time, as we shall see later on.‡

Sir Charles Trevelyan is famous in Indian history for his zealous and liberal views about the moral progress of the peoples of India, and he tried to make them popular among members of his own service. His views on the native press were also very enlightened and statesmanlike. "When the native press was first introduced, their papers abounded with puerilities; but it has since improved; and as the natives become more enlightened and capable of discussing higher subjects, and become interested in higher objects, the character of these public discussions will improve." And he emphatically declared that "the native newspapers will always represent the actually existing state of the native mind," and that "they were of

\* First Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, p. 343.

† Second Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, p. 79.

‡ First Report, etc. p. 404.



very great use as showing what was afloat in the native mind." There is a great deal of truth, he wisely said, in the Government policy of letting people say what they like, provided they leave you to do what you like. 'There is a very wide interval between speech and action; and there is not one in a thousand of those who read those seditious Persian papers would have thought of appearing in earnest against the Government. It is almost the safest course to let discontented people expend themselves in talk.' He could not help characterising some of the Persian papers, \* which reflected the prevailing Moha-

\* The most notorious Persian paper of this kind was the *Jame Jehan Nama*. This paper distinguished itself during the troubles of the Afghan War. "It has of late" said the *Friend of India* towards the close of 1838, "indulged in such virulent abuse of the English Government, that one might almost be led to suppose that it had sold itself to the interests of our political opponents across the Indus. It predicts our speedy downfall by the advance of the Persians; and many of the sentiments which it disseminates are of such a character, that it would require no small stretch of charity to distinguish them from treason." The *Friend*, a month later, wrote how such prints were read and commented upon at the native courts: "We find that this Persian paper is circulated rather widely in the mofussil and that it is taken in by most of the independent chiefs of India. The following communication which we received a day or two ago from a correspondent in Central India will show the impression which its treasonable remarks have produced and the necessity that some steps should be adopted by the ruling authorities to protect the public interest:

"Translation of the Akhbar, dated 4th November 1838.—Lalla Choone Lal read and explained the contents of the *Jame Jehan Nama* Newspaper. It was mentioned therein that the Mussalmans of Cabul had assembled, to the number of 400,000, and were about to invade Hindustan, and that the English army, destined to the conquest of Cabul, had been assembled at Loodiana and would march in a few days: the Resident at Delhi was further reported in this paper to have remitted the tribute due from several Rajahs, and to have got them to sign several new articles by way of treaty. When the Rajah heard this, he observed that the English gentlemen must be in great alarm and trepidation at the overwhelming numbers of the Shah of Cabul, since it had come to this pass that they were now remitting their claims of annual tribute, and entering into new treaties. Some of the people of the city and elsewhere observed that the people of Hindustan were ever given to oppose established authority, and if the *Jame Jehan Nama*, which was taken in by most chiefs of Hindustan, should give such versions of the force of the people of Cabul and of the expedition to that place, the chiefs of Hindustan and its ignorant people would, in reading such exaggerated statements, feel still more inclined to withdraw from their allegiance and former contracts; that it

happened to arrive at Kelcheopore from Koureers, being on duty with the Rusad guard, sent in advance of the left wing of that corps, proceeding from Saugor to Neemuch and observed to the Rajah, as I was informed by Lalla Choonee Lal, that full four lakhs of Cabul Afghans were assembled, and were prepared to undertake a religious war, and had raised the standard of their prophet, that he was in the service of the British Government and thus unable to join them, but that if it pleased the Almighty to bring him in contact with them, he should on the day of battle pay no regard to the salt of his pre-ent masters eaten by him, but join the people of his own faith; and that it was the heartfelt desire and intention of other Mussalmans to do so likewise' "—*Friend of India*, December 20th, 1838. In the face of this, it is rather curious to find that the temporary editor of the *Jame Jehan Nama* warmly resented and denied the impeachment of its loyalty to the British Government.—*Asiatic Journal*, Vol. xxviii, 1839, p. 255 (1st part).

medan opinion, as 'extremely rebellious;' he also knew that they were taken in at the native courts; 'but it did not in the least trouble us.'\* As to the classes among whom the native papers mostly circulated, he said, "they circulate principally in Calcutta and immediate neighbourhood, among the class who have learned to read their vernacular language. They are not much read by those who have received a superior English education, who read the English papers; at least none except the best of them are read by that class. Most of them are read by the class immediately below that, and also by the trading and professional classes, who are very numerous."

Trevelyan meets, in the following convincing manner, a familiar objection to the freedom of the native press urged from the times of Malcolm, Munro and Elphinstone down to our own. "It is said that a free press is inconsistent with the continuance of our dominion in India. Now, that depends entirely upon what the nature of our dominion is. The relation of a free press to a good and bad Government has been exactly defined by Divine wisdom. 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.' Now our Government of India is an honest Government. Our intention is to govern the country for the benefit of the natives, and we endeavour to shape all our measures to that end. Therefore, in exact proportion as we make the principles and proceedings and practice of our Government known to the natives, shall we obtain a firmer hold upon their confidence and affections, and improve the safety of our Government. And, in reviewing the past history of British India, it will be found that our dangers have principally arisen from mistakes and misapprehensions of the intentions of the Government, and when discontents and outbreaks have occurred, what we have done has always been to furnish full explanation. Now it will be far better that those explanations shall be normal instead of being exceptional. Through the medium of the press we shall maintain a constant state and course of explanation with the natives."

Touching on one of the chief defects of the native papers, their ignorance and inability to get information about public affairs, he suggested measures by which Government should

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\* The fear of the Native Courts being influenced by objectionable native papers seems to have been in many persons minds in those days, and nearly every witness before the Select Committee of 1852-53 was asked about it. But nearly all of them made light of the evil effects of the native papers on Native Courts by writing very rabid articles on the British rule and by perverting all intelligence from the frontier

keep the press well informed about all public matters, past as well as present, and thus equip its writers for a more satisfactory treatment of political questions. "It is desirable to strengthen the bonds of connexion between ourselves and our fellow-subjects in India and gradually to educate them to self-Government, and to improve the tone of public opinion." His chief suggestion was about throwing open the public Records and making them thoroughly accessible to public writers. He also suggested the methodical publication of financial and other current documents for the use of journalists and others. Much of all this has been done by the Government since Trevelyan's days ; and the standard of native journalistic criticism has perceptibly risen owing to these efforts of the authorities to keep public writers well-informed. But much yet remains to be done even in this line. (Second Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, pp. 207-210).\*

With the year 1851, the native press of Bombay may be said to have entered upon the second period of its existence, a period marked by revived zeal and energy and healthy growth. The native press benefited by the accession to its ranks of the promising young men educated under the new English system introduced in the second quarter of this century into Bombay. The enlightened and liberal policy of Elphinstone and Bentinck and Macaulay bore its natural fruit in a band of enthusiastic Indians, full of ardent zeal for the amelioration of their fellow-subjects through the diffusion of knowledge. They naturally seized upon the convenient instruments of the press to attain

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\* When asked whether the English press of those days in India ever represented native views, Trevelyan replied : " Those are native views. They are better than the pure, genuine native views ; because, perhaps if the majority of the natives expressed their own views of their interests they would be much less enlightened. If the natives generally took part in public discussion, they would, to a great extent, advocate the restoration of suttee and the abrogation of the laws for establishing liberty of conscience and preventing a person's property from being confiscated when he changes his faith ; and they would stand up for Ghât murder, infanticide and so forth. These are the prevailing opinions of the natives. But, in proportion as the natives become educated and enlightened, they become qualified to take part in this beneficial European public discussion ; they do take part in it now ; they read those newspaper discussions of which I have spoken to a great extent, and they take some part in them. I remember two English papers at Calcutta that were maintained on these principles ; they advocated those interests in the manner I have described, sometimes with considerable ability. One was called the " Reformer " and was the organ of Dwarkanath Thakoor (Tagore) and other intelligent natives of Ram Mohan Roy's party ; and there was another called the " Inquirer," edited by the Rev. Krishna Banerjee, who has since been ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church." In short, he considered that the interests of the natives were represented by the English press as the interests of a client are represented by an advocate who takes a more enlightened view of the client's interest than he does himself.

their noble goal, though this was only one of the channels in which their zeal and activity found vent. Night schools for busy men, schools for girls, societies for reading essays and delivering lectures on popular subjects, clubs for the interchange of ideas and mental improvement, associations for reforming social and religious abuses, and also for making the wants of their fellow-subjects better known to the rulers, these were the chief results of the first awakening of the Indian mind under English influences. Those were not days of so much book-learning as at present ; but then neither were they the days of the dull routine and grinding uniformity of the present educational system, for which the universities are chiefly responsible. The zeal of learning for learning's sake and for the enlightenment that it causes, which has almost died out now, its place being taken by the anxiety for passing examinations for the sake of the appointments and professions to which they are a passport, inspired the early *alumni* of the English schools and colleges of those days. Having expanded their mental horizon by the new learning, they did not sit quiet and bury their talents in comfortable posts ; but they tried to impart to their less fortunate brothers, aye, sisters too, a portion, at least, of the sweets of knowledge and enlightenment. They were certainly not very learned themselves. But what little learning they acquired they were eager to share with others. The enthusiasm which inspired the Humanists of the Renaissance period in Europe, inspired also this famous band of young Indians in Bombay in the middle of this century.

There were sympathetic guiding hands among the ruling race which turned this noble enthusiasm into generally useful channels, and prevented it from expending itself in mere talk and speculation, as is the wont with the Indian mind. The professors of the Elphinstone, Grant Medical and other Colleges in those days were not teachers of books merely but formers of mind and moulders of character, impressing on the Asiatic mind, not so much the vast and varied nature of Western learning and scholarship, as the nobility and superiority of the English character. They had a difficult and delicate task to perform at a critical juncture in the history of the people ; a task no less momentous than to give a bent to the national mind, from which it can never recoil, leading it away from its traditional grooves towards mental and moral advancement, and social and religious emancipation. They were worthy of this task, and they performed it well. The impress which they gave to the Indian mind will never be obliterated, but, on the contrary, will be deepened by time. It is futile to expect the awakened intellect of the Indian to go back upon itself. England has done this noble work deliberately and willingly, and she is rightly proud

of its results so far. She has only to guide this revived activity in a sympathetic and frank manner in order to turn it into one of the strongest mainstays of her Asiatic Empire.

The Parsis, as was natural, were the chief to profit by this new "illumination." Their intellectual and social progress really began in those eventful years through the zealous efforts of the first pupils of the first English professors in Western India. The community is grateful both to its own pioneers of reform and progress, and to their preceptors, who made them what they became. The names of Harkness and Patton, Sinclair and Orlebar, Peet and Morehead are household words still among them and are held in grateful reverence. There was much more than the mere relation of teacher and pupil between these great men and the young Parsis. They took a deep personal interest in these young men, helped them not only to conceive various projects of utility to their community, but also to carry them out to a great extent. Teaching them their daily lessons was merely a small part of their work. They rightly put before themselves a higher ideal. They really educated them, and not merely instructed and informed, but formed their minds; they imbued them with real culture by making their knowledge influence their thought and life and character.

Some of the projects which these young men carried out will give an idea of their multifarious activity. They started a Gujarati society for the diffusion of knowledge which exists to the present day and has done very useful work in the cause of popular knowledge. They originated the female education movement, which has entirely revolutionised the social life of their community. They initiated the religious reform movement; and their "Rehnoomâe," or "True Religious Guide," Society, which is also still active, has done much to sweep away many old superstitious and corrupt practices that had crept into their originally pure faith during its contact with the popular religions of their adopted country. They were the beginners of the new Parsi school of religious scholarship which has adopted the new western scientific methods of comparative philology and religion for the proper interpretation of their sacred writings.

Most important of all, they may be considered as the second founders of the native press, by the new life and vigour which they infused into the languishing journalism of their boyhood. They made the press their chief instrument for achieving all their objects. Through it they poured upon the mind of the community a large and constant stream of healthy and stimulating literature on purely literary and scientific, as well as social and religious, subjects. They

even ventured upon the ground of politics and co-operated with the other educated natives of Western India in starting and conducting the now defunct Bombay Association, which helped to give voice to the wants and grievances of the ruled before the rulers. The results of all their manifold labours were very fruitful and are to be traced in the present prominent and advanced position of their community in India. It is no great exaggeration to say that the entire standpoint of this community has changed during the last fifty years, the most startling innovations of two generations ago having become the veriest common-places of to-day, and old prejudices and superstitions of several centuries' growth having collapsed in a marvellously short time in a nation's history before the advent of knowledge and enlightenment.

The press has had a large share in bringing about this salutary result. And, having dwelt, it is hoped, at no undue length on this marvellous new renaissance, we may proceed to treat of the influence of this band of newly-educated young men on the press and journalism of their times. Towards the close of 1849 one of them, Nowrooji Gaé, started a paper call the *Samachar Darpan*, the fourth Gujarati native paper in Bombay, which was conducted on better lines than those previously existing.

Gaé was a scholar of the Elphinstone Institution, the first of his class to enter journalism, and was for a short time editor of the Bombay *Samachar* also. This *Samachar Darpan* was the first Gujarati paper in Bombay to be published every-day; as, of the present dailies, the *Jame*, which was started as a weekly, first appeared as a daily in 1853, and the *Samachar*, though the first of all native papers, became a daily as late as 1858. Gaé was known as a journalist of great ability, and his writings were marked by a kind of refined humour which was then almost unknown in native journalism. There was much coarse humour in the "Chabook," which did much to enliven the journalism of those days. There was, later on, in the native "Punch," an attempt made at witty writing; but it very rarely rose above the level of buffoonery.

A year later, in October 1850, was started the fifth Gujarati paper, this time with the novel feature of illustrations. These were lithographed in what now looks to be very crude style; but in those early days, when even the great London illustrated papers had not yet appeared, it argued great originality and enterprise to conceive and execute the idea of a weekly illustrated journal. Of course, it did not undertake to give pictorial representations of events as they happened, but satisfied itself with reproducing portraits of great historical persons and pictures of remarkable places in the world. It

was called the *Chitra Gyan Darpan*, or the "Mirror of Pictorial Knowledge," and had a useful career of four years, till the end of 1854. Its first two editors were both scholars of the Elphinstone Institution and full of literary zeal, which one of them, Mr. Jehangir H. Punthaki, who is still alive, keeps up to the present day, in his 76th year. Under the editorship of the other, Mr. Behramji Gandhi, a man of great literary ability and eloquence, this paper was the unwitting, but unfortunate, cause of a serious riot between the Parsis and the Mahomedans, who were offended at the picture of Mahomet that was printed in it. The followers of Mahomed, as is well known, have a religious hatred of all likenesses. So they were not pleased with the idea of a likeness of their prophet appearing in a public print. But when, through the great difficulties of the art of lithography in those early cude days, the face appeared somewhat blurred, the Mahommedans took it as a deliberate insult from the Parsis, and resented it with one of those riots which, unhappily, are by no means rare in Indian cities even in our advanced days.

This riot of 1851 was the immediate cause of the founding of the paper which has done more than any other to change the character of native journalism, both by affecting the existing papers and by calling into existence new papers. This was the famous *Rast Gofar*, which still exists and flourishes, after a career of nearly half a century. It has been the strongest champion of reform among the Parsis, and immense has been the good it has effected in that community. It deserves, more than any other paper, the credit for spreading enlightenment and useful knowledge among them. Through good report and through ill report it has always fought for the social and religious emancipation of the people from the old unmeaning, as well as harmful, superstitions and trammels; and it has succeeded excellently. The really beneficent influence of journalism on the life and thought of an entire community can be seen to great advantage in the case of this influence of the *Rast Gofar* on the Parsis during these last forty-seven years.

We have said that the startling innovations of two generations ago are the common-places of to-day. And the chief credit of bringing about this result is due to the *Rast Gofar*. But it had to fight many a stubborn fight before the innovation lost its startling and condemnatory character and was adopted by the majority. It appears at the present day hardly conceivable how what now look to be the veriest trifles could have been the subjects of fierce controversy and bitter recrimination. Foreigners can have no idea of such matters, however, which

were of vital importance in the onward progress of Parsis. We will give a single instance in order to give an idea of the struggle which the *Rast* and the reform party had to carry on. It is hardly possible now-a-days to find a single Parsi lady who ventures out without putting on stockings. It is now considered not only ungenteel, but unbecoming. But it was only about twenty-five years ago that the exact opposite was the case. To venture out with stockings argued an almost heroic boldness on the part of Parsi ladies, and great was the ridicule and worse to which they were subjected. One of the first Parsi ladies to put on stockings, the widow of the late Dosabhai Framji Cama, a man of singularly enlightened views and still more singularly courageous in acting up to them, to whom Parsi reform owes much, has told me herself of the terrific storm in a teapot that it occasioned forty years ago, and how she was tried to be boycotted. The *Rast Goftar* took up the matter, and after long and persistent arguing succeeded in veering round public opinion.

In matters of religion also the influence of the paper has been very powerful. The Parsi religion, during its contact with Hinduism and Mahommedanism in India, had acquired many strange and superstitious accretions, which were very tenaciously held by the people in their ignorance. The pure ancient faith of Zoroaster had become so corrupt as to be hardly distinguishable from many of the practices of the heathen. This was one of the first subjects taken up by the newly-educated young Parsis, and they laboured with remarkable zeal and ability for the good of their religion. Dr. Wilson's attack made them realise many of their weak points, and they had the good sense to devote themselves to their repair. Priestcraft had also injured their religion; and against this too they struggled. About the year 1850 they established the "Rehnumayé Mazdayasnian Sabha," or The Society for showing the true way to Zoroastrians; and this body did very useful work in those early days in undermining many objectionable observances and practices which were a disgrace to the pure Parsi faith. The *Rast Goftar* was started soon after, and acted as a great helpmate to this Society in its noble object. The conductors and patrons of both were the same. Priestcraft was dealt a blow from which it has never recovered; and to the present day the *Rast* is the *bête noir* of priests and reactionaries. It is a staunch supporter of the real religion, for which it has done much. But for sham religion and cant and hypocrisy its contempt is undisguised and merciless. Whenever it sees fanaticism, or bigotry, or hypocrisy, it is to the front with its wonted vigour. The dread of the press is now wholesome with the priests and the so-called orthodox party; but, of all papers, they are afraid of none so much as of the



redoubtable *Rast*. This is a proud position to achieve. And it has been achieved after great sacrifices and very hard fighting. In fact, this paper has played a large part in the recent history, social and religious of the Parsis.

We may now turn to the persons who founded this paper and helped it in its infant days to achieve this position. Its projector and first editor was Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, then only twenty-six years of age. He was of the early batch of those Elphinstone Institution scholars, full of zeal for the spread of knowledge and enlightenment among the people. He was then Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Institution, and was much liked by the students, as well as his English colleagues, one of whom, Professor Patton, took so much interest in him that, when his former pupil started this new paper, he used his personal influence with the leading natives to make them subscribers. Unfortunately this worthy and kind-hearted Professor died very soon after, on his way to his native country, and his obliged and grateful pupil, the young editor of the *Rast*, published an obituary notice, saying that he had actually lost his father and protector, and showing the signs of the most heart-felt grief. This illustrates what we have said above of the close and affectionate relations between the early English professors in Bombay and their native pupils.

When the riot broke out in Bombay, the Parsis, being very few in number, naturally had to suffer much at the hands of their enraged and truculent assailants, the Mahomedans. For several days the city was in a state of siege, all those living within the old fort walls—now pulled down—being in great danger of their life and property. The Parsis considered themselves much aggrieved at the supineness of their Shettias, or leaders, whom they had looked to for assistance during the crisis. For several days these leaders did nothing, being themselves safe within the Fort walls. But the great body of Parsis living outside, considering themselves neglected by the responsible Shettias, naturally left them alone and defended themselves as best they could. The existing papers of the day, too, failed to raise any voice against the apathy of these leaders, as two of the three old ones were under the control of these rich men. The "*Chabook*," unfortunately, was then in the decline of its life and could not do much. Hence Dadabhai Naoroji who lived outside the Fort and had witnessed the great sufferings of his people during this riot, started at once a new paper with the express purpose of voicing the grievances and complaints of the poor and the then rising middle class of his people. Thus the very origin of the *Rast Goftar*, like that of the *Chabook* twenty years before, was dissatisfaction with the Panchayet and opposition to its selfish apathy. That body was in those days

mischievously active in many matters and selfishly indolent and apathetic in others. Its conduct during this riot of 1851 finally opened the eyes of the Parsis to its real nature, and from that time it was doomed. The *Chabook* had done much to weaken it; but that paper marred its once earlier salutary work by its later inconsistent conduct, whilst the Panchayet itself shrewdly made use of the very instrument of the press and tried to rehabilitate itself in the eyes of its followers through the *Jamé Jamshed*, its professed organ. But now the time was ripe for a mortal blow to its influence and authority. Education had begun its salutary progress in the community and had raised a band of young men who saw through the real nature of the body set over their heads. The *Rast Goftar* began with the determination of mending it or ending it, and pursued, through a series of years of persistent fight, this object with a single mind. And it achieved its object. The old Parsi Panchayet is no longer what it was in those early days—an autocratic body of a few aristocrats, impressing their will upon the entire community. A nominal Panchayet still exists, but this body is a quite different one from its old namesake. Now it is only a body of five rich men who are the trustees and administrators of the Parsi charity funds and have no sort of authority over the people. And, when it is now perfectly harmless, this new Panchayet of to-day is popular with the great majority of Parsis, who like to have their rich Shettias nominally over them. But that the Panchayet is now so harmless as well as popular, is greatly owing to the exertions of this paper, founded by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and continued on his lines by his younger disciples.

But Mr. Dadabhai would not have been able to start this paper, young and poor as he was, and conduct it on his independent and vigorous lines, if he had not been supported by a rich and enlightened patron. This man, Cursetji Nasarvanji Cama, was a person of very advanced views, and had, what was a rare combination, the temper as well as means to spread them in his community. He was the only one among the rich and leading men of those days to stand up for reform. All the other rich Parsi families were for old-established usage and superstition, as they had acquired a vested interest in their continuance. The Cama family alone separated from them and imbibed new views on social and religious matters. This family has deserved well of the cause of Parsi reform and has played a large part in the advancement of this community during the last half a century. Cursetji Nasarvanji was prominent even among the Camas for his zeal and liberality. He befriended the young, but poor, enthusiasts of the Elphinstone Institution, and guided their inexperienced ardour into really

useful channels. He spent his money freely in furthering the cause. He was the founder of the new Religious Association—the *Relunnaç Sabha*—above noticed, which has helped to modify the religious character of the community. And he also helped to found the new Parsi journalism of the fifties, which regenerated the entire life, political and social, of the native community during the third quarter of this century.

He financed the *Samachar Darpan* of Nowroji Gaç, the fourth Gujarati paper in Bombay, and kept up both the paper and its press at great expense. And it was he who helped the youthful editor of the *Rast* with the sinews of war. Its first few numbers were distributed gratis, in order to create a taste for such journalism among the people. But the response which it met with, in point of pecuniary support, was not encouraging. It was conducted for several years at a nett annual loss of Rs. 1,000, no small sum in those days. But looking to the good which the paper did, this pecuniary loss was nothing, and Nasarvanji Cama, too, thought so. He had reason to be satisfied with the good use to which his money was turned. But after a few years it was not deemed fair by the Reformers that he should bear the entire loss himself. He was joined by two other members of the Cama family, one of them, Mr. K. R. Cama, who is still alive, and, Mr. Sorabji Shapoorji Bengalee, as well as, a little later, by Nowroji Fardonji, as joint proprietors, or rather joint loss-bearers. During ten years they, too, suffered the same annual loss as before. In 1868 it was given over to the present proprietor and his late brother, who conducted it on business principles, and made it a very paying, as well as influential, concern.

Dadabhai Naoroji edited the paper for a short time only, as he soon entered into business and joined an extensive mercantile firm. For this truly remarkable man has been very versatile in his career, having been a professor, editor, merchant, minister of state, publicist, orator and politician during his long career of over seventy years. Nowroji Fardonji, of whose journalistic activity we have written already, helped his younger colleague. The other young Elphinstonians gathered round the paper as its contributors, and we find nearly all the prominent and rising young men of the fifties and sixties among the writers of the *Rast*. Dadabhai's immediate successors in the editorial chair were two able men Edulji Master and Jehangir Vacha, who did much to establish and raise its reputation. But the person who firmly established it and gave it its definitive character, was Sorabji Shapoorji Bengalee. Within a few months of his taking up the editorship in 1858, the circulation doubled itself, from 432 rising to 852, a thing then unheard of in native journalism. He

also widened the scope of subjects treated from merely Parsi topics to all the great questions of Indian politics. The times, too, were stirring, and furnished subjects of intense interest. The Mutiny was then raging in the land, and its first effects unfortunately were to set a large part of the Anglo-Indian community against all natives without distinction. The native character was held up to indiscriminate and vile obloquy, and the iniquities of the mutinous sepoy of Hindustan were said to represent the nature and character of all Indians. The educated natives, who were thoroughly loyal, and hated the mutineers as much as the English did, and who naturally expected to be exempted from the obloquy which would have been justly directed to the really guilty classes only, were likewise naturally much incensed at this unfair and ungenerous treatment by their Anglo-Indian fellow-subjects. The papers of the latter were full of violent attacks upon them, and also upon those Englishmen who, like the cool-headed, though firm-minded, Canning, would not join in this denunciation of the Indians. The *Bombay Times*, under its editor George Buist, was most violent in its attacks on the natives of India in general and of Bombay in particular, calling them all sorts of names and holding them capable of all sorts of crimes.

All this was too much for the natives to sit quiet under. The natives of Bombay especially were perfectly innocent not only of treason, but even of ill-will. And their rich and educated men of all communities were foremost in offering to the authorities all the moral and material help in their power. The *Rast Goftar* took up the cudgels on behalf of the aggrieved natives against the *Bombay Times* and other papers; and, to defend its cause more effectively, it opened English columns, the first of the kind to appear in a Gujarati native paper. They were chiefly written, during the Mutiny, by Nowroji Fardoonji, who proved more than a match for Buist. His writings were not marked by any grace of expression, or depth of thought, or width of learning. He was not a man of culture or ideas. But he was a "hard hitter," and knew well how to press facts home. His style was rough-hewn and had an uncouth vigour which achieved its object of defeating the adversary. His style had taken much from his life, and his life was passed in fierce controversies. Hence his manner was contentious and aggressive. With all this he had great strength and force of character which enabled him to lead men and mould them to his purposes. Nearly all these traits were seen in his controversy with Buist, both in the *Rast* and outside of it. His colleague, Sorabji Bengalee, was also a man of the same type, possessing an even stronger force of character. They were both men of strong convictions and force of will.

They owed their success, both as journalists and public men, to these excellent qualities. The *Rast Goflar* may be said to have established their fame and influence.

Amongst the other writers in the *Rast Goflar* in its early days were Jehangir Burjoiji Vatcha, Cowasji Edulji Khumbata, Pestonji Jehangir Taleyarkhan, Framji Bomanji and Hormasji Dadabhai. All of these except the first are still alive and have succeeded very well in various walks of life. Mr. Khumbata is an exceptionally able English writer amongst the Indians, and his early English articles in the *Rast* were highly praised even by Englishmen. Mr. Pestonji Jehangir has served the British Government in many responsible posts and has also been of great service to the Baroda State during the present Maharaja's minority. Mr. Hormusji Dadabhai, who is now a Small Cause Court Judge, is both an able writer and an eloquent speaker. But perhaps the most brilliant of that group of young Parsi writers was Mr. Framji Bomanji. Unfortunately the promise of his early days has not been fulfilled, owing to his erratic and wayward genius. Some Hindoos also wrote for this paper, which, during the Mutiny, became the representative paper of all natives. Amongst these we find the names of men like Mr. Vishwanat N. Mundlik, Mr. Dadoba Pundurang and others. Mr. Dosabhai Framji Karaka, who now enjoys well-merited rest and retirement after a singularly busy and versatile life of seventy years, nearly half of which was passed in the most faithful and meritorious service of Government, was also an occasional writer in the *Rast*. Mr. Dosabhai wrote English with great ease and fluency, and his writings were marked by sobriety of judgment and sound sense. Mr. Dosabhai was professed editor of the *Jamé Jamshed* for some time and did much to raise for a time the usual dead level of that common-place journal.

The *Rast Goflar* was not only able and vigorous itself but was also the cause of some sort of ability and vigour in other journals. The existing papers began to look up a little when roused by their young contemporary. They began to see, by contrast with it, their own insignificance and uselessness for the public cause. The new ideal of journalism, as a champion of movements for the good of the people, conceived and attempted to be achieved by the new paper, took some time to be appreciated by those old journals. The new comer in the field took it upon itself boldly to criticise its elders very freely; and it often exposed their ignorance and other weak points. The *Jamé* came in for a large amount of castigation at its hands, because it was not only the organ of the reactionaries, but was also conducted very indifferently. As an instance of this

ignorance, we may note from its file of 1858, that the editor of that paper did not know the meaning of the phrase "sanitary reform," and, when upbraided with this by the *Rast*, he wrote that he of course knew the meaning and that it was the "reform of lunatics!!" The *Samachar* was but little better. It was suffering from prolonged eclipse in incompetent hands, which had squandered away its former good name and prestige. The *Rast* occasionally attacked it also, reminding it of its former palmy days.\* The effect of such criticism, continued for a series of years, was salutary in the long run. At first the older papers had affected to treat their young critic with contempt; but they could not do so long. They had to mend their ways and be more decent. The *Jamé* attempted to get new young writers to assist the old fashioned Pestonji Maneckji. Young Dosabhai Framji was sought out and made its editor. He infused for a time new life into the paper; but, clever and liberal-minded as he was, he could not continue to edit a paper in which he had not a free hand. And a free hand was just what the editor of the *Jamé* could not have, as it was the paper of the Parsi Panchayet and the Shettias. He left it to sink to its former level, and joined the *Bombay Times* as its manager. Another young man was also for some time the editor of the *Jamé* in those days, Mr. K. N. Kabraji, who has since distinguished himself in Bombay journalism.

But the chief salutary effect of the *Rast Gofstar* was seen in the new papers that it called into existence, either by way of antagonism or support. The Hindu community were also roused into journalistic activity, and several papers having the *Rast* for its model and exemplar were started. Many of these were very well conducted and did good service to the people in several ways. But this and other points in the subsequent history of the native press may be held over for another article, as the present one has already outgrown its limits.

R. P. KARKARIA.

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\* The *Bombay Samachar* also was put, in 1858, into the hands of a young man, Mr. Behramji Ghandi, one of the ablest men of the early Elphinstonians, whom we have already seen as editor of the first native illustrated paper in Bombay. He edited it for a short time with care and ability; but the paper fell again to its low level, till it changed hands and passed to its present editor and proprietor in 1870.

#### ART. IV.—A FORGOTTEN REBELLION.

THE book of history is writ large with footnotes and paragraphs interpolated in various sizes of print. Some, indeed, of these paragraphs are in such minute type that they can be read only while the ink is yet fresh upon the paper. Great battles, treaties, revolutions, conquests are inscribed in the boldest type, and the main incidents of them he who runs may read. It is the smaller events, the quieter struggles, that we must pause to decipher. Danton's fate we know, and Robespierre's; but how many names have been preserved of those who agonised in Carrier's cruel weddings on the banks of the Loire! Napoleon's battles we know, but the souls of many heroes have gone down to Hades unhonoured and forgotten, who strove in vain for their villages and their homes against the advancing French. It is the fashion now-a-days to write books about every little campaign that Englishmen are called upon to undertake. It would, perhaps, be unfair to borrow Macaulay's phrase and to say that the military books of 1898 will line the trunks of 1899. They are history and very often good history. They deserve better of us than that we should class them with the third rate novel or the trivialities of poetasters. Nevertheless, though their life be longer, the ink soon dries on the paper. They are the small print paragraphs of history, and they are soon illegible, or at least unread.

It is of one of those unobtrusive struggles which was going on while the world was thinking of greater things, that we now propose to write—a struggle which was far greater in the doing than the telling, a piece of side-play, with more meanings than one, acted while Europe was still at death grips with Buonaparte, and the Governor General in India was subduing Ranjit Sing.

In the south of the district of Ganjam, four and twenty miles from the Railway, there lies, in the pleasant valley of Bamsadhara, the little town of Parlakimedi. Placed for many years under the direct control of Government and of late ruled over by an enlightened Rajah and a prudent manager, the country has proved to be the garden of that district. Flanked by a range of hills known as the Maliahs, irrigated by river-channels, its cultivated fields varied continually by thickly wooded hills, the country thrives, even while its less fortunate neighbours are in distress. The ryots live in peace and security; the crops are gathered; the rents are paid and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

The town itself has few attractions of any sort, and none of name. Its traditions and its history are purely native. No Francis Xavier spent his life here; no apostles from the setting sun have left traditions; no western companies have risen to fame or sunk into oblivion here. Perhaps its interest is that its history is purely native. At a time when the influence of western nations was making itself felt all over India, when Bentinck was abolishing widow-burning and organised murder, when Lutheran Missionaries were disputing with the learned Brahmins of Tanjore, and Catholics were converting the fishermen of Tinnevely, the picture of the Uriya chiefs, revelling in unbridled lawlessness, is interesting from its very contrast. The scene is barbaric. Some of the episodes are worthy of Attila or Brennus. To a barbarian scene belong barbarous words, strange names of men and places, paiks and sanads and Bissoyis, not understood of the multitude.

The places that belong to the page of history which we propose to write, have all disappeared. "The four streets" are no longer to be found. The palace where so many intrigues were woven, the fort, where so many combinations were formed, only to be shaken in the march of events into new ones, like the colours of the kaleidoscope, these have given place to a new palace, built from a European design fronting the main street. At the other end of the street stands a flourishing College. Printing and the arts are encouraged and—last wonder of a civilising age!—A newspaper has recently made its appearance.

Such is the Parlakimedi of to-day. Far different was its aspect a century ago. The town was then the scene of rapine and riot—and not seldom of bloodshed. Everywhere smoke rose from the burning villages; crops were destroyed, women outraged; men were sent into the jungles shorn of ears or nose, to seek from the gentler tigers the mercy denied to them by their fellow man. All was insecurity and war where now there reign security and peace—war, too, of a barbarous type, not governed by treaties of St. Petersburg and Geneva conventions: war where one party at least harried the innocent people and ravaged their fields, using them as incentives to battle, as the Spanish soldiers used the matrons of Maestricht for an opposite purpose.

In 1798 the Zemindar, by refusing to submit to authority and by neglecting to pay his tribute, forced the Government to adopt strong measures. He was therefore confined. His son, Purushottama Narayana Deo, and his nephew, Durga Raj, were at the same time secured and were sent to Masulipatam, on the East Coast. These things were the beginning of sorrows. The people, at least those who espoused the cause



of the Zemindar, rose in arms. They seized villages; they carried off the grain; they put a stop to all collection of revenue by threatening the ryots. On all sides rose the blackened ruins of hamlets; on all sides men fled to the hills and the jungles to escape the wrath of the insurgents.

The Government at first tried concession. Purushottama and Durga Raj were brought from Masulipatam. This seemed to be all that was wanted. The effect was magical. The power of the insurgents did not merely dwindle; it vanished: their forces were not merely weakened; they melted away. The country, though desolated, was again at peace, and all that remained to be done was to provide for its administration. The estate which had been forfeited by the late Zemindar was now conferred on Purushottama Deo, and the management was entrusted to Durga Raj.

For 13 years all went well. The Zemindar died and was succeeded by a minor son. Durga Raj was ruler and manager in word and in deed. But in 1813 he died and the old fires of insurrection burst out again. This time they were fanned by the intrigues of the ladies of the palaces, and for 19 years the country was thrown into confusion to satisfy an old woman's lust of power and a young woman's caprice or vanity.

"Nulla fere causa est, in quâ non femina litem moverit," says Juvenal; and he might have gone much further than that. It was a woman's face that laid Troy in ashes. It was a woman who for years kept the England of the 16th century in a ferment. It was a woman who planned St. Bartholomew. There was a depth of truth in the saying of the Persian, "wine is strong, and the king is strong; but woman is the strongest."

The immediate cause of revolt was the appointment of a new manager, Padmanabha Dev. It was supposed that this man, who was the son of Durga Raj, would be respected by all; but for some reason he seems to have been obnoxious from the first. It is now that the Bissoyis appear on the scene, and it is necessary to relate who and what they were.

As we have said, Parlakimed is flanked by a range of hills known as the Maliahs. In these hills are a number of forts, in which the Bissoyis, or hill chieftains, reside. Each of them holds a small court of his own. Each has his armed retainers and his executive staff. They were set to rule over the hill tracts, to curb the lawlessness of the aboriginal tribes of the mountains—the Khonds and the Savaras. They were, in fact, Lords of the Marches, and were in a measure independent; but they appear to have been under the suzerainty of the rajah at Kimerdi, and they were also generally responsible to Government. Such men were valuable friends and dangerous enemies. Their influence amongst their own men was complete;

their knowledge of their own country was perfect. It was they and they only who could thread their way through the tangled and well nigh impenetrable jungle by footpaths known only to themselves. Hence when they became enemies, they could intrench themselves in a position which was almost impregnable. Now a road leads to every fort. The jungles have disappeared. The Bissoyis still have armed retainers and still keep a measure of respect. Their power to sting is gone, and the officer of Government goes round every year on the peaceful, if prosaic, occupation of examining schools and inspecting vaccination.

Such were the men who at this crisis induced the widow of the late Zemindar, Gajapati Pata Maha Devi, to rebel. Once more the smoke rose from the burning villages; once more the ryots were harried and the crops were plundered. A force was sent against the rebels; but the difficulties were too great, and it was obliged to retire. Negotiation was then tried, and a complete inquiry into the complaints was offered. In 1814 a memorable interview took place between the Collector of the District and the Bissoyis. First came a band of Savaras, with bows and arrows—but no one followed!

The Bissoyis, fearing the treachery which they knew themselves capable of performing, had gathered in a grove at some distance. Hour after hour passed and they gave no sign. At length they arrived, escorted by a thousand to 1,200 men, armed with matchlocks and bows and arrows. The conference showed symptoms of becoming turbulent. It was settled, however, that the chief should present their grievances in writing. This came to nothing, and three days afterwards another meeting was held. The one cry was for the removal of Padmanabha Dev. It was vain to ask "what evil hath he done!" The people could not brook minute enquiries into detached points; they could not understand the sifting of evidence. The clouds grew blacker and a storm was brewing. We may imagine the feelings of the Collector and his assistant when they felt themselves practically alone with these chiefs, who could command 1,000 men at a moment's notice. The Jeringhi Bissoyi turned to the Guma Bissoyi and said: "Are not the golden sparrows flown into our cage? Let us watch them till we get what we want." Luckily they were persuaded by one of the collector's clerks, and the Englishmen were delivered. In the end the manager was removed, and the country was again restored to tranquillity.

The fire was suppressed, but not put out. In 1816 it blazed up again. This time the offender was the former manager, Padmanabha Dev. It was in 1817, however, that matters were really brought to a crisis. In that year the head English

clerk of the Collector's office was appointed to be manager. He was a Tamil; his name Subbaroya Mudali. What must have been the consternation and even terror of this poor man, when he found himself tossed neck and heels into the midst of a den of roaring lions; for so the wild Bissoyis and the insurgent Uriyas must have seemed to him! with what relief, and even joy must he have received the news of his removal which came a few months later?

Meanwhile the political parties had now taken definite form. On the one side was the Patta Mahadevi, elder widow of the late Zemindar, supported by the Bissoyi of Guma; on the other the younger widow, whose chief adherent was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi. The authorities felt themselves obliged to play a waiting game, though their eyes were open and they expected the worst. "The violent struggle for power," says a report of that year, "attended by the usual disturbances," rapine, outrage and destruction, "may be expected in a year or two." The authorities felt their weakness; the turbulent semi-military hordes knew their power. On the one hand, they could afford to laugh at the empty threats of troops which never came, or, if they came, were harmless; on the other, they were filling their pockets with unlawful gain.

So things went on from bad to worse for the next thirteen years. The plunderings and burnings continued—with brief intervals of peace. At times a startling episode stands out in greater prominence. In 1822 the town rose and drove out the Rajah's Diwan; and the revolting spectacle of the heads of five murdered Savaras, exposed on the walls after the manner of our forefathers, shocked the European humanity of the Sub-Collector. In 1827 the two rival queens joined their forces against the Rajah's wife. They were driven out and fled, while their favourite was thrown into a well near the palace. Manager after manager only added fuel to the fire. The real masters of the country were the town peons—the peons of the Four Streets. These men, who, during this period, degenerated into a compound of bully and savage, were the household troops of the Zemindar; they collected his revenues and guarded his borders. At this time they were indispensable to any party and they did that which was right in their own eyes. They plundered the treasury; they pillaged the country, they drove away the managers, and set up the idol of their fleeting fancy, to knock it down again when the mood passed.

In 1831 a gentleman of the name of Eden was appointed to the District. From the report of Mr. Russell, who rather damns him with faint praise, he seems to have been a quiet, peace-loving man, afraid of responsibility and averse to strong measures, though he showed himself fearless enough

in a critical position. He went to Kimedi with some sepoys ; but, finding that his approach was resisted on the way, he determined to go on alone. Meanwhile the insurgents opposed the soldiery, seized the baggage, captured a Company of sixty men and cut off the communications. Masters of the situation, the rebels could dictate their own terms. They were bought off with a present of Rs. 19,000 ! and once more peace was restored.

This was in August, 1831. In September of the same year the storm broke out afresh. In May, the Government had taken what seems to a reader of to-day a very extraordinary step. They had restored the hated Padmanabha Dev, upon whose removal the Bissois of 1816 had insisted with such determination. Nor was the experiment more successful now. All parties in the State agreed to reconcile their differences and unite for the expulsion of the object of their common hatred. At the same time, it is very doubtful whether any measure, short of war, would have been successful. The insurgents loved anarchy for its own sake. The so-called grievances were but a pretext ; they found they could get gold for the gathering and there was no man to take it from them. However this may be, the death of Padmanabha Dev, which soon followed, produced quiet. The parties, who were united by the common bond of hatred to him, now began to look each to its own interests.

At this juncture Mr. Russell arrived in Ganjam with a special commission from the Government of Fort St. George. His first care was to try and find out who were the instigators of rebellion : and the universal cry of the people laid the guilt on the heads of Rakana Chendrudu, the Sirdar of the Town peons, and Gopinadha Patnaik, the chief Utiya accountant. These men had already been put upon their trial for riot, robbery and arson ; but the Court of Faujdari Adalat, distrusting the evidence, acquitted them. This was in 1823. In 1827 these same men were found to be fomenting the disturbances and directing the intrigues. They were banished from the Zemindari. The authorities, however, seem to have been hoodwinked and they were allowed to return, upon their protesting fidelity. This was a sham. In 1831 the same two men, though pretending to side with the manager, were in secret league with the rebels, and paralysed all the schemes of the party to which they professed to belong. It is difficult to understand how the authorities were persuaded into letting these men return. But it is easy to be wise after the event. The town peons were all powerful, and these men had unbounded influence over them. It may have been policy, therefore, to tolerate them and at least to affect to trust them. The

events proved that it was mistaken policy. Taken three times from the Zemindari and three times restored, they seemed both to the town peons and to the people to bear charmed lives. The town peons obeyed with alacrity the congenial orders to plunder and destroy; the people suffered and were dumb.

When Mr. Russell arrived, these men sent him submissive letters: not that they wrote them themselves; they were too clever for that. The letters were supposed to come from the Bissoyis; but Mr. Russell was not asleep. He managed to get hold of an Uriya called Dasu Patnaik; and this was no mean acquisition, for such was the terror of the inhabitants that many wealthy men came, like Nicodemus, by night, for fear of the town peons and their adherents. Dasu Patnaik managed to get two very curious letters for Mr. Russell; letters which speak of outrage in the most open and indifferent way, which chuckle over treachery and mix up the common affairs of life with plans for resistance and wholesale destruction. These letters both came from Rakana Chendrudu and were written in 1818 and 1832. They are too long to quote in full, but we cannot refrain from some short extracts. "If you plunder four villages and the Fair, it will be well." "The Bissoyis of seven forts came there, and the Jeringhi Bissoyi pledged himself by an oath to the Mudali that he would get in the collections—*after which* they lay in wait on the road, wounded the Sayer peon and robbed him of his seal, his badge and the money he was carrying." And again, in the letter of 1832: "Collect the people and the peons of the four streets and stockade the pass. *I will come with Padmanabha Dev.* Then let Jaggili Bissoyi take the peons and burn some villages. If you do this, I will prevent the troops from going westward. You wrote for beaten rice. There is none to be got here. You can get it at Gunupur." There is a candour about these letters that almost makes them fascinating. The "after which" in the first letter is, in its way, charming; as if it were the commonest thing in the world to break your word directly you had pledged it. In the second letter an innocent remark about household necessities is dovetailed into a scheme for betraying troops and burning whole districts.

Mr. Russell determined to capture these two men and their companion, one "Godeyapand" (for so the name is written in the report). Troops were collected; a panic seized the rebels, and Gopinatha Patnaik and the sirdar were easily taken. The attempt to capture Godeyapand failed. A night attack was made upon his house and was within an ace of being successful. He had closed the approach with bushes. A slight noise was made in pulling them out of the way. His ears, sharp as those of a wild animal, warned him to fly at

once and he obeyed the warning. His wife and children, however, were captured.

He fled to Guma ; and the Bissani, the mother of the young Bissoyi, refused to deliver him up. Martial law was then declared, and, the troops and the people of Guma being now openly at war, conflicts took place frequently and with varying success. The fruits of victory, however, remained with the Government. The troops, though they had done little, had at least penetrated to places hitherto deemed inaccessible. The ringleaders of the revolt were prisoners. A rude blow had been dealt at the fancied security of the insurgents, and the people, recovering their confidence, began to come back to their deserted villages.

At this stage light is thrown upon a curious point of the criminal law of that day. The two prisoners were tried by the Court of Faujdari Adalut, and were, of course, found guilty of rebellion and treason. Every one looked for their execution ; but the highest punishment which the law allowed was transportation for life. Mr. Russell very naturally expresses his surprise. If there is one crime more than another, for which death seems the only fitting penalty, that crime is treason. If there is one crime more than another for which the sentence of death has been established by precedent, at any rate for Englishmen, that crime is treason. Page after page of English history contains the names of dukes, earls, marquises, gentlemen, queens—nay, even one king—who were executed for this offence. Nor was this case of the two rebels a technical case of treason. In the trial of Lord George Gordon, Lord Mansfield said : “ I tell you that if this multitude assembled with intent, by acts of force and violence, to compel the legislature to repeal a law, it is high treason.” In the present case rebellion was fostered for its own sake ; law and order were resisted because the rebels profited by anarchy. It is strange that the law which executed Nanda Kumar for forgery had no power over the lives of traitors.

When the news was known, that these men were not to die, the effect was disastrous. The people had seen these men thrice removed and thrice restored. They bore charmed lives and nothing short of death would break the spell. In some vague, mysterious way their influence would stretch over sea from the place of exile, to work a renewal of miseries to the country.

Such was the consternation, that martial law, which had till this time been confined to Guma, was now proclaimed throughout the State. Negotiations were also opened with the Bissoyi of Jeringhi and the Bissani of Guma for the delivery of the

rebel Godeyapand. The interpreter was one Dasarathi Jenna, leader of the town peons. Mr. Russell trusted neither this man, nor the Bissoyi ; and events showed that he was right. For the time, however, it was necessary to dissemble. Unfortunately Mr. Russell had to leave the district for a time. No sooner had he gone than disaster followed.

The Bissoyi had fixed the date and place where he had to deliver up the rebel. Like a true Oriental, he kept on making excuses for delay. The troops were then commanded by a Major Baxter. This officer, intending to bring matters to a crisis, resolved to go in person to the Bissoyi's fort. His zeal seems to have carried him to the borders of rashness. He set out with a body of troops, sending a Havildar in advance to reconnoitre. The Havildar found the road blocked with trees, and sent back word. Major Baxter, with that false sense of security which at times seems so strangely to take possession of expeditions of this kind, took no notice. The men marched on without loading, totally unsuspecting of an ambush. Suddenly, on turning a corner, they were fired upon. Major Baxter was wounded in the arm and the Havildar in the knee. Some of the men also probably received wounds, but the party managed to fight its way back. Major Baxter died of his wounds, and the Havildar lost his leg.

Mr. Russell returned in 1833, only to find things worse than ever. The Bissoyis had again made war upon the defenceless ryots, and fire and rapine were as busy as before. Several conflicts had taken place between the troops and the rebels. Above all, how was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi to be treated ? The Bissoyi had written to Major Baxter, asking him not to come to Jeringhi and objecting to the presence of the troops. He had, in a manner, hinted that an advance in force would be considered as a declaration of war. So far he seems to have been little to blame. But afterwards he plundered the villages : he attacked the troops ; he shut the passes, and these were acts of open rebellion. It was impossible to receive him again upon the old footing. It was impossible to pardon him, so long at least as no overtures came from him. Meanwhile it was necessary to temporise for other reasons. The crops were ripe for harvest. The dew at that season of the year is very heavy in Ganjam, and exposure would be certain to bring on fever. The troops had no artillery. Lastly, Mr. Russell hoped that, if he ceased from open hostility, the enemy would refrain from violence. It was, however, necessary to keep a certain pass open. A party was sent to occupy it ; but it was fired upon and returned with loss. All hopes of peace were at an end. War was the only course left.

Faction, which plays so important a part in the politics of

Indian villages and Indian States, now stepped in to put an end to the strife. Many of the hill chiefs had been elected to the exclusion of other claimants. These disappointed rivals now came over to the Government and brought with them a number of peons. This was the turning point of the insurrection. The troops and their English officers, ignorant of the country and the language, could only follow the beaten tracks. These were easily obstructed by a few bamboo bushes laid across them. Here and there was a breastwork of earth and stones. Such barriers were almost impregnable without artillery and afforded excellent shelter to the enemy. But now the aspect of affairs changed. The new recruits knew the country as well as the insurgents; they conducted the troops by scarcely practicable footpaths. Very soon three forts were reduced; the grain was captured, and the key to the position was lost to the rebels.

Events now drew rapidly to a close. In January, 1834, artillery arrived and an attack upon Jeringhi was ordered. To divert attention, an attack was made upon a small village called Ulláda, and Lieutenant Sherard, of the 49th N I., was killed. On the 18th of January a night attack was made on Jeringhi from three different points. Although some of the parties did not arrive till the sun was up, the attack was completely successful, and the rebels fled, leaving the fort in the hands of the victors. Soon afterwards the Bissoyis of Rayagada and Lavanyakota were caught, and a month later they were hanged. Other chiefs now sued for pardon. Village after village was stormed where the rebels still held out. They had now become desperate. They murdered or mutilated all who fell into their hands. They wounded the peasants, or cut off their noses and sent them to Mr. Russell, with a message that their blood was upon his head. In one village they killed or wounded twenty-six old men, women and children.

But the end was at hand. In March, 1834, Mr. Russell obtained a notable addition in the person of one Fakir Raz. In April this man seized one "Gurnall," a ferocious Savara leader and gave him up to justice. Then "Godeyapand," of whom mention was made earlier was captured, but died of a wound he received in the scuffle. The Bissani of Guma and her sons came in and submitted, and the only rebel of consequence who was at large was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi.

Hunted like a wild beast, he fled from one hiding place to another. He took refuge with the Bissoyi of Jumba; and the Raja, the suzerain of the latter, commanded him to deliver up the refugee. Driven thus between the devil and the deep sea, between his allegiance to his Raja and his vows of hospitality, the unfortunate Bissoyi warned his guest, and then, with



the fortitude, if we may not say courage, of an ancient Roman, cut his own throat. The fugitive fled to his father-in-law, but only to bring disaster upon him, for, in an attempt to seize the Bissoyi of Jeringhi, his father-in-law and his four sons were captured, while the prize escaped. His father-in-law was transported for life. The Jeringhi chief now fled northward, and soon afterwards the Bissoyi with whom he had taken refuge, with less courage and more philosophy than his brother Bissoyi, gave up his guest to the Government. One is glad to know that death spared him the disgrace of a public execution. He was placed in a false position by Major Baxter, and, though he might have returned to his allegiance, he was drawn, as it were insensibly, into a rebellion to which he was, it seems, originally averse.

All was over. The spirit of the revolt was broken. It remained only, as at the close of a Shakesperian tragedy, to dispose of the actors and then "excunt with a dead march." Eleven men were hanged; others were transported; a hundred and three of the town peons were confined. The fire was effectually put out, never to be relighted in Parlakimedi.

As compared with the military histories of small expeditions, the story is perhaps wanting in interest. Here and there there was a scene which gave promise of dramatic effect; but, with the exception of the attack on Jeringhi, the war was made up of unimportant skirmishes, attacks on insignificant villages and captures of isolated rebels. The main interest lies elsewhere. The veil is lifted and we get a glance at district administration at that time. These things were before the days of railways and telegraphs. The post was painfully carried to Madras by runners whose jingling rings, now a mere symbol of office, may from time to time have scared away the beasts of the jungle. Events which took place in Ganjam had passed into history before they reached the ears of Government. There was no time to obtain orders; it was necessary to act then or never. The responsibility was increased tenfold, not only in respect of particular acts, but with regard also to the general line of action. The policy of Government was a policy of conciliation. It was natural that the Collector should hesitate to use armed force even at the most serious crisis, and thus commit the Government to a policy which they rejected time after time. The European officers were completely isolated. In all the events which took place before Mr. Russell's arrival, we hear of only a few names, four or five at most. These few were called upon over and over again to put their lives in jeopardy; and it is to their honour and the credit of the service to which they belonged that they obeyed the summons fearlessly.

But while we acknowledge the bravery of these officers it is worthy of our remark that in no case was harm deliberately done to a European. It is true that Lieutenant Sherard was killed by a musket ball in the body and that the wound in his arm proved fatal to Major Baxter. But the shot which killed Lieutenant Sherard was apparently fired at random in the course of a skirmish, and Major Baxter's case is hardly in point, since the advance of the troops was taken as an overt act of hostility, and the rebels probably justified his death to themselves. On the other hand, a European officer was for some time a prisoner in their hands; on more than one occasion the Collector was practically in their power, and several times English officers were surrounded by angry threatening mobs, whose fury might have excused, though not absolved, their violence. Yet in the midst of faction and intrigue, in the midst of burning, plundering and mutilation, not one of these officers received any injury.

The difficulties of the enterprise are not to be measured by statistics. Judged by the number of troops engaged, by the number of men killed, or by the number of definite actions, the affair was a trifling one. But these were the very reasons why it was so difficult. There were very few troops and it became necessary to employ the untrustworthy town peons. If the commanders could have engaged the Bissoyis with their forces in the open plain, the disciplined troops would doubtless have soon scattered the rebels. A single battle would have decided the campaign, and even if more blood had been spilt, the peace of the Zemindari would still have been cheaply purchased. But the chieftains were too wily for that. Their dense jungles afforded them excellent cover, and they would hardly be likely to forego their advantage easily. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, was completely in the dark. We are accustomed to think of the collectors in those days as the kings or the fathers of the people, making royal progress to receive the homage of their subjects, and listening with ready ears to the complaints of their children. The authorities in Ganjam knew nothing about the people, the country, or the language. There were no maps; there were hardly any roads. The people were either disaffected, or treacherous, or afraid. Those who should have seen that the hill tribes were a peculiar people, were treating them as the ordinary peasants of the plains. Those whose business it was to know the language of the district, did not know a word of Uriya. Those whose duties should have taken them on tour to all parts of the country, could give no information about its geography. In a word, the intelligence department was wanting. It not merely failed; it never existed. The Government made a few arrests,

and had, perhaps, produced an impression ; but until the hill people were persuaded to abandon the cause of rebellion, and to become guides for the troops, the Bissoyis held their own, and success was as far off as ever.

The expedition was in many ways remarkable. Though the troops were engaged, the chief command was given to a civilian. Even when there was open war, the military operations were curiously mixed with diplomacy. Now the peons were used instead of the soldiers, in the hopes of causing less irritation. Again warfare ceased, to allow things to subside—a kind of *laissez faire* policy. Anarchy had broken out fitfully for thirty-six years, and the last and most formidable insurrection lasted from September 1831 to May 1834. Unprovided with troops, with maps, with artillery, with information, Mr. Russell acted like a man who is conscious of his weakness and his difficulties, and who is determined to succeed in spite of both.

Most interesting of all are the Bissoyis and their hill tribes who now for the first time came in contact with Europeans. They were a strange mixture of ferocity and shrewdness. They were ruthless in murdering men and outraging women, in plundering crops and burning villages—not because they took a delight in murder and outrage (though perhaps plunder had its own attractions), but because these things were a means to an end, and, in their savage philosophy, the end justified any means. On the other hand, they carried their notions of hospitality to an extreme ; they were not ignorant of the arts of reading and writing, and they showed considerable skill both in their military and in their diplomatic encounters with the Government. The Bissani of Guma is described as a woman of extraordinary fascination, with the power of making everyone believe her sincere, a difficult task at a time when all were treacherous. Throughout the period when the so-called ‘Sirdar’ and his confederate were in secret league with the Bissoyis, these latter were quick to grasp the situation, and without their intelligent assistance many a well laid plot for burning or plundering must have failed.

All this is over to-day. The jungles which alike hid the insurgents and baffled the troops, have been cleared, perhaps too effectually. Roads now run, where the troops painfully followed up the scarcely distinguishable tracks. The passes are free : the forts are undefended. The officer of Government is no longer a “golden sparrow that has flown into a cage ;” and, treated as a guest in the fort, he finds little in his host to remind him of the by-gone ferocity of the Bissoyis in Parlakimedi.

S. P. RICE.

## ART. V.—A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF THE PANJAB.

“*Et cujus pars parva fui*”: 1845-6.

**I** CAME lately by a mere chance on a file of manuscripts written by myself between the 11th of February and March 31, 1846, just fifty-two years ago. I recognise my handwriting, but I had forgotten the existence of the document: it proves to be a transcript of a portion of Vol. II of my Journal, which I have kept day by day since I left England, on September 15, 1842; and I must have made the transcript to send to my father, for it came back to me when he died, in 1861, amid the file of my letters to his address, which I had sent without fail every Sunday, from January, 1843, when I parted with him in the Bay of Naples, to May, 1861, and one letter arrived to his address from me after his death, proving that I had never forgotten him.

This transcript gives an account of the first British invasion of the independent kingdom of the Panjáb, and the capture of Lahór. I had accompanied the Army from Ambála, December 6, 1845, to the river Satlaj. I had been present at the battles of Múdkí on December 18, and Ferozshahr on the 21st, where my superior officer, Major George Broadfoot, Agent to the Governor-General, was killed. I was his Personal Assistant, and buried him at Ferozpúr, and was appointed Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, living as a guest with Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, and his two sons, my old Eton friends, Charles and Arthur Hardinge. My superior officer, Mr. Fredrick Currie, was Secretary to the Foreign Department. On the 10th February, 1846, I was present at the battle of Sobráon, and witnessed the defeat of the Sikh Army; and the next day the narrative, now printed, commences. As far as I can judge, every person named has long since been dead: and the only person, except myself, of whom I am certain that he was present and is still alive, is Field-Marshal Sir Paul Haines.

Colonel Henry Lawrence, then Resident in Nepal, was summoned to take the place of my dead Chief, Major George Broadfoot; and when he arrived in camp, I went back to my old office as his Personal Assistant.

The Governor-General was good enough to make the two following notices of my services. I was only twenty-four years of age, but I did my best; my knowledge of the languages, of the political environment, and the individual chiefs with whom we came into contact, and my ability to give orders and discuss matters in the Vernacular, made me

of some use, as everybody else was an entire stranger to the country, language and people :

"Mr. Cust, of the Civil Service, Confidential Assistant to Major Broadfoot, the Agent to the Governor-General on the North-West Frontier of India, both in the field, and his own immediate Department, has shown great intelligence in duties which were new to him, and I notice him as a most promising officer.—*Despatch of Governor-General to the Secret Committee of the Directors of East India Company.* Dec. 31, 1845.

"GENERAL ORDERS OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Feb. 14, 1846.

"The Governor-General acknowledges the able assistance which he had at all times received from the Political Secretary, Fredrick Currie, Esq. ; his acknowledgments are also due to his Private Secretary, Charles Hardinge, Esq., and the Assistant Political Agent, Robert Cust, Esq."

Fifty-two years have passed away since I sent this document to my father, years of joy and of sorrow, sunshine and shade, wonderful success and bitter disappointment. Crushed by domestic misfortune, I left India in 1867, thirty years ago, without pension, honours, or the completion of my career by occupying the highest posts of the Empire, which seemed within my grasp. But Life is one of compensations, and, after the lapse of fifty-two years since my first battle, I can truly say that all has been ordained for me in the wisest, and best, and kindest, way, I remember, as we rode out of the battle of Múdki, in the dark, on December 18, 1845, asking my dear and honoured friend, Sir Henry Havelock, whether that was a real battle, which we had just taken part in ; as to me, fresh from the Eton playing-fields, it seemed to be only a confused scrimmage ; and his reply was : "I should rather think that it *was* a battle." But we had heavier experiences in a couple of days at Ferozshahr, when my master, Broadfoot, was killed, and equally heavy, though more magnificent to look at, in the following February, at Sobráon.

Life is, indeed, one of compensations. At the age of seventy-seven I look at events from a different point of view from that from which I regarded them at the age of twenty-three, when I began my Indian career, and of forty-seven, when I ended it abruptly under the pressure of domestic affliction, and in spite of the protests of my life-friend and master in the Art of Rule, John Lord Lawrence, then Viceroy of India. And, perhaps, the quiet satisfaction of seeing large folio leaves in the British Museum, and the Bodleian, and similar Libraries, entirely filled with the names of the books, written by my hand on the two subjects of Language and Religion, in all their aspects,

is greater than that which might have been afforded by a five years' government of my dear Panjáb, or the transitory honour of the Star of India, and the Indian Empire, which has fallen to the lot of my contemporaries and my subordinates, and well deserved by them, though, alas! so many wasted away, and found their way to early graves in the fifties and sixties. Others may have deserved and desired such honours, but have not attained them, owing to the obliquity of vision and prejudice of those in power. I can say with truth for myself;

"Sunt qui non habeant; est qui *non quacrit habere*."

And of some of my contemporaries, who made a pretence of ruling Provinces of India, it may be truly, though sadly, said in the scorching words of Tacitus, that he seemed

"*Dignus Imperio si non imperasset*."

Fortunately I have escaped that risk, but have run a chance of the opposite stigma, of being deemed

"*Capax scribendi si non scripsisset*."

But those who, without any selfish object, commit their thoughts and experiences to print, realize the pleasure and joy of doing so, whether the readers like or do not like the bold assertions of independent opinion, or the severe and searching criticisms of bad methods in affairs material, intellectual, or spiritual. The voice crying in the wilderness against the un wisdom of the "wise," the feebleness of the "strong," and the goody-goody follies of the "good," may be listened to in the twentieth century, and scores of letters from unknown correspondents in different parts of the round world have convinced me, that they have had some effect even in the nineteenth century.

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*February 11, 1846, Wednesday.*—Returned early this morning from the field of Sobráon to Ferozpúr; found the whole of the force in motion towards the bridge of boats at the Kanda Ghát; the Attári force had actually crossed, on the preceding night, without any opposition, and everybody was in the bustle of preparation. The effects of the victory of the preceding day had been most complete, and there was reason to anticipate that no opposition of any kind would be offered between Ferozpúr and Lahór.

*Thursday, 12th.*—Rode down to see the baggage of the Army crossing the river by the bridge of boats. One of the great difficulties to be contended with in Indian warfare is the boundless quantity of baggage, and the numberless camp-followers with which the army is encumbered. Everybody allows this defect, but no one seems to take one step towards correcting it. The sight I this day witnessed was one which brought the defect more particularly to my notice. The river

between Ferozpúr and Lahór is divided into three branches, two of which are fordable; the centre had been spanned by a bridge of boats brought for that express purpose from Bombay. The course of the river varies every season, sometimes encroaching on the North, and sometimes on the South bank; and, as the line of the deep stream, from immemorial custom, forms the boundary of the two States, the cultivators on the immediate banks find themselves transferred from being our subjects to become those of Lahór as the course of the current varies. The soil of the island is heavy, as might be expected. The bridge had been connected in the space of thirteen hours and a half, and an uninterrupted stream of camels was now passing over it. The struggle at the head of the bridge was terrific, as the different lines of baggage converged into the one centre, and it sometimes happened, that in the jostle a camel, with its burden, was precipitated into the stream. For three days without interruption the line of camels might have been seen crossing the river; a second bridge was in course of preparation to enable parties to recross, which by the single bridge, to beasts of burden, was impossible. I crossed the bridge, and for the first time stood exulting in the Lahór territory, and beheld our camp rapidly forming upon the main bank, separated from me by a fordable stream. A small party had passed forward and occupied Kussoor, the first march to Lahór.

*Friday, 13th.*—A day of doing nothing and everything. The chance of baggage being plundered in a foreign territory induced me to leave behind me everything which could be spared.

*Saturday, 14th.*—A busy morning spent in making final arrangements. I started about midday for the first march to Kussoor, whither the Governor-General had already preceded me. The weather was already waxing warm, and the rays of the sun oppressive. When I arrived at the bridge, I found that the line of camels, which had commenced at midday on the 11th, had now well-nigh ceased; the division of the army had, however, not yet crossed.

We found the fordable stream on the Northern side of the river deeper than had been anticipated, and the vast iron 24-pounders were with difficulty dragged through them by the two elephants, which, on tolerable roads, marched along with them with ease. The engineers had decided to remove the bridge to a more favourable spot, higher up the stream. We cantered along the road leading to our halting-place, and, as the shades of darkness closed round us, found ourselves in the midst of the vast débris of ruins which mark the site of the once flourishing Mahomedan city of Kussoor. Here the intel-

ligence met us, that the Maharāja had, through his Wazír, Rāja Guláb Singh, tendered his submission; that the Wazír was actually in the immediate neighbourhood, and that the first interview was to take place on the morrow. The effects of our victory appeared to have been complete: the spirit of the Khalsa had been effectually humbled, and no further occasion for resort to arms was anticipated: our four battles on the south of the Satlaj had not been without their effect.

*Sunday, 15th.*—The Rāja had been expected in the morning; but delay succeeded delay, and it was midday ere we started on our elephants to meet him, in the usual ceremonious style, about two miles from our tents. Colonel Lawrence, the Agent to the Governor-General, and myself were the party deputed, and a son of Mr. Currie, the Secretary, accompanied us, as an amateur.

As we passed out, the lines of our troops appeared to amazing advantage, extending in a vast semi-circle, as far as the eye could reach, round the town of Kussoor. At the picquet we descried the cavalcade of Rāja Guláb Singh emerging from a village; and at length we met, and the Rāja transferred himself to the howdah of the Agent to the Governor-General, the place of honour, to which his rank entitled him. His appearance was that of a stout, heavy-looking man, past the prime of life, with nought of bearing or dignity, no spark of Rajpút nobility to distinguish him from the common herd. His manner, as that of most Natives in their dealings with Europeans, was cringing. With him were a select though small body of his own horsemen, in brass helmets, and picturesque habiliments. His immediate companions were men well known to me by name, Diwán Dina Nath, Fakír Núruddin, Sirdar Sultán Mahommed Khan Barukzye, and a few other Sirdars of inferior note whose insignificance had preserved them from the rage of the Khalsa, and whose good luck had brought them home unscathed by the English bayonet. As our cavalcade swept towards our tent, the whole Army turned out to look at us, and the crowd of Europeans swarming round the elephants appeared to startle, if not alarm, the Rāja.

We conducted him to the tent of the Agent; and, after some private conversation, he was handed by the Agent and myself, on foot, followed by his attendants, to the Durbar, where the Governor-General was in state to receive him. The Governor-General then informed him of the terms, which were offered to him, which were translated to him by the Political Secretary. Among the party was Dr. Martin Honigberger, whose dress and manner led one to suppose that he was an Asiatic, though in reality a European. The whole party then adjourned to Colonel Lawrence's tent, and the discussion of



the terms to be imposed was commenced upon. On the side of our Government Colonel Lawrence and Mr. Currie, on the side of the Maharāja, Rāja Guláb Singh, Diwán Dina Nath, and Khalífa Núruddin, were the appointed Commissioners. Outside, under the wide-spreading shade-trees, were seated the various Sirdars who had swelled the cortége; and on one occasion, when the Rāja went among them and addressed them, I marked with astonishment how much the man was changed, and how different was his bearing towards his countrymen and towards us. I made acquaintance and conversed with many of those assembled, and the night closed over, ere the discussion ceased; and it was not until one o'clock in the morning, that the Rāja could be brought to concede to the hard terms imposed upon him by the Government, and to evade which he brought into play every species of delay and chicanery which a Native, and a Native alone, calls on such occasions to his assistance.

*Monday, 16th.*—A halt to allow the heavy train to come up. I rode in the evening along our widely-spread lines, and surveyed with mingled astonishment the vast army which we had assembled upon this remote and distant frontier: we had actually with us 23,000 fighting men of all arms. The hospital at Ferozpúr and the battlefields of Múlki, Ferozshahr, Aliwal, and Sohráon, had diminished our force by upwards of 5,000; our camp-followers alone must have amounted to 100,000; beasts of burden, elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, mules, to an amount frightful and incalculable.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—A halt. Rode through the ruins of old Kusoor, of an immense extent and very picturesque; ruined domes and solitary arches mark the spot where once stood the Mosque or place of sepulture of some one of the old Mahometan nobility. Time has effaced all other traces.

*Wednesday, 18th.*—The whole force marched this morning in order of battle, forming a vast square of Infantry and Cavalry, in the centre of which were the baggage, heavy guns, and other ammunitions of war. I galloped onwards to the advanced guard, consisting of a detachment of Her Majesty's 3rd Dragoons, and accompanied the Quarter-Master-General's department, by which means I was freed from the dust, which was oppressive to a degree, and was able to see the country through which we were passing, covered with a high jungle of jhund and bun. Arriving at Lulleali, I ascended a high mound, where the villagers were assembled, watching with terror and awe the forerunners of the cloud of locusts who were preparing to overshadow them. I assured them that no wanton injury would be inflicted upon them; that their village would be protected; and I stood among them watching the advancing host.

At first, along the wide plain, the only object I could descry was the dust enveloping the squadron of cavalry in the advance, amidst which the lances were glancing in the sun ; a dull, ominous cloud enveloped the horizon, and at length the distant columns on the wings and the centres discovered themselves, first only by their dust, and afterwards by the black mass, which appeared sweeping down the plain. Onwards they came, fresh parties of Cavalry appearing on the flanks, until the whole was enveloped in one vast cloud of dust ; as they neared the village, each column turned off to the encamping-ground marked out for them, and the whole plain presented a confused mass of camels and elephants ; two hours more, and the whole had subsided into order and regularity, and the white tents, springing up on all sides as if by magic, transformed the quiet fields into the appearance of a thickly populated town.

This was the day fixed for the reception of the Maharája, and I was deputed to proceed to his tents to bring him in. A larger party of different ranks and at different distances were stationed to meet the cavalcade as it approached the tent of the Governor-General. About two miles from our tents I met their advancing cortége, and was the first European to doff my hat to the ruler of Lahór, Dulíp Singh, who had never hitherto been seen by any British subject. He appeared to be a child of an intelligent and not displeasing appearance, tastefully dressed ; the expression of his mouth was unpleasant, and, for a boy seven years old, he was small ; of utterance he had no powers. Onwards we swept, receiving at intervals an increase to our numbers, by the different officials deputed to conduct the Maharája to the Governor-General's Durbar, and we found the great centre street lined with troops, and six 24-pounders drawn up at the end of it. Alighting at the tent, we entered in a fearful crush, and so dark and so miserably arranged was the Durbar, that figures were scarcely distinguishable. The whole proved a very bear-garden : officers, in uniform and out of it, who had no business to be there, had pressed in, and there was scarcely room for us to spread on the floor the magnificent presents offered to the Maharája and his Wazír. The Maharája departed under a salute from the 24-pounders, which must have astonished the Sikhs.

*Thursday, 19th.*—Continued our march this day in the same order to Khana Kuchwa. I accompanied the advance as usual, and laid myself down to repose under some delightful trees adjoining the house of a Fakír, on the margin of a tank. Here I remained for upwards of three hours, until the Army had settled itself, and I amused myself by reading the last number of the *Calcutta Review*, and discussed some chupatties and cold meat. Here I was at least free from the dust and heat, and when I

at length emerged from my retreat, our camp was in a forward state of preparation.

This day was fixed for a return visit of ceremony to be paid to the Maharāja in his tent, about two kos distant, and we accordingly proceeded thither on elephants. His Highness's tents were picturesquely pitched upon a rising ground, and his small escort so disposed as to produce an imposing effect. On alighting, we entered the kanats, or canvas-walls, and beheld a beautiful scene of order and magnificence. Shawls and Kashmir carpets covered the floor; above were a shamecāna of the same material, and under them were seated the inferior officers of Government. Under the tent was seated in a silver chair the Maharāja, a range of chairs on each side; but the Sirdars were standing behind their Sovereign. We were four in number, and seated ourselves on each side of the Maharāja, while the nobles of the Court, even to the Wazir himself, remained standing; there was no crowding, no confusion. All were handsomely dressed; the carpets were most beautiful; and one side of the tent, being thrown open, admitted air and light, a view of the country before, and the inferior dependants seated in the distance.

On the whole, it presented as mortifying a contrast to our Durbar of the preceding day as can be imagined. Some general conversation ensued, when we adjourned with the Rāja and his confidential advisers to his private tent, and, while high matters were being discussed, fruit, pears, grapes, apricots, were handed round. The conference was rather suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a squadron of Lancers which ought to have accompanied us, but arrived late. We returned to camp at a very late hour, and dined with the Governor-General. The main points of the new treaty appear to be the disbandment of the Army, the cession of the Jalunder Doab, and payment of the expenses of the war.

*Friday, 20th.*—Started by daybreak on the march to Lahór. I accompanied the advance as usual, and before we had proceeded far, the tall buildings and white cantonments of the Imperial City came into sight, glittering in the morning sun. Our halting-place was to be the plain of Mian Mir, distant about two miles from the walls of the city, but actually adjoining the suburbs. This was the parade ground of the Khalsa Army which we had destroyed. A general air of loneliness prevailed in the extensive cantonments, in which not a single soldier remained. Two months previously upwards of 40,000 had gone forth to fight, confident in their own strength, confident of victory, talking of extending their Empire to Dehli, Calcutta, and London, a place of the very existence of which they had no certain knowledge. Where were

they now? Dispersed to the four winds. Many had fallen on the bayonet, or left their bodies, disfigured by the blow of cannon-shot, to feed the vultures on the southern bank of the Satlaj. Many thousands had perished in the stream which they had wantonly crossed; the rest were scattered over the land, friendless, houseless, moneyless; their boasted cannon left as a trophy in the arsenal of Ferozpur; an avenging army taking possession of the Capital which they had for the last five years disgraced with scenes of outrage and rapine and murder.

It would have been impossible for anyone deeply interested, as I had been, in the course of events for the last two years, that had been happening, not to feel a momentary triumph in the hour of advancing, with an irresistible army, to take possession of a city the rulers of which had, but two months before, been wantonly engaged in plans hostile to our very existence in India. I galloped up to the Tomb of Mian Mir, a beautiful Mahomedan building kept by the liberality of Ranjit Singh in excellent repair; and, tying up my horse to a tree, I ascended to the roof of the mosque to watch the advent of our columns: there I remained till the tide of men rolled up to my feet, when I hastened to my tent. The roof of this mosque commands a fine general view of the town and suburbs of Lahór, amidst the towers of which the Residences of Generals Avitáble and Court are conspicuous, with the lines of their respective Brigades adjoining, and the long and handsomely built gunsheds, no longer bristling with cannon.

In the afternoon it was arranged that a large deputation, headed by the Agent and Political Secretary, the different Staffs, Military and Civil, should conduct the Maharája back to his Capital, and reseat him on the throne of his Father, from which he was supposed to have fled to take refuge with us, though, in fact, we had defeated the *de facto* rulers of the country, the Khalsa, and the Kingdom was at our mercy. We started about two o'clock from the camp, with about twenty elephants, and an escort consisting of two Regiments of Lancers, the 9th and 16th; two troops of Horse Artillery; two Regiments of Native Cavalry; and at Anarkáli, where is the house of General Ventura, we met Rája Guláb Singh and the chief officers of the State.

The dust was terrible, and we were all in a dreadful state of disorder; hair, eyelashes, moustaches, etc., all brought to the same dirty white colour. However, there was no help for it, and we waited patiently till the Maharája and his cortége hove in sight, when we proceeded with him up to the walls of the town, and along them till we reached the Roshnai Gate, to the North, and immediately adjoining the citadel.

The appearance of the city from the exterior is very

imposing: the high brick walls, with deep ditch, scarp and counter-scarp, and bastions at intervals, the roofs of the houses appearing from the inside, the gates carefully covered and flanked, were all calculated to give us a high idea of the strength, wealth, and size, of the capital of the Panjáb. The abundance of trees and gardens in the immediate suburbs made a pleasing contrast, and considerably improved the general effect. The Saman Barj, with the adjoining buildings, actually in themselves form part of the defences of the town. Arriving at the Roshnai Gate, the cavalry drew up on the left of the road in double rank, and a right noble appearance they presented; the party on the elephants entered the gates. Passing under the fatal arch where Nou Nihál Singh had been killed by the falling of stone upon his head on his return from the funeral of his father, we left the Maharája at the gate of the Hazára Bagh, which, in fact, leads to the entry of his Palace: a Royal Salute was fired by our guns, as His Highness entered. We then made the complete outer circuit of the city, and returned rather exhausted, but much gratified, to our tents.

*Saturday, 21st.*—I was despatched in the morning to conduct Rája Guláb Singh to the Agent, to settle upon a measure which was very ungrateful to his feelings, but which had been decided upon by us, *viz.*, the introduction of English troops into two gates of the City, and into the Hazára Bagh and adjoining mosque. I entered the city at the nearest Gate, and threaded on my elephant the narrow and dirty lanes, with a filthy stream of water finding its way down the centre, not without feeling that I ran a very good chance of being assassinated, as, in the character of a hated Feringi, I was passing, as it were in triumph, through the Capital, the first European who had done so, since we had entered the Panjáb as enemies and conquerors.

The city appeared densely populous, and, to the inexpressible credit of our system, with a vast army in the immediate neighbourhood, no excess of any kind had taken place, and the inhabitants were quietly pursuing their daily avocations, with greater security, indeed, than when at the mercy of a ferocious soldiery. At length I reached the out-skirts of the Palace, and, passing through crowds of scowling soldiery, looking daggers at the Feringi, I came immediately under the walls of the citadel of Lahór. Many traces were there of the sieges which it had twice undergone during the revolutionary struggles of the four preceding years: the high walls were broken in many places, and the battlements, lately repaired, gave evidence of the violence of the attack. Some few pieces of artillery still remained. Passing under the archway, celebrated for a most dreadful massacre of the Sikh

soldiery during the time of the Revolution of 1840, I entered the beautiful garden of the Hazára Bagh, in the centre of which was the stone building (Barahderi) in which the daily Durbars were held.

The Garden is square, laid out in formal beds; on one side is the Mosque, and immediately facing it is the entrance of the Citadel, under a lofty arch. Opposite the gate by which I had entered, was the gate at which we had yesterday evening deposited the Maharája. Passing under the gate leading into the fort, I found myself in a narrow passage, from which I ascended up an inclined plain into another arch, and alighted from my elephant in a small garden. After passing through two more courts, thronged with attendants, I found myself in a small enclosed quadrangle, with a tank in the centre, and balconied buildings surrounding. This was the Saman Barj, and immediately before me were the chambers occupied by the Maharáni. The Rája came forward to meet me, and, taking me by the hand, seated me under a shameána in front of the Shish Muhal, a small chamber adorned with looking-glass according to native taste. Diwán Dina Nath, Bhairam Singh, and Núruddin were present. I told the Rája that I had come to conduct him to the Agent, and begged him to prepare. He seemed very unwilling to come, and began to invent every kind of excuse, commencing a discussion of the whole affair to me, although I assured him, that I had not come to deliberate, but only to conduct him to the camp. He was evidently trying to wear away the time; to put off, if possible, the unpalatable step of admitting our troops into the Fort.

The Rája was constantly raising new points, upon which he pretended that the orders of the Maharáni were necessary. At one moment he feigned ill-health; at another he was ready to go the next moment. At length I got him to start, when he insisted upon taking me to see the Maharája, who was playing about the quadrangle, dressed as a General Officer; and a nice little boy he appeared. He drew his sword when I came up, and made a cut at a small boy with the blade. I made my salám, and we proceeded down to the elephants. Here the Rája invented new delays: he would show me where the soldiers were to be placed: fresh difficulties were started: he was too weak for an elephant; he must go in a palki. I threatened to return without him, which at length induced him to start. As a security for their not giving me the slip, I made Diwán Dina Nath come into my howdah, and so had one of them prisoners. We then started, and the Rája dexterously managed to take me by the longest route through the city, thus adding considerably to the distance. At length

we were clear of the walls, and steadily approaching the camp ; when the Rájá said that he must stop at a garden-house half-way, to take a dose of opium, and that he only required a halt for half an hour. I tried in vain to dissuade him ; so I left him, and, drawing off my escort, carried the Diwán to camp, and told the whole state of the case. A message was sent to the Rájá to warn him that, if he did not come immediately, the troops would be ordered out. This brought him quickly ; but he had gained his point, as it was too late to send the troops into the fort that night, although it was settled to do so on the morrow.

*Sunday, 22nd*—A quiet day at home, free from the Rájá, and the troubles of ceremony. The troops were introduced without opposition into the Mosque, and the Citadel to a certain extent was covered.

The terms of the treaty to be arranged with the Maharája were beginning now to ooze out : they seemed to comprise chiefly the cession of the Jalunder Doab ; the payment by the Maharája of the expenses of the war, amounting to one million and a half sterling, the first instalment of half a million to be paid down at once ; the disbandment of the Army, who were to receive three months' pay at Maharája Ranjit Singh's rates, and lay down their arms. As yet no signs of any intention to guarantee the Maharája have appeared. There is no prospect of a Resident, or Contingent Force. The old terms of a treaty of amity and friendship seem those now intended to be resorted to ; how this can end, it seems difficult to say. Total annexation of the whole country, though neither desirable *per se*, and unquestionably difficult, as involving the necessity of a fearful increase of our Army, would be, in this case, undoubtedly justifiable, and would perhaps be the soundest policy, looking to future events, and being unbiased by temporary motives, such as the exposure of the troops to the inclemency of the season, the outcry at home against aggression, etc. Against this the Government have now decided determinately, and seem inclined to take a middle course, of remunerating themselves by an annexation of territory, of protecting themselves by destroying the Army, which endangered their peace, and leaving the Maharája to form as good a Government as circumstances would permit, uninterfered with by them.

How will this work ? We have taken away the cat's claws : how will she be able to gain her livelihood, and keep the mice in order ? At present the trumpet of revolt is always ready to sound, and nothing but the formidable Sikh soldiery has kept in awe the Governors of the distant provinces. Who will now control Sawan Mal in Multán, Fathi Khan Towána in the Derajat, the Barukzye in Pesháwur, the Sheikhs in Kashmir,

the Mahomedan chiefs in Mozaffarabád? lastly, the Wazir Guláb Singh in the hill dependencies of Jamu? He is now Wazír; but let us suppose his death, or his being ejected by intrigues from the councils of his Sovereign. Even how will he control the distant and detached provinces of the Empire? In all human probability, if the English Government follows out the policy stated above, the close of the current year will see Multán, the Derajat, Kashmir, and Peshawur, detached from the kingdom of Lahór, and forming themselves into independent Governments. However, who can venture to predict coming events? We must be content to look on, and see how the plot develops itself.

*Monday, 23rd.*—Rode in the morning through the extensive cantonments erected for the Sikh infantry, now empty and deserted: comfortable fellows they were, and had erected themselves buildings putting to shame the humble huts in which the British Sepoy resides; but their numbers and extent were also a subject of surprise. Capital wells were in the centre of each set of buildings, and, in fact, every convenience seems to have been studied for the benefit of the army ruling the State, and disposing of the throne with the liberty of the Praetorian Guards.

We visited the house built by General Avitáble, as also that by General Court, which bears an inscription to that effect in three languages, French, Persian, and Panjábi, over the gateway. The house built and resided in by General Ventura is considerably to the left, at a place called Anarkáli, from the abundance of Pomegranates (*Anar*). It is singular that the only three dwellings of any distinction outside the town of Lahór should have been built by, and still be known as, the Residences of Europeans.

In the evening I cantered down one of our lines: the Infantry are in one vast extended line facing the city, with troops and batteries of Artillery associated with the different Brigades; the bulk of our Cavalry is on our right flank, looking towards the position supposed to be occupied by the enemy in the neighbourhood of Amritsar. A most formidable appearance is presented by the assembled hosts.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—By the blessing of God I have finished my twenty-fifth year, and have completed my first quarter of a century: how rapidly the last five years of my life appear to have passed, and how much I have seen during that period! Grateful indeed should I be for the bountiful kindness by which so many favours undeserved have been showered upon me, and opportunities most desirable offered to me.

In my morning ride I visited the villages to the left of our lines, and was struck by the high state of culture and the rich-



ness of the vegetation which I found around me. The approaching spring crop will be an abundant one. The abundance of wells renders these villages independent of the elements, and the great scarcity of rain this season has no whit affected them. The palm-tree of Bengál here appears in abundance, and I was struck with admiration at the sudden change from the desert upon which our camp was pitched. Still, our camp-followers, like locusts, were overspreading the smiling cornfields, and many a complaint was brought to my ears by the cultivators, with whom I conversed. The whole of these villages are occupied by Mahomedans, who are hostile to the Sikh rule. However, the state of the villages shows that they had little to complain of. The whole country appears covered with the remains of Mahomedan magnificence, and at every step some venerable relic of antiquity attracts the gaze, although the generality of Mahomedan buildings do not repay a closer inspection. They are picturesque in their general outline, but, when they have fallen into decay, there is little to reward those who penetrate among the ruins, and no sympathy can be awakened in the favour of a people who built such vast edifices to gratify a momentary pride, with no object of public good, nought save a lust of personal distinction for the deceased or his family.

I made a point of writing to my mother on this anniversary, as, doubtless, I was not forgotten by her on this day.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—Started again about midday to bring in Rájá Guláb Singh. Half-way from the town I was met by a Sindar, who had come thus far to meet me. By some accident, whether purposely contrived or not I cannot say, as I entered by one gate of the town, and proceeded along the narrow streets, the Rájá managed to emerge by another gate. Consequently, when I arrived at his house, the dwelling place of Rájá Suchét Singh, I found him gone, and had to retrace my steps.

The town was thronged with our camp-followers, who resorted thither to make their purchases. Regularity seemed to prevail throughout, though the bearded Sikhs of the Khalsa were walking through the same streets with the closely trimmed Sepoys. In advance of our camp were strong picquets to prevent any officers or European soldiers finding their way into the town. Parties of officers were allowed to pass upon an order from the Governor General's Agent. I hurried back through the streets, out of the Dehli Gate, and overtook the Rájá, who had been pulled up at the picquets. Of course, there was abundance of apologies for the mistake. We conversed together until we arrived at the Camp, and I found him very much more sociable and agreeable than before.

I heard to-day that I was to have one of the new districts in the Jalunder Doab, the change of policy in high places

having rendered unnecessary a second under-Secretary in the Foreign Department. There are advantages in this, and corresponding disadvantages. On the one side, I shall lose Simla for my summer residence this year, and shall leave the Department of the Secretariat, into which I had got a footing; perhaps I may not get back again. I shall also have the misery of a hot summer in tents, or under imperfectly made houses, perhaps at the price of a severe fever. On the other hand, I shall have active employment, and plenty to do in a stirring and interesting country. I shall make a more intimate acquaintance with the Sikhs and Land-Revenue matters. I shall be able to store in a great deal of useful information, if my health permits. However, all is best ordained for us, and I must show myself to be more than a mere spoiled child of fortune. and may reasonably put up with some little *contretemps*.

*Thursday, 26th.*—Rode in the morning to our extreme right, and then made a dash towards the city, passing through abundance of Mahomedan ruins, which form the wonder of the place, and mark the site of ancient Lahór. One building in ruins particularly struck me, as I entered, and stood in admiration under a dome of dimensions which might rival the dome of Florence, and of a lightness and airiness far superior. I made the tour of the city walls, and was particularly struck with the noble appearance which the Palace presents on the side facing the Rávi. Lahór is indeed a noble city when viewed from the outside, with its high red-brick walls, its battlements, turrets, and flanking towers, its fine broad ditch, with reverted scarp and counter-scarp, and the ravelines, covered with trees, which break the line. Second, indeed, it is to none save Dehli and Agra. I entered at the Roshnai Gate, now occupied by our sentries, and defended by a troop of horse artillery. Passing under the gate fatal to Nou Nihál Singh, I entered the Hazára Bagh exactly opposite to the direction in which I had entered on a former occasion.

Changed, indeed, was the scene since then. The measure then debated on had now been carried into execution, and our troops were in full possession, and with that singular assurance and levity which mark the Englishman, wherever he goes, the officers of the Regiments had converted the small stone building in the centre, where the Durbars of the Maharája were wont to be held, into their messhouse, and were calmly eating pork and beef, to the abhorrence and detestation of the late occupants, if they had only known of the defilement.

I ascended the steps to the great royal Mosque, long a desecrated building, and gazed with admiration at the vast space enclosed in its ample court, and the lofty dome in the

front, and graceful minars at the corners. This was also occupied by our troops, and its defences were being strengthened. I mounted the roof of the cloisters, which encircle the building, and it struck me that I had rarely seen a more beautiful scene than the one which now met my eyes. A verdant meadow, of a luxuriant green unknown to England, led down to the Rávi, about a mile distant, on the opposite bank of which rose the minarets of the tomb of Jechanghír, at Shah-derah, in the midst of palms. The numerous gardens in the neighbourhood added to the richness of the scene. I ascended the highest point of the building over the arch, and looked over the town; the weather was particularly favourable.

The Overland Mail arrived this day, and announced the return of Lord Ellenborough to the Ministry. In the evening I rode to see General Gilbert, the only man who had accompanied Lord Lake on his previous invasion of the Panjáb, forty years ago: in the year 1806 we had advanced to Rajpúra, on the Beas, and at that place made treaties with Jaswant Rao Holkar, and Ranjít Singh, the one our most perfidious enemy, the other our most steady friend. The General remarked that he had been present at the capture of the three greatest cities in India, Dehli, Agra, and Lahór.

*Friday, 27th.*—Accompanied the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Gough) and a large party to visit the Shalimár Gardens. Taking an unnecessarily circuitous route, we again passed under the walls of the town, and proceeded along the rich meadow of the Rávi. We passed several encampments of the Sikh army, who were now coming in to receive their pay and their dismissal. One spot which we passed, deserves notice. A small garden-house with a shrubbery is pointed out as the place where the late Maharája Shír Singh was treacherously killed by the Sindhanwala Chiefs, which has led to so much murder and retribution during the last two years. Every place within the immediate neighbourhood of this Capital is marked by some act of bloodshed and atrocity: here it was, says the guide, that Sirdar Ajít Singh killed Shír Singh; here he killed Dhian Singh; here Híra Singh killed Ajít Singh; here Híra Singh killed his uncle, Suchét Singh; here his rival, Kashmira Singh, and Uttar Singh. Here Jawáhir Singh killed Híra Singh; here the Khalsa killed Jawáhir Singh; here the Army of the Company utterly destroyed the Khalsa.

Passing outwards, we at length arrived at the far-famed Shalimár Gardens, surrounded by a high wall. In the interior were the usual straight alleys, fountains, reservoirs, and umbrageous walks, which Natives admire so much. Owing to the water-works being in disorder, the fountains did not play, which took off much from the effect. I returned home by the direct road.

This day I again started, about two o'clock, to bring in Rájá Guláb Singh, and met him outside the city walls. He was accompanied on this occasion by Rájá Lal Singh, and Sirdar Tej Singh, the latter of whom had just come in. These two had been the promoters and leaders of the late invasion of our territories, and had commanded in the actions against us. Their characters are neither of them good. Men devoid of talent, they sought for power by truckling to the caprice of the Army, and were hurried eventually into a line of conduct for which they had not been prepared. Rájá Guláb Singh and Rájá Lal Singh are bitter enemies, and prepared to proceed to any length against each other. This was instanced remarkably enough at the conclusion of the interview. Rájá Lal Singh waited until the rest of their party had started, and then got into his palanquin, which was closely surrounded by men from his own village, who thus prevented any attempt on his life on the part of Rájá Guláb Singh from succeeding.

*Saturday, 28th.*—Started early in the morning on a visit to the tomb of Jehanghír at Shahderah. It is situated to the North of the Rávi. Accompanied by a couple of Sikh sowars, I proceeded under the city wall, and then across the open plain, which divides the city from the river, to the ferry. Here I embarked with my horse in one of the large ferry-boats, and found among my companions some of the soldiers of Ventura's battalions, whom we had so lately defeated. Sturdy and wiry fellows, they gave me no friendly looks; but, entering into conversation with them, I found them civil enough. They told me that they had received two months' pay, and were proceeding to join their Regiment, which was encamped under the trees before us. Each man had his musket and sword with him. They appeared sadly crestfallen.

Landing on the opposite bank, and wading through another and a smaller stream, I found myself in a deep sandy soil, showing that the Rávi, like the other streams of India, was uncertain in its course. Half a mile distant was the tomb of the Emperor. There appeared to be three vast square enclosures of brickwork in a sadly dilapidated state; the end one contained the Mausoleum, a large square building of a solid and compact form, with four lofty minarets in the corners: the building was ornamented in the usual Mahomedan style with scrolls and patterns in different coloured marble. The inside was very rich in decoration, and the tomb itself was costly and elegant, and in good preservation. The style, of the decorations was kindred to those, which have excited so much admiration in the tomb of Shah Jahan at Agra. The buildings, archways, etc., are sadly dilapidated, and the river Rávi, which once

flowed actually under its walls, has carried away the Southern wall altogether. What Time has spared man had defaced, and Sirdar Sultan Mahommed Khan Barukzye of Pesháwur had contributed his share by turning a part of the tomb into his residence for the last six years. To secure the privacy of his Zanána, he had built up all the stairs but one that gives access to the roof, and thence to the minarets. I sent my salám to the Sirdar, and obtained his permission to ascend ; but I was to confine myself to one side of the building. I mounted to the highest minaret, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, and of the noble city with its palaces, domes, and minarets, appearing to great advantage on the further bank of the stream. My elevated position enabled me to see into the Sirdar's Zanána, and catch a sight of one of his wives, a dark-eyed beauty. Returning to the ferry, I fell in with a large number of the soldiers of Ventura's Brigade, who, like my other friends, had just received their pay. It surprised them rather to see me among them and alone, but they neither annoyed me nor spoke to me. One remarked in my hearing, that he had seen a topi (a hat) like mine at the battle of Ferozshahr. I was glad when I got clear of them, as a chance shot from any of their muskets might have finished my story, however severe a punishment would have fallen upon the offender. Passed by Generals Ventura's and Allard's houses at Anarkáli.

*March 1, Sunday.*—Rode in the morning to the City, and visited the troops in occupation of the Palace, taking a more leisurely survey of the place. I was particularly impressed with the havoc which had been inflicted on the buildings during the different sieges. The great arch of the mosque was covered with black shots, where the bullets had struck, and the numberless holes in the masonry and brick wall told where the cannon-balls had fallen. Our troops had added considerably to the strength of the place during the short time of their occupation, and it was now able to stand a siege : sandbags had been placed round in every direction, to furnish secure loopholes for our Infantry, and our guns so disposed as to command the Saman Barj.

I entered the Barahderi, a small square building of exceedingly elegant workmanship ; the material being marble, and the decorations in the usual Oriental style, the great defect of which is the shortness of the supporting columns, and the absence of solidity to the base. I visited the magnificent samads, or cenotaphs, now in the course of erection to Maharája Ranjít Singh, Kharak Singh, and Nou Nihál Singh : the buildings are small and symmetrical, and finished, with the exception of the dome. In the centre is a marble cenotaph,

covered with drapery, over which wreaths of flowers are spread, and an attendant standing over it day and night with a Chauri, while a Priest is incessantly reading passages of the Granth. I returned by the road leading round the town, and at the Dehli Gate stopped to look at the Bangi Gun, an enormous machine, now useless, and placed under a shed; but its possession was a subject of great triumph to Ranjít Singh during the early stage of his career.

*Monday, 2nd.*—The surrendered guns are now coming in, though slowly, and a portion of the money is being counted out in camp, great difficulty being experienced on account of the extraordinary variety of coinages. I started again at 1 P.M. to bring in Rája Guláb Singh, and had to proceed as far as his house ere I met him. We then had to wade through the filthy streets amidst the crowds which thronged them, and, emerging at the Dehli Gate, proceeded towards the camp, being joined outside by several of the Chiefs.

An incident occurred on our route, which is characteristic of the time and the place. As we were plodding on in the midst of dust, a shot was heard from the rear, immediately behind us. This brought us all to a halt, and each Chief looked at his rival; and then an inquiry began to take place to see who was the offending party; he was, of course, not to be found, though it was clear that the object of the party was to take away the life of his rival. Every time I proceed upon one of these missions I feel that my life is in risk, as a chance bullet intended for the Rája is as likely as not to hit me.

In the evening I rode to General Avitábile's house, which commands a magnificent view of the city and neighbourhood of Lahór. It stands in the centre of the ruins of ancient Lahór; and the surrounding country is dotted by Mahomedan buildings in various stages of ruin and decay. The city of Lahór presents a noble appearance, and at the moment that I stood there, the vast empty cantonments, so lately the residence of these fire-eating Khalsa legions, were not the least interesting objects in the scene. In the distance, dimly visible through the smoke which surrounds every evening a large Indian camp, appeared the tents of the conquerors. In the rear of the town I could distinguish the winding course of the Rávi, and the minarets which mark the spot of the tomb of Jehanghír. The house which commands this view is a small summer-house attached to the residence of General Avitábile, and known as Avaki Patu. It stands on one of the old brick-kilns. The dwelling-house contains one highly ornamented chamber, with paintings very much superior to those usually found in the works of a Native Artist. They represented Maharája Ranjít Singh and his court, his sons, and other dis-

tinguished members of his Army. The General also introduced a portrait of Napoleon, and of a European lady, to which no name was attached. On each side of the door some most inlegant Angels held scrolls in their hands, with French and Latin inscriptions. One was a favourite quotation of Avitá-bile, and one that has great force in its application to the state of things in an Oriental country :

“ Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ;  
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.”

The French quotations were :

“ La Mort jamais surprenait le sage ;  
Il est toujours prêt a partir,”

and such like. The house was guarded by six soldiers of the General's Brigade, and with them I entered into conversation with regard to late events. They had not shared in the battle, having been left behind ; but they were keenly alive to the progress of events. They spoke as persons fully aware of what their position was, and as persons in the habit of discussing public matters. Their manner was civil, yet still independent ; and one of them, a native of a Nadoun, exhibited a degree of geographical knowledge as to the course of the Beas which I did not anticipate. One of them was a resident of Khythul, and, as such, under the new Régime, expected his discharge. I asked them what had induced them to attack Ferozpúr ; they said distinctly the orders of the Ráni, who had promised them gold bracelets, and assured them of abundance of plunder. After hearing this, it was most provoking to reflect that we were entirely playing into the hands of the Ráni, and that the many brave soldiers we had lost had perished to carry out her plans of getting rid of her own rebellious Army.

*Tuesday, 3rd.*—Sir Charles Napier, Governor of Sindé, arrived this day. He had been summoned under the impression that the campaign would prove a long and a tedious one ; but it had long been concluded before he arrived, and he had only to share in the triumph. His army, consisting of 16,000 men, had been halted at Baháwalpúr ; the Bengál division to move up to these Provinces, and the Bombay to return to Sindé. I rode in the evening to Anarkáli, Ventura's house and Cantonments. The lines for the troops are admirable, and there is accommodation for four Regiments of Infantry, three of Cavalry, and about twenty Guns. The house of the General is immediately facing, a long and low building, attached to the ruins of an old Mahomedan tomb, which had been converted by General Allard into a dwelling-place. Beyond this I fell in with a dry bed of a branch of the Rávi, and the violence of

the torrent here at one time was attested by the ruins of the buildings which had been washed down. One magnificent arch still remains, of grand proportions, and adorned with the painted mosaic work which abounds about Lahór: one of the angular minarets had, however, been rent away by the stream. Behind is a space entirely covered with tombs and sepuchral remains.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—Rode out again to visit the Shalimár Gardens, and ascended to the summit of the Garden-house, which commands a fine view of the gardens and the country surrounding. On my road thither I stopped to view the spot where the gallant but unfortunate Rájá Suchét Singh was massacred by his nephew. The place is called the "Mian Baddi ka Khangah." The Rájá had been invited down from Jamu by some of the Brigade, who were dissatisfied with the Government of Rájá Híra Singh. In the interval, however, they had agreed to remain firm to the old Government upon the receipt of a golden butki (a coin) each. Rájá Suchét Singh arrived, and, finding no one to join in his party, he retired into the buildings of Mian Baddi, refusing to return to Jamu, but prepared to die. On the following morning all the troops moved out against the Rájá, who had with him only sixty men; they all fell, fighting bravely, having killed more than a hundred of their opponents. Rai Kesri Singh was with his cousin, and fell by his side. The old building was entirely demolished, but it has now been rebuilt.

*Thursday, 5th.*—Went to the town to meet Rájá Guláb Singh, and found him in his house. We had scarcely passed out of the city gates when I received a messenger from Colonel Lawrence, saying that he would not see Guláb Singh that day, but that to-morrow a positive answer was demanded on the three points, the payment of the rupees, the cession of guns and the cession of territory. I explained this distinctly to the Rájá and then took my leave.

*Friday, 6th.*—Turned out early in the morning to see the grand review of troops. It rained slightly, but not more than sufficient to lay the dust. Sir Charles Napier was with the Governor-General, and a most extraordinary figure: a half-dress military coat, leather pantaloons, and a velvet hunting-cap, added to an enormous beard and moustache, gave to his narrow and marked features and pallid countenance a most grotesque appearance. However, there was something in his appearance that marked him to be the great man he really was. We all rode down the line; and the Governor-General, when we arrived in front of Her Majesty's 50th, introduced Sir Charles Napier, their old Commander, to them in an appropriate speech. After passing down the whole line, we



returned to the flag-staff, and the whole force defiled past us. The appearance of the heavy guns, drawn with the greatest ease by two elephants, was very magnificent and imposing. The wonderful ease with which these animals drew along the heavy guns, was astonishing. The whole appearance of the army was magnificent in the extreme, and the consideration that this review was now held at the Capital of Lahór added greatly to the interest. I felt that there was nothing to oppose this army east of the Euphrates. About midday I went to meet Rájá Guláb Singh; and my old friend Herbert of the 10th accompanied me. I alighted in a pleasant garden outside the city walls to await the coming of the Rájá, and talked to the proprietor till the cortége came in sight. Thence I accompanied him to the Camp. In the evening we had a grand dinner at the Governor-General's, of 150 people. Speeches succeeded, and, after toasting nearly everyone, the Governor-General drank the health of the Political Officers, including me by name. Sir H. Hardinge spoke well, but too much; he gave a general sketch of the campaign, and I only wished that he was really sincere in the passages in which he alluded to the Commander-in-Chief. Many of his expressions were exceedingly happy; but his speech lacked sincerity. The Commander-in-Chief spoke his thanks from his heart. Sir Charles Napier spoke with ease, and with his accustomed familiarity; his sepulchral voice was heard all over the room. No other speaker was remarkable, save one General Officer, who disgusted all by his loquacity.

*Saturday, 7th.*—Accompanied Cunningham, Colonel Irvine, and two others in a most interesting excursion over the Palace, for which we had received permission from Rájá Guláb Singh. We entered at the eastern Gate, and found ourselves at once in the spacious court, in the centre of which is the Diwán Am, a building much resembling the Diwán Am of Agra and Dehli. There the monarch, seated above his people, received their adulations. On the opposite side are rows of gunsheds, occupied now chiefly by the plaything guns of the Maharája and his boyish artillerymen. Passing under the arch called Rokua Durwáza, I remarked the spot, where the proud Minister, Rájá Dhyán Singh, fell by the blow of the assassin. Here, turning to the right, and passing through two small courts, we came into the immediate precincts of the Saman Barj, to which place I had on a former occasion penetrated. There is a small Shish Muhal here, where Ranjít Singh used to hold his Darbars. Inferior English prints have in some instances been introduced, and produce a grotesque effect. They were chiefly portraits of females; but one appeared especially out of place in a Lahór Darbar, a French print of

our Saviour in the Agony of the Garden. The windows command a pleasant and fresh view of the Rávi and the country on both sides, amidst which arose the four pinnacles of the tomb of Jehanghír. Standing at the windows of a palace, looking over a campaign country and a meandering stream, fancy carried me back to the terrace at Windsor, and I could find a resemblance between the pinnacles of the Emperor's tomb and the spires of Eton College. Above me, at a window of the Samau Barj, the little Maharája appeared, to have a look at the English strangers. Rája Lal Singh and the younger son of Rája Guláb Singh, a nice, sweet-looking youth, had joined us, and showed us over the Palace.

Returning again to the vast courtyard, into which we had first entered, we turned to the right, and saw the door of the Moti Mandar, the receptacle of Ranjít Singh's hidden treasures, which the folly of his successors had exhausted. Passing through some ruined and dilapidated buildings, we emerged in a beautiful little court with marble buildings, a cheerful garden, and an elegant little marble hall with fretted screens: this was called the Khwabghur, or sleeping apartment, of the Emperor. In the corner of the court was a tall building which Jawáhir Singh had erected for his women during his short incumbency. The style of building showed that the ex-Wazír was not more successful as an architect than a Minister. Passing under a narrow archway, we came out into another court, part of the apartments of the family of the Emperor, now deserted, or occupied by the surviving widows of Ranjít Singh, his son, and grandson. Here was a large pile of buildings, where lived the unfortunate widow of Kharak Singh, who, in an ill-fated moment, aspired to royalty, and was beaten with shoes to death by her slaves at the instigation of her rival. We then ascended into the apartments immediately to the rear of, and connected with, the Diwán Am. These rooms are small and dark, but elaborately ornamented with looking-glass and painting. They were last occupied by Maharája Kharak Singh, and he died in them under the effects of the slow poison administered to him by his ambitious Minister, Dhyan Singh, not, it is supposed, without the privity of his son, Nou Nihál Singh, who himself perished miserably on the day of his father's funeral, a victim to the same deadly intriguer. In these apartments Nou Nihál Singh and Dhyan Singh put to death the favourite, Cheyt Singh, who stood in their way, and the son all but destroyed the father at the same time.

One of the apartments opens out upon the throne of the Emperor, elevated above the heads of his subjects. In the courtyard below we stopped to watch the distribution of pay among the remnant of the Khalsa Army. The clerks and office people were squeezing these unfortunates in every way,

and reducing the small allowance settled to be given to its very minimum ; it was their day now, and they were making the most of it, though, like fools, they were laying up coals of fire for themselves, as, the moment our troops are recalled, vengeance will be exacted by the exasperated soldiery. This day the Treaty with the Lahór Government was signed : the terms were the cession of the countries between the Satlaj and the Beas ; the disbandment of the army ; the payment of a crore and a half of rupees ; and, in lieu of the crore of rupees (a million of pounds sterling), the cession *in toto* and *in perpetuum* of the hill countries from the Beas to the Indus, Jamu, Kashmir, Hazára, Rajaori, Bhimbera. This was the Treaty with Lahór, with the Maharája, and his Minister, Rája Lal Singh. But what were we to do with these distant countries ? A purchaser was at hand ; Rája Guláb Singh had resigned the Wazírat of Lahór, and had agreed, in a separate treaty, to pay down a crore of rupees, and accept in lieu the countries alluded to, as an independent kingdom. He who, forty years ago, was a poor menial, undertook to pay down in a given period a million of money ; and he had at the same time so managed matters, that to him the occupation and holding of the country would be feasible.

*Sunday, 8th.*—Rode to Shahde rah with Macdonald. We crossed the Rávi, and, on entering the inclosure of the tomb of Jehanghr, we found two Sikh Regiments on parade, which made us hesitate some time before we proceeded to the tomb. I visited also the tomb of Núr Jehán, the beautiful wife of the Emperor, a building of ninety-nine arches, now occupied by a party of Ghórchara horse. I entered into conversation with them, and one showed me an unhealed wound, which he stated he had received at the battle of Sobraon. A lad was brought forward, and introduced as the son of a man who had been killed at Ferozshahr. They spoke without any bitterness, and one man remarked with regard to the Khalsa, “apni kya paya.” “What they had suffered was the result of their own actions.” There is something very free and independent in these Ghórchara, and an absence of that grovelling manner which is the bane of India. Between the tomb of Núr Jehán and her lord is a vast dome, which covers the remains of Wazír Khan, her brother, which is similarly desecrated by having become the stable of Sikh horses.

In the evening I visited again the houses of Generals Avitá-bile and Court : the latter fitted up a vast dome, belonging to some Mahomedan place of sepulture, as a chamber for the hot weather, and a most delightful one it would be. This house is also taken care of by four Púrabi soldiers of Court's Brigade, with whom I conversed, and found that they were only waiting

to receive their pay ere they turned their back on the country and sought service elsewhere.

*Monday, 9th.*—A delightful ride through the cornfield to the left from the encampment. The whole appearance of the country is rich and fruitful in the extreme; the population is Mahomedan to a man, and, owing to the neighbourhood of the Rávi, the wells are not deep, and are consequently abundant. The whole country therefore bears the appearance of a garden, and is strongly contrasted with the bleak appearance of the country upon which our tents are pitched, which were beyond the influence of the streams. This day the Governor-General held a grand Durbar, at which the Treaty was signed. Measures had been taken to prevent the unseemly crowd which disgraced the Durbar at Kusoor, and a large tent was pitched, of an unusual size, and every preparation made to render the Durbar worthy of the head of the Government of India. Ninety officers, staff and field officers, were invited.

About two o'clock a party of officers, of whom I was one, started upon elephants and proceeded, amidst suffocating clouds of dust, to the city gate, at which place we met the Maharája and his cortége. Joining with them, we marched back to the camp, a vast moving body of men, elephants, and horses. On approaching our camp, we found the streets lined with a troop of every regiment of cavalry, and a company of every regiment of infantry, and the effect was very imposing. At the end of the street the Governor-General, in the State-howdah, accompanied by Sir C. Napier and Sir Hugh Gough, advanced to meet the Maharája, who was transferred to the Governor-General's howdah. Crush and confusion were then the order of the day, and great difficulty was experienced in admitting the respectable natives to the tent. This was at length effected. The company was seated; the Treaty was sealed and signed by the Governor-General and the Maharája, and a copy was interchanged amidst the roar of cannon, which announced the event to the army and the city. The little boy took up his pen and signed his name in the usual Sikh style, with the greatest gravity and coolness; poor fellow! he little knew, that he was making away with one-half of his dominions. The Governor-General then made a long speech, explaining the policy of Government, and the motives which had actuated him, and each sentence, as delivered, was explained to the Chiefs by the Chief Secretary in Urdu. The Governor-General distinctly stated the reason for leaving troops at Lahór; that it was against his own wishes, but consented to on the earnest request of the recognized heads of the State, and that they would be removed certainly at the close of the current year. Presents were then distributed among those whose rank enti-

bled them, and the whole party moved back amidst the same pomp and show which had welcomed their arrival.

I accompanied Rájá Guláb Singh, who had now turned his back on Lahór, and had pitched his tents within our picquets. He was full of gratitude to the Company, and only regretted that what was now being done had not been effected some ten years ago. In the evening we had a grand dinner at the Commander-in-Chief's—a less extensive assembly, but the same routine of speeches.

*Tuesday, 10th.*—I started early in the morning to Rájá Guláb Singh's tents to bring him to see the review of the assembled forces. On my road, I met Cunningham, with Rájá Lal Singh, who had donned a complete suit of armour for the occasion. I found the Rájá prepared to mount an elephant, to which I objected, as most unmilitary ; and, after assuring him that neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Governor-General would, as he supposed, be on elephants, he mounted his horse and we rode onwards to the parade ground. On the Governor-General's arrival, the usual salute was fired, and the whole party, English and Sikh, moved down the line. It was a curious sight, and at every step we stumbled against an ungainly-looking man, the very reverse of what appears to us soldier-like, who was called General Saheb. After riding down the line, the troops all passed us ; but the dust was so thick that the cavalry could scarcely be distinguished.

Mr. Currie this day informed me that I was to leave the Secretariat, and have a district in the Doab, with allowances of 1,000 rupees per mensem. I could have wished it otherwise, but have little reason to complain, having been so much the child of fortune ; advantages there are, and a share of disadvantages.

This was the day for the return visit to the Maharája in his Palace. Under a special pretence of wishing to see whether all was ready, I started in advance of the rest of the party, and thus avoided all dust. I arrived there unexpectedly, and was handed up by Raja Lal Singh, from the doorway to the courtyard under the Saman Barj. Many of the officers of the State were assembling for the Durbar, and I sat conversing with Lal Singh at the windows, which command a lovely view. Lal Singh left me to prepare to accompany the Maharája to meet the Governor-General at the city gate. I then entered into conversation with some of the venerable old whitebeards, who crowded round me : they were the officers of the Ghórchara Horse, and some of them had been with Ranjít Singh in his earliest fights ; all spoke of their old leader with enthusiasm. As soon as Lal Singh had started with the Maharája, I entered the Saman

Barj to see the preparations for the reception of the Governor-General. This was the same court into which I had once before entered to fetch Rájá Guláb Singh. It had now been decked out in its finest gear ; the purdahs had been removed from the apartments in which, when I was last there, the Ráni had been seated, and a magnificent apartment, decorated with looking-glass on all sides, was disclosed. The effect was very striking. The ground was covered with carpets of Multán and the shawls of Kashmir, on which it appeared a crime to place my booted heel. Chairs were arranged around in an ample circle, and shamiánas of shawls in front extended the length and increased the effect of this brilliant chamber.

I was introduced to several of the Sirdars and Generals who were waiting. The fat old General, Guláb Singh Pohopindia, bothered me exceedingly by his politeness. He had commanded the force which had accompanied General Pollock's force to Cabul, and pretended to know the habits of the English. He was attired in a costume half English, half Sikh, and was a very grotesque figure, as he handed me about, taking hold of the tips of my fingers in his. Not so, however, were the magnificent figures and features of several of the Sikhs of the old school with whom I exchanged salutations. They spoke sensibly of the last battle, and told me how they escaped by swimming their horses across the stream. Two little boys were brought forward to be introduced to me, the sons of Sirdar Sham Singh Attáriwala, who had been killed at Sobraon, one of the last specimens of the genuine Sikh Sirdar. I was then taken into a tent of Kashmir shawl, one of the presents designed for the Governor-General, a most costly bijou.

I next ascended to the top of the building, which commanded a magnificent view of the Palace, with all its numerous courts, and of the city and the surrounding country. This is the highest point of the Palace and the town. The Pádasháhi Musjid, and the garden where our troops were cantoned, lay below us. I had scarcely left the Saman Barj when a discharge of artillery from the outer court announced the near approach of the Governor-General, and presently under the arch were seen approaching the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General, leading between them the boy Maharája, each holding one of his little hands. After him pressed a crowd of officers and natives.

We at length found ourselves comfortably seated in the Durbar. Great irregularity had, however, been allowed, and many an uninvited guest had forced himself in without a "wedding garment," who added to neither the comfort nor the appearance of the place. This Durbar was a scramble, compared with that of the Governor-General. Everybody was so

entirely dusted that the effect was extraordinary : hair, whiskers, moustaches, and eyelashes, well covered with white powder. The usual presents were distributed, and to my share fell three or four handsome shawls and a jewelled head-ornament. According to the rules of the Service I could not keep them, and they were made over to the officers of Government. After the Durbar I again visited the roof of the Palace, to enjoy a few moments more the delicious prospect it commands. Upon our first arrival we caught sight of some of the ladies of the Palace in a neighbouring balcony ; but, on one of our party making a profound bow to them, there was an immediate scuttling to the rear.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—Visited the city to inspect the buildings which have been set apart for the accommodation of officers and men in the city : one European regiment, and eight Native Infantry, with three Troops of Horse Artillery, and four heavy guns, are selected for this duty. We visited the house of Rāja Dhyān Singh, in the centre of which is his Samād, or Cenotaph. The magnitude and grandeur of the buildings are on a par with the character of the man, who was scarcely content to be the second man in the kingdom. Beneath is a beautiful tykhanah for retreat in the hot weather. The Governor-General marched this evening to the Shalimār Gardens, and I was disappointed to find that I was to be left behind to accompany the Commander-in-Chief, who would not march for ten days. Bad luck again ; I shall miss seeing Amritsar and Govindghur, as the Commander-in-Chief will return *viâ* Ferozpur.

I rode out with Mr. Currie as far as the Shalimār Gardens ; the band was then playing, and the whole place appeared to great advantage under the sloping rays of the sun. I visited also the delightful baths, which Shīr Singh had prepared in the most luxurious style. They were most beautifully and tastefully ornamented. I returned again to my tent, which was now standing nearly alone, the canvas town around it having vanished. Just before starting I had a few words with Sir Charles Napier, who introduced himself to me as I was talking to his nephews, and I was glad to have the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of this remarkable man.

*Thursday, 12th.*—I awoke and found my tent quite alone and my friends and my occupation gone. I made use, however, of the leisure to commence upon an article for the *Calcutta Review*, on "The Countries between the Satlaj and the Jumna." (This was the first of a series, which has lasted more than fifty years, and which is not ended yet.) I had long had it in view, but had never found time to place upon paper the

material, which I had all ready in my head. I joined the mess of the Staff Officers at the Commander-in-Chief's camp. I wished very much to accompany the Commander-in-Chief on an expedition to the town of Amritsar, which was proposed for the following day ; but many reasons conspired to determine me not to go, and to put off seeing the town and fort to a more favourable opportunity.

*Friday, 13th.*—We moved our camp about two miles to our right, and I pitched my tent near the Commander-in-Chief's. The force destined for the city moved down to the banks of the Rávi ; and, as a large force had accompanied the Governor-General to Jalunder, our army appeared much shrunk and reduced ; still, a formidable one, as composed nearly entirely of European Regiments. I rode in the evening across the green cornfields which were in front of us, to the city, and visited some friends who were establishing themselves in their new quarters. Those in the house of Rája Suchét Singh seemed tolerably comfortable, and might be made endurable ; but how will the other officers fare ? The gates of the town had all been occupied by our troops, and we might, indeed, be said to have complete military possession.

*Saturday, 14th.*—Commenced upon the business of settling the compensation to be granted to Zemindars for the injury which their crops had suffered during the time the army had been before Lahór. Towards evening most tremendous rain commenced, and lasted, with unusual violence, for the whole night.

*Sunday, 15th.*—Everything appeared drenched and wretched. The camp partially swamped. I was obliged to pick my way as best I could to the mess-tent. Rode out in the evening to visit some villages, and inspect the actual loss which they had suffered. No sooner do these people find that our purse-strings are unloosed than they attempt every means of deceiving us, and exacting from us just as much as our simplicity will allow them.

*Monday, 16th.*—Rode to the rear to inspect the state of four villages, which claimed compensation, and were, indeed, objects of compassion. On the road between Lahór and our last stage all our camp-followers seemed to have systematically plundered ; from one of these villages everything was gone, roofs, doors, the grain stored for winter consumption, the seed to ensure the next harvest. Such are the miseries of war. Most of the inhabitants of this unfortunate village had fled precipitately, and a few old men were present to point out the place which had once been their home. Such crops as the village had possessed had been ruthlessly cut away, and even the woodwork of the wells had been removed.



*Tuesday, 17th.*—Staid at home. Dined in the evening with the Commander-in-Chief, who had returned much pleased from Amritsar. Severe work, however, they had, as the distance can be little less than forty miles.

*Wednesday, 18th.*—Out in the morning to see a couple of villages between the camp and the town. I visited also General Ventura's house at Anarkáli : the upper rooms are painted in native style to represent the conquests of Multán and Pesháwar ; the figures are most grotesque, and the absence of all perspective is most amusing. Immediately adjoining is a large dome, which has been converted from a tomb to a dwelling-place. Rode in the evening to the city to see Colonel Lawrence. We went to visit Sir John Littler's camp, most prettily situated near a garden of Ranjt ; the view of the Palace is very beautiful. On our way we found a poor man who had just been knocked over, and his leg broken ; it was a compound fracture, the bone was actually protruding through the flesh, and the man was rolling in agony. Even after all the horrid sights I have lately seen, this distressed me almost more than any. We sent for a doctor and a dooley ; but the man's life or limb will be lost. Slept in the garden of Rája Suchét Singh.

*Thursday, 19th.*—Up early and rode among the quarters preparing for the European and Native troops. I was astonished at the rapidity and success with which these buildings had been adapted for use : doors had been broken open to admit air, and arches bricked up to exclude sun ; filth of centuries removed. The whole thing promises exceedingly well ; all the barracks are connected together. The General has taken up his quarters in the Barahderi in the centre of the Garden, beneath which is a capital *tykhanah*. Returned across the fields to camp : breakfasted with the Commander-in-Chief, who invited me to join his party while with their camp.

*Friday, 20th.*—Rode into the city, and breakfasted with Colonel Lawrence in his new Residency. Back again to camp, across the charming green fields ; the crops are now rapidly ripening. The Overland letters arrived to-day ; one from my brother Henry, with account of a visit to Belton.

*Saturday, 21st.*—Read the Number of the *Quarterly Review* for June, which had just arrived. A meeting was held to-day of Officers of the Army, Commissioned and non-Commissioned, to take into consideration the scheme for educating the children of European soldiers in the Hill-Stations. The proceedings of the Meeting were very irregular, and there was much desultory conversation quite beside the subject. A very serious objection appears to me to be the determination of the subscribers to introduce such regulations as practically exclude the children

of Roman Catholic parents, while in fact the majority of the European soldiers in India are of that persuasion.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—A most disagreeable dust-storm prevailed throughout the morning, making life scarcely worth having as long as it lasted, as nothing could be done of any kind. Rode in the evening into the town, having sent on all my tents, etc., to the next stage. Slept at Colonel Lawrence's house in the city.

*Monday, 23rd.*—Off at an early hour, and right glad to leave Lahore, of which I had had enough. I had visited every spot of interest more than once; and, as the season was advancing, I was anxious to be on the move again, and make my way to my quarters for the hot months. Marched to Khana Kachwa. In the evening the Overland Express arrived, bringing the news of two interesting facts: first, the arrival in England, *via* Trieste, of the news of the great battles, or rather of a great battle, near Ferozpur, in which we had been victorious. That same mail would convey to Ministers Sir George Arthur's report, founded upon the concise account which Sir Henry Hardinge had furnished him with on his arrival at Ferozpur. Great anxiety was said to prevail in England among those, who had friends engaged in the contest. The other piece of intelligence was Sir Robert Peel's announcement of his intentions regarding the Corn Laws; his speech at the opening of Parliament, stating his determination, if he remained Minister of England, to remain so unshackled, appeared to me to be a very brilliant and eloquent speech.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Marched before daybreak to Lullialli. At this place, on our advance, we had suffered very great inconvenience from a want of water; but the heavy rains, which had fallen during our stay at Lahor had removed that inconvenience, and we now had abundance, though not of the purest or best quality.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—Off early before daylight for Khan Kurman: this was the route taken by the over-confident Khalsa when they started to attack Ferozpur and Calcutta. There is something very grand in the movement of large bodies of troops, especially in the early grey of the morning, and I particularly remarked it this morning. I was riding in front of the whole force, and, though the landscape was not distinctly visible in the twilight, I could distinguish the vast war-cloud of dust rising over the advancing masses, a heavy dun cloud. In a few moments the head of the column could be seen clear of the jungle, and the flash of a bayonet. On the flanks dense masses of cavalry were half seen, half obscured, a few solitary horsemen in the advance spurring across. All the time was heard that peculiar sound, which can be compared to no other,

a suppressed hum of men, and a rolling of wheels on the hard soil ; occasionally the voice of a trumpet would speak forth : the whole effect, both to the eye, and ear, is such as cannot be produced except by the movement of vast bodies of men.

*Thursday, 26th.*—The morning march was rough, and broken ground, over or rather through which artificial roads had to be made for the artillery, brought us down to the banks of the Satlaj, that noble stream so long the boundary of our Empire, and still so in this particular spot. A bridge of boats had been prepared at Nagar Ghát, and a most complete thing it was, with an entrenched *tête du pont*, to defend it against the enemy. It had a double roadway, so that two horse artillery guns could cross side by side. The planks had been well covered with earth, and the effect generally was that of a regular road over a permanent bridge. The road leading to it was kept clear for the passage of troops by lines of troopers, and beyond it two regiments were drawn up in line to do honour to their triumphant brethren on their return from the Capital of the enemy. The formidable battery of twelve 12-pounders was prepared to salute the Commander-in-Chief as he recrossed the River. In the rear the white tents of the Camp were springing up along the bank of the noble stream. The scene was strikingly beautiful, as it first presented itself to my sight, on this bright and cloudless morning. I was far in advance of the column, so I passed over and stationed myself on the precipice of the southern bank to watch the crossing. I could then see far inland, to the trees and houses of the villages on the opposite high bank, beyond the wide extent of alluvial land that intervened. Presently the "war-cloud" of dust advanced, and, though the columns could not be distinguished, the scenery was obscured. At length the Commander-in-Chief and his numerous Staff were seen entering the *tête du pont*, and, as they stepped on the bridge our guns fired a salute, and the whole party prudently halted lest their horses should be alarmed by the flash and report. The effect of this was capital. When the salute had finished, the Commander-in-Chief advanced, followed by an unbroken chain of cavalry defiling over. After them came the artillery thundering across ; and at length the infantry columns, with band playing and colours flying, commenced the passage ; and a more beautiful sight than that which the bridge then presented, entirely covered with a dense column of European Infantry, their bayonets glittering in the sun, and the line free from any particle of dust, I have never witnessed. Below the bridge another busy scene was going on. No elephants were allowed to cross the bridge, as their ponderous weight would have endangered the security. Each of these vast beasts, therefore,

whose number must be counted in this Army by thousands, deposited its burden on the bank, and swam across, while the tents, etc., were conveyed in boats to the other side. As each Regiment crossed, they were drawn up, and addressed by the Commander-in-Chief, who congratulated them on their return. Many of these Regiments had been sadly reduced during the Campaign, but they loudly cheered their gallant leader.

Though late out in the sun, I thoroughly enjoyed the scene. It was the last closing scene of the army of the Satlaj, which the following morning would see broken up, and it is improbable that these regiments would ever meet again. In the evening I walked down again to the bridge. The river was full of European bathers, who were doing justice to the opportunity of a bathe. A large party at the Commander-in-Chief's, of all the Commanding Officers, closed the day and the campaign.

*Friday, 27th.*—Morning march to Khol. Arrived there at sunrise, and immediately accompanied the Commander-in-Chief to the battlefield of Ferozshahr, distant about six miles. We passed by Sultán Khánwálá, and pursued the same route which the Sikh Army had followed at the time of their exulting invasion. At length the trees and villages of Ferozshahr, a name that will not soon be forgotten, came into sight, and we rode over the field, still covered with the bodies of the slain. The month, or rather six weeks, which had elapsed since my former visit, had worked a change, and shining white skeletons had now assumed the place of the dark decaying corpses which had met my gaze on my former visit. Still, time and decay had been fanciful in their ravages, and many bodies retained their consistency and some their colour. The European was clearly distinguishable from the Native. The long, flowing, hair marked the Sikh, and the cropped forehead the Hindu Sepoy. Many of our poor fellows had been disinterred; but the buttons of their jackets, or the stripe of the pantaloons, told us to what regiment they belonged. Many graves had burst, from the expanding of the bodies beneath, the effect of gunshot wounds; and heads and legs, and occasionally a grinning skull, were seen protruding from the grave, and produced a most ghastly effect. The people had returned to their fields and villages, and, but for the bones of the slain, all traces of the great and memorable fight were being effaced. With what different feelings did we look now on that village from those with which it first met the gaze of the gallant army that was prepared to storm its entrenchments.

We rode back to camp, much gratified with our morning's excursion.

*Saturday, 28th.*—By a long detour of some thirty miles we managed to embrace the battlefield of Sobraon in our morning

march. Starting at three o'clock, on elephants, we arrived by early dawn at the outskirts of the former position of our army. The cultivator had now resumed his ancient empire, and we directed our horses through abundant crops of wheat, which had sprung up during our absence at Lahór. At length we reached the village of Rodawála, then our fortified outpost, now again converted into a village. The inhabitants had returned, and roofs and outhouses were now conspicuous on both sides of the deep ditch and entrenchment which our Engineers had constructed. Passing onwards, we came to the watch-tower, or rather the mound on which it had stood. How changed was the dreary spectacle from the busy scene upon which my eye had rested when I last stood on that spot! Forty thousand men were then engaged in deadly combat; the valley of the Satlaj was resounding with the roaring of the cannonade and the rapid and incessant discharge of musketry. Smoke then obscured the opposite bank, and to the rear glistened the swords and lances of our cavalry. The scene before me now was one of unbroken and uninterrupted silence and solitude. The fields were green with the springing harvest, up to the entrenchments of the enemy, which rose in triple and quadruple strength between the spot where I then stood and the river. The opposite bank, too, was silent now. There were no tents whitening the high ground; no busy crowds running about; no guns roaring defiance. Descending from the slight eminence, we moved down to the entrenchments, and with difficulty induced our horses to enter them amidst the foetid masses of mouldering and corrupting dead bodies remaining here, not skeletons, as at Ferozshahr. The vultures were satiating themselves, and dogs were gorging themselves with human flesh. All garments had been carried away, and the weak mortal frames appeared in every attitude, in every stage of stinking and half-eaten corruption. Who can wish for war, and its glories, after witnessing such a scene! Still, there remained some tokens to remind us, that these miserable remnants of weak mortality had once been imbued with a spirit divine. Lying with outstretched arms and dark flowing hair, we could pity the fate, we could glory in the defeat, but we could not despise the bearing, of our foe, who still seemed to breathe defiance, who showed by the position in which he fell, that he had fought manfully and deserted his life rather than his colours.

The more we examined into these defences, the more we were struck with the audacious boldness of the army which had ventured to cross in the face of ours. Immediately defending the bridge was a *tête du pont*: this was their first defence to protect their bridge of boats. Immediately after our foolish and unsuccessful cannonade early in January, they advanced and

threw up more extensive works, taking in a large circuit. After we had deserted the watch-tower, they erected a third line of works, stronger and more formidable than any of the previous ones; and these we stormed and took. We advanced down to the river, which I had last seen choked with the dying and the dead. Some corpses lay half in and half out of the stream. The bridge of boats still remained, in a half-sunken state. We crossed the stream in one of the ferry-boats, and were surprised to find the high ground so far from the river. The village of Sobraon was at least two kos distant, and the bank on which were the batteries, was at a distance which left unprotected the further portion of the camp which we had supposed to be sufficiently protected, and which was the most daring feature of our attack. We found entrenchments thrown up on the heights for eleven guns; but our guide assured us that only seven were in position on the day of the battle. Entering our boats again, we pushed over the wreck of sunken boats which formed the bridge, and returned as fast as possible to our camp, anxious to escape the heat of the sun, which has now become excessive after nine o'clock.

*Sunday, 29th.*—Left the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and, accompanied by Sir Henry Havelock, marched to Indagurh. Met at Dharamkót the Shikawátu brigade, a force small in numbers, but of all arms. The road to-day was covered with a long train of captured Sikh guns, which were being forwarded on to Dehli. These guns were being dragged along in a species of triumph, three of them yoked together behind oxen, without limbers, and guarded, as if in derision of the Sikh artillerymen, by a few ragamuffins, burkundazes, and Custom-house guards. Joined at this place Christie's Irregular Horse, on their route to Lúdiána.

*Monday, 30th.*—Off early this morning to Siddhun, at which place we were joined by the Commander-in-Chief, who, active old gentleman, had made another long detour to visit the battlefield of Aliwál, where Sir Harry Smith had defeated the Sikhs. We rode on about five miles, and, on arriving at the slightly elevated village of Poundri, we commanded a fine view of the whole field, and a fairer scene and a prettier plain for an action cannot be imagined, and could not be wished for. The horizon was bounded to the North-east, East, and South-east by a gently swelling line of hills, dotted with villages and groves of trees: from the midst of them Sir Harry, with his force, had emerged. To our west was the River Satlaj, on the banks of which the Sikhs had entrenched themselves; but on this occasion, puffed up by a temporary advantage, they had left their entrenchments and taken up a strong position beyond a sudden drop in the plain from the village of

Poundri to that of Aliwál; from this they had been driven, their flanks being successfully turned, had taken to flight towards their Camp, and were cut down in numbers as they recrossed the river. We rode down to the river, which in this place had ceased to be our boundary, and thence returned by the village of Aliwál. The position taken up by them was very skilfully selected, and was so entirely masked, that, till the guns actually opened, our troops, in their advance, fancied that there was nothing betwixt them and the river. The green crops had now sprung up, and very little trace of the slaughter could be found; but a few skeletons here and there reminded us, that a battle had been fought here. At the door of my tent I found the skull of a European, known to be such by the red hair; and arms and legs were strewed here and there through the encampment, brought thither by dogs. In the evening I again rode over the field, and visited the graves of three young officers who had been killed in the engagement. The sun was then setting, and melancholy reflections rose in my mind as I gazed on the three small heaps that marked the last resting-place in a strange land, and a solitary spot, of three young Englishmen. I had seen during the last few months, crowded together in a small space, more scenes of pain and distress, of death and massacre, than often falls to anyone's lot; but all will fade away from my memory, ere I forget those three turfy mounds by the side of the Satlaj, as I then saw them under the evening rays of an Indian sun.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Rode into Lúdiána, distant about sixteen miles, to exchange my sword for the pen, and to assume again the peaceful garb of the civilian.

*March, 1846.*

“Days of my early youth, I fain would give,  
 “Ere the dark shadows o’er my eyelids close,  
 “All the dull days I’m destined yet to live,  
 “For one of those”—R. N. C., *Jan.*, 1876.

I find from my Journal and Life Diary, kept day by day, that I staid at Lúdiána a few days to collect servants and furniture, and on the 4th of April crossed the River Satlaj into our newly annexed Province of the Jalunder Doab, the country betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Beas, the Hysúdrus and Hyphasis of King Alexander of Macedon, at the latter of which rivers, he was reported to have erected a monument, which I searched for in vain, rendered by Latin Authors :

“Ego Alexander huc perveni.”

He came from the West, and I came from the East; and I could record that I, after an interval of two thousand years, had reached

to his furthest eastern point. I took off my hat in honour of the great Grecian King whom I had learned to know so well at Eton College. It was still at that time an unknown land to European geographers, and a fairy land to me, as I rode alone to my first stage at Phagwára, on Palm Sunday, 1846, and then, turning off from the great high road to Amritsar and Lahór, felt my way from village to village until I reached, and saw for the first time

HOSHYARPUR,

my first District, and, like my first love, never to be forgotten. Here, seated under the trees, I found my great Master and Leader, John Lawrence, whom I was destined to serve for twenty-one years, having been a Member of his Legislative Council when he was Viceroy. Seated with him at that time was Henry Riddle, the Postmaster-General of the Agra Province, and Henry Lumsden, then a young officer, copying John Lawrence's letters; all have been dead many years. Here we issued, under the order of the Governor-General, to the assembled landed Proprietors, the famous Trilogue :

- (1) Thou shalt not burn thy widows !
- (2) Thou shalt not kill thy daughters !
- (3) Thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers !

A law which was right and good, and yet, after half a century, has eventuated in the existence of twenty-two millions of widows, a large number of unmarried women, a social feature unknown before, and armies of lepers passing and repassing over the country.

A few days after my interview, when I had received my instructions from my superior officer, I was left alone in my new kingdom for days and months, and even years, the happiest period of my life.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

*London, March 11, 1898.*

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## ART. VI.—A LEGEND OF OLD BURMA.

### MAHAW THE WISE.

**N**ORTH of the mighty river that flows from the mountains of everlasting snow, there dwelt once a great King. East and West and North he saw the nations at his feet, only far away in the South the city of Mateela did not own his sway.

"I have conquered many lands," said the great King; "my armies overrun the earth; my wealth is vast. Whence comes it that this one city alone defies my power?"

And Ke-wut the Brahmin answered:—

"Behold, in the city of Mateela there is but one ruler, and he is Mahaw, the merchant's son. It is said, his wisdom is great and his learning infinite, and whatsoever he biddeth the King to do, that he doeth."

"Is the wisdom of Mahaw, then, greater than that of Ke-wut, the Brahmin?" asked the Soldan.

"Nay, how may that be?" returned the Brahmin; "is not the great King who is advised by Ke-wut ruler over ninety and nine kingdoms, while Mahaw and his master rule only in Mateela city?"

"Then let Mateela city also be mine," said the Soldan; and he went forth with his army against Mateela to besiege it. But after many days, when the city showed no signs of yielding, Ke-wut sent a message to Mahaw.

"Let not innocent blood be shed; the great King desires peace. Only do thou acknowledge him as a ruler and pay tribute to him."

And Mahaw returned an answer: "The great King rules the North; the South owes him nothing."

Then Ke-wut replied:

"Thou dost not understand the matter rightly; let us but meet and discuss it." For the Brahmin said to himself, "this Mahaw is but young and unlearned in points of law and in an argument I must defeat him."

So it was arranged that Mahaw and Ke-wut should meet on an open plain, outside the city walls, in the presence of the Kings and all the people; and, if Ke-wut showed he had right on his side, Mahaw should bow down before him, as is the custom of the vanquished before the victor.

A little before the hour appointed for the meeting, Mahaw sought an audience with his King.

"Oh, Mahaw, why hast thou agreed to this interview?" asked the King; "I fear thou hast lost me my kingdom, for in

a war of words between thee and the Brahmin what canst thou do? In cunning thou art but as a babe compared to this Ke-wut, who has grown grey and wrinkled in making endless plots to trap princes to their destruction. Alas! my kingdom is taken from me and I am a beggar."

"Say not so, oh King!" returned Mahaw. "Have I not hitherto always foreseen and defeated the Brahmin's schemes? Trust me this once again, and, before I go forth to meet Ke-wut, grant me but one request."

"I am ruined and shall be dragged from my throne and made to sit in the dust," said the King. "Nevertheless tell me what is thy request, and it shall be granted."

"Give me," returned Mahaw, "the great ruby that always lies on the King's breast."

So the King took the ruby and gave it to Mahaw.

Now, this jewel was famed far and wide. None like it for size and colour had ever been seen before or since; and, carrying it so that every one must mark it, Mahaw went through the city gates to the appointed place.

When Ke-wut saw the enemy approaching, he turned to the Soldan, and all the princes who were assembled, and the army that covered the plain, and, lifting up his voice, said.

"Behold how this infant cometh forth to his destruction. Only his youth can excuse his audacity in daring to measure his wits against mine. When he is utterly vanquished and bows down before me, then rise, oh great King, and enter into the city with thy followers and take possession of all thou seest."

Then Ke-wut went out to meet Mahaw; and he spoke honeyed words, for he knew the hour of his triumph had come.

"At last we meet, oh Mahaw!" he cried, "why hast thou avoided me so long? when men so learned as Mahaw and Ke-wut advise Kings, what need of long wars? Let us now discuss the points of difference between our masters and, if my words are better than thine, thou must bow down before me; but if thine are better, I will bow down before thee, so that all the world may see and know who is the greater, Ke-wut, the Brahmin, or Mahaw, the merchant's son."

And Mahaw answered: "It is well, oh Ke-wut, and know that, if I have not come sooner to see thee, it is because I would not come empty-handed; and what had I to bring worthy of thy acceptance? Even my master's richest jewel is but a poor offering to the great Ke-wut."

Now, while Mahaw was speaking, he waved to and fro the ruby that hung from a golden chain in his hand, and the sunlight flashed on it and made it shed its glorious, rosy rays before the longing eyes of the Brahmin.

"That is indeed an offering worthy of thee to bring and of me to accept," he cried, and stretched out an eager hand for the jewel.

And Mahaw made as if he would give the ruby to the Brahmin ; but one end of the chain slipped from his hand, and the ruby fell off and lay on the ground at his feet. Then Ke-wut, fearing lest the precious stone should roll away and be lost for ever in the dust, stooped down to pick it up. And, as he bent his head to the earth, searching, Mahaw suddenly seized him by the neck and back, and, pressing heavily on him, called out, so that the Kings and assembled armies must hear.

"Dost thou indeed bow down at my feet, oh Brahmin ? Thou who art so wise, dost thou own thyself conquered already ?" Thus speaking, he pressed more and more heavily, and forced Ke-wut down lower and lower, so that his face was on the ground and his mouth was so filled with dust, that he could neither speak nor call out.

When the Soldan and his army saw their champion lying at the feet of Mahaw, they were filled with dismay, and the men in Mateela, raising a great shout of "Mahaw has conquered !" rushed out of the city, and, taking the enemy unawares, slew many with a great slaughter.

But at night, when the battle was over and the tumult had subsided, Ke-wut made his way to the Soldan's presence, and, showing his bruised and swollen face, cried :

"See, oh my master ! how this Mahaw has treated me ;—through treachery has he won the victory this day. Now, therefore, let us seek no more to make terms with him, but encompass the city on every side, so that the inhabitants may get neither food nor water. Then we may do with them what we will."

So the great army spread itself over the plains, and no one might come in or go out of the city. And the King of Mateela called his councillors together and asked them :

"Shall I open my gates to the great King, or shall I defy him and see all my people perish ?"

And some advised one thing and some another ; but Mahaw said :

"Let not the King yield. We are in sore straits, yet there is a way by which we may be saved. Is there any one man here who will put his trust in me and do even as I bid him ?"

There was silence for some minutes. Then a nephew of the King rose and said :

"Mahaw, thou and I have loved each other as brothers, and lo ! I am now willing to do thy bidding even unto the death."

And Mahaw answered :

"It may indeed, oh Prince, mean death ; but, unless it is done, thy King and the city are lost."

"I am in thy hands," replied the Prince. "Do with me whatsoever seemeth good to thee."

So Mahaw bade his servants seize the Prince ; and they took him to the city walls and beat him there terribly ; and he cried out at every blow, so that the Soldan and his army heard and pitied him. And when he was covered with blood and wounds, they thrust him out of the gates and left him there for dead. At last some soldiers of the Soldan went and carried him into their camp and brought him before their master.

"Who art thou, and what is thy crime ?" asked the Soldan.

"Thou seest before thee a greatly abused man," said the Prince. "Of royal blood and nephew to the King, I have been thus basely treated by Mahaw. For my heart bled for the people when I saw them dying day by day, and I went to the King and said : "Why fight longer against the Soldan ? He is mightier than we are. Let us therefore open our gates to him, and let the people get food and water." But Mahaw, when he heard this, was very wrath, and he bade his servants seize me and beat me, even as thou hast seen, and cast me out of the city. And now, oh King ! slay me if thou wilt, and in so doing fulfill the desire of Mahaw, but if, instead, thou wilt spare my life and let me serve thee, I will fight for thee against this low-born merchant's son and show thee how thou mayst take the city."

"If thou wilt indeed serve me," returned the Soldan, "I will make thee commander of my army, and to-morrow thou shalt lead it against Mateela."

When the morning came, the Prince led out the army, and, halting it before the moat which lay between them and the city, commanded the soldiers to leap into the water and swim to the other side. There, he said, his friends waited to open the gates

The soldiers immediately obeying, many of them were seized and devoured by alligators as soon as they leapt in, and the others that reached the shore were set upon by Mahaw's men and killed. Then those who were not yet in the moat murmured against their leader, and, taking him once more before the Soldan, accused him of having betrayed them.

"It is not so, oh King !" cried the Prince ; "I am innocent ; let me tell thee all."

"Speak, then," returned the King. "Thou shalt have a fair hearing."

"Let these men go away from thy presence," said the Prince ; "for the words I have to say are only for the ears of the Great King."

So the Soldan signed that all should leave them ; and, when they were alone, the Prince fell at his feet and said :

"I am thy faithful servant oh King! but thou hast enemies all around thee. The arm of Mahaw is long and has reached even into thy camp. Thy ministers and generals are spies in his service, and whatsoever is planned, even in thy most secret councils, is known in Mateela. This very day it has been told to Mahaw that I would lead thy army to the attack, and he has thus been able to frustrate my design."

"Canst thou prove thy words?" asked the Soldan. "If it is as thou sayest, I will make thee my chief minister and in all things I will be advised by thee; but if thou liest, thou shalt be given over to the torturers and slowly done to death."

"Search in the tents of the ministers and thy generals, and thou shalt see if I lie or speak the truth," returned the Prince.

Now, being already secretly intrusted by Mahaw, the Prince had hidden craftily in the tents of the ministers and generals letters that Mahaw had given him and sealed with his own seal, purporting to be answers to a proposal for taking the great King prisoner and sending his head to Mateela. And, when the Soldan found these letters and read them, his heart sank within him.

"I am indeed betrayed," he cried, "and my life is in the hands of Mahaw."

"Yet will I save thee," said the Prince, "if thou wilt but do as I bid thee. Meet me this night outside the camp, and I will have fleet horses ready, and thou must mount and ride away in all haste to thy own city. If thy army is lost, thou canst find another; but, thy life once forfeited, who can give thee that again?"

So that night, when all slept, the great King crept out of the camp, and, mounting his horse, rode away; and the Prince went back to Mateela and told Mahaw he had done everything as he had been commanded.

But, when the soldiers in the Soldan's camp woke, the next morning, they found that their leader was gone, no one knew whither. Therefore every man went to his own home, and Mahaw and his people took all the spoils of the camp and rejoiced greatly.

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## PART II.

In the bed chamber of his palace, apart from all, the great King sat, his mind full of wrath and anguish; for he knew that Mahaw had befooled him. In vain Ke-wut, the Brahmin, and the chief ministers sought to see him. He was denied to all. No one dared to peril his life by forcing a way into the Royal presence.

But when the Queen Mother heard how her son held himself aloof, she sent a message to Ke-wut and bade him come

to her. And when he had arrived, she asked him all that had happened.

"He is wise, this Mahaw," she said; "but, though he may defeat the cunning of the Brahmin, can he defend himself against the wit of a woman? Where thou hast failed, oh Ke-wut, perchance I may succeed."

Now, dark stories were whispered of terrible deeds done by the Queen Mother in the days when she was young, before the great King came to the throne, and people were afraid of her. So, when she went through the Hall of Audience, where the courtiers were assembled, straight to the King's bed chamber, none stayed her, and the guards gave way and allowed her to enter.

Then the great King lifted up his eyes and saw his mother before him; but he showed neither joy nor pleasure at her presence.

"Why art thou here?" he asked. "Have I not given orders that none shall enter my chamber?"

"Therefore have I come," returned the Queen. "The great King has shut himself up from his people and his Court; he listens no longer to the voice of the singers; in vain the actors sound the drums and deck themselves for the play. My son mourns in solitude; shall not his mother hasten to his side and give him comfort and advice?"

"What comfort or advice hast thou to give?" said the Soldan. "Dost thou not know that in Mateela city Mahaw, the merchant's son, holds me in derision. He has dispersed my armies and made me fly from before him, and wouldst thou bid me rise and be comforted and listen to the voice of singing-women and join in the laughter of fools?"

"Who is this Mahaw," asked the Queen, "that thou shouldst hide thy face because he rules in Mateela City? Art thou not the great King? East and West and North is not everything thine? what matter if in the South one State remain unconquered?"

"Thou talkest about what thou dost not understand," said the King. "What though East and West and North obey me, yet have I no pleasure while the South laughs me to scorn."

"Is it even so?" said the Queen Mother; "then, if thou wouldst have the South also bow before thee, listen to me."

Now, there was no one in the room except the King and his mother, and Mina, the talking bird, that day and night watched by the King's bed. And the Queen said:

"Thou hast a fair daughter, oh my son; send, then, an embassy to the King of Mateela desiring his friendship and offering him this daughter in marriage, and seek out thy most cunning painter and poet, and let the one paint her picture

and the other sing her praises, so that the king's heart may be inflamed with love and desire. Then he will determine to marry thy daughter, and thou must bid him come here for the marriage and bring with him Mahaw and all the chief courtiers ; and when they are assembled at the marriage feast, I will give thee something to put in their food so that they shall all die. Thus wilt thou be revenged on Mahaw, and Mateela shall be thine."

So the Soldan sent his ambassadors to Mateela ; and they showed the portrait of the princess, and they told of her beauty and graces, till it was as the Queen Mother had foreseen. For the heart of the King was filled with love and desire, and he made haste to accept the Soldan's offer.

In vain Mahaw prayed him to stay awhile.

"Put not thy trust in the Soldan," he said. "It is but a little while since he brought his armies against Mateela, and now he offers his friendship and his daughter in marriage. Does a great King learn so quickly to love the little King who has shown himself wiser and stronger? Oh, my master, send these men away and do not listen to them." But this counsel displeased the King greatly.

"Thou takest too much upon thyself, oh Mahaw ;" he said angrily. "About State matters I am ready to consult thee ; but my marriage to the Soldan's daughter, what is that to thee? One King greets another as a brother, and as a brother will I answer him. Dost thou think that we of royal blood lay traps for each other like the base-born people from whom thou art sprung? Thou takest too much upon thyself, thou merchant's son."

Then Mahaw went out from the royal presence sad and downcast. Something within told him that treachery was intended and that his master was being enticed to his death. He sent for the spies that he had always round the Soldan, but they could tell him nothing. All that they knew was that Ke-wut, the Brahmin, had seen the Queen Mother, and immediately afterwards she had gone to her son's bed chamber, where none other was present except the bird, Mina.

So Mahaw shut himself up in his own room and sat there for a long time in deep thought. Then he looked up and saw his parrot hanging in its golden cage, watching him with wise eyes. And he rose and opened the cage door, and the bird flew out and settling on his shoulder stroked his face fondly with its beak.

"Ah, little bird," said Mahaw, "thou, who hast been my friend for so many years, to whom I have told all my sorrows and joys, what canst thou now do to comfort me? Things I would make known to no one else, I have whispered to thee ;

and this day my heart is heavy, for I fear the master whom I love is betrayed. Ke-wut, the Brahmin, and the Queen Mother can only consult together to hatch evil ; but I know not their plot, for none but the bird Mina was near, when it was unfolded to the Soldan."

And the parrot said :

"Master, I will go to the great King's palace and see the bird Mina. She will tell me all she knows, and after three days will I return to thee."

And on the third day, Mahaw waited in his room, and the parrot flew in at the open lattice, and he told Mahaw all that the Queen Mother had said in the presence of the bird Mina.

Then Mahaw knew of the treachery that was intended, and he set his mind to save his master. Therefore he went to the King and said :

"Oh forgive me, in that I have thought myself wiser than my master. My eyes are now opened, and I see clearly what before was only dim to me. It is well that thou shouldst wed the great King's daughter. I pray thee, then, to take me once more into thy favour and send me as thy ambassador to prepare all things for thy coming."

Now the King loved Mahaw greatly, and he gladly forgave him and sent him to the Soldan with a large retinue. And when Mahaw was arrived in the city, he presented himself before the great King, who received him very kindly and said :

"Behold all that I have is thine and thy master's. Go therefore forth and choose thee, from among my palaces, the one that pleaseth thee best and make it ready for the King, thy master."

So Mahaw went from the Soldan's presence with all his people ; and he stopped before the palace of the Queen Mother.

"I choose this palace for the King, my master," he said.

But the Queen Mother was sore vexed.

"Thou canst not have my palace," she declared. "Behold, there are others in this city more stately and more beautiful than mine ; choose from amongst them."

"I have seen none to compare with this," answered Mahaw, "and the great King has bidden me take the one that pleaseth me best."

"Thou canst not take my palace," repeated the Queen. "See, I will pay thee a large sum in gold ; only go away and leave me in peace," for she said to herself. "When Mahaw is dead, all that he has taken from me, will I claim again."

"If I seek a palace for my master elsewhere," said Mahaw, "I must have a hundred thousand measures of gold."

So she gave him the money, and Mahaw left her and went to the palace of Ke-wut.



"I choose this palace for the King, my master," he said.

But Ke-wut prayed him to let his palace be ; and, thinking to himself, like the Queen, "when Mahaw is dead will I claim again what I now give him," bargained with him for a hundred thousand measures of gold.

Then Mahaw went back to the Soldan and said :

"I have sought through the great King's city, but I find nowhere a palace fit for my master. Yet have I brought with me, from my own country, cunning builders and workers, and I ask but a piece of land outside the city walls, where I may build my master a dwelling-place."

And the Soldan said :

"I have heard how skilled are the men of Mateela in building and carving, and I would gladly see their work."

"Then I pray thee," said Mahaw, "let my men do some work for the great King himself. This throne on which thou sittest, and from whence thou dealest out justice to all the world, how poor a piece of workmanship is it beside the throne of the King, my master ! Give my men leave, and they shall build a throne worthy of the great King."

This offer pleased the Soldan, and he ordered that sufficient land should be measured out for Mahaw outside the city, and that the Hall of Audience should be given over to him until such time as he had built a throne.

Day and night Mahaw and his people worked ; but only those who came with him from Mateela saw his labours. And by day outside the city walls grew a fair palace, and inside the Hall of Audience rose a stately throne ; but none knew that every night Mahaw's men worked secretly and dug a deep passage, which led from below the steps of the throne, away under the city walls into the midst of the palace outside, and from beyond that again underneath, to the shores of the mighty river.

At last, when all was finished, Mahaw sent a messenger to Mateela to tell the King his palace was ready and his bride awaited his coming.

Then the King of Mateela arrived with his ministers and courtiers, and took up his abode in the palace Mahaw had built. And the Soldan rejoiced in his heart, for he believed his enemy was delivered into his hands.

The day for the wedding banquet being fixed, there was feasting and rejoicing the night before in the palace of the great King. And while the mirth was at its height, Mahaw went with his soldiers along the secret passage which opened under the throne in the Hall of Audience, and, entering the Soldan's palace when none watched, sent a messenger to the Queen, saying :

"The great King commands that his wife and mother, with the Prince, his son, and the princess, his daughter, shall dress themselves in their richest robes and costliest jewels, and come to him speedily."

The women, doubting nothing, did as they were bid, and came to the Hall of Audience. Then Mahaw's men suddenly seized them, and, muffling their heads in shawls so that they could make no outcry, carried them through the secret passage, beyond the city, into the palace of the King of Mateela.

And when they were in the presence of the King, Mahaw said :

"Oh my master, thou wert angry with me because I bade thee fear the Soldan ; but in good truth there was a plot against thee, and to-morrow thou and thy people were to have been slain."

Then he unfolded all that the parrot had learned from Mina the talking bird, and how, designing to save his master and outwit the Soldan, he had built this palace and made the underground passage.

"Now, oh King," said Mahaw, "get thee away before day-break to Mateela. Thy barges, manned with swift rowers, await thee on the other side of this passage ; and take with thee these four hostages that I deliver into thy hands ; but remember that the Queen is the Great King's wife and the Prince is his son, and the Princess his daughter and thy bride, and treat them with all respect and kindness."

But about the Queen Mother he said not a word.

Early the next morning the Soldan came forth from the city, and, waiting outside the palace, sent his courtiers to tell the King the banquet was prepared and his bride ready to receive him. But Mahaw stood at the gate and sent back an answer :

"Has the great King been to the Queen's apartments this day ? and if not, how can he tell whether the bride is ready ?"

Then a sudden fear fell upon the Soldan, for he knew not what Mahaw meant. He turned and went back into the city, and sought his Queen's palace. Here men and women were hurrying to and fro, and there was dismay on every face when the King asked :

"Where is the Queen ?"

And for a space none answered, till at last an aged woman crept to his feet, and, crouching down before him, cried :

"Slay me, oh King, for who shall live and look the great King in the face, and tell him what I have to tell ? Messengers came last night and bade the Queen, thy wife, the Queen Mother and the Prince and the Princess attire themselves for the banquet and go to thy presence. They followed the

messengers, and we who were left behind, wearied with waiting and watching, slept ; and when we awoke this morning, lo ! the Queens had not returned, and unless the great King knoweth, none can say whither they have gone."

And they searched through all the chambers in the palace, and questioned every one they met ; but no one could tell them anything.

Then the King went back once more and stood outside the palace, beyond the city gates, and he bade Mahaw come forth and speak to him.

"Yea," said Mahaw, "it is I who have taken away from thee thy Queen ; but why, oh King wouldst thou have dealt treacherously with me ? Has my master ever injured thee, that thou shouldst conspire against him to slay him ? And, behold, now he has won the bride thou wouldst only have given him to compass his ruin, and he has gone to his own city. But know that, before he went, I commended the Queen thy wife and thy children to his care, and bade him treat them honourably until I should return to Mateela and demand them for thee at his hands."

And the Soldan said :

"Thou hast conquered, oh Mahaw ; for I would indeed have compassed thy ruin. Henceforward I swear, I will war no more with Mateela ; so get thee back to thy own land and let my Queen and my son return to me. And do thou also come with them and serve me, and I will give thee riches and great honours, for I know now that the wisdom that thou hast comes from the gods, and is better than the Brahmin's cunning or the wit of a woman."

"I will go to my own city," Mahaw answered ; "and thy Queen and thy son shall return to thee ; but I may not come. For my duty is to my master, the King of Mateela. When I was unknown, he took me into his service, and all that I have has been received from him. Therefore must I serve him truly all the days of his life ; but when he dies, and I have read in the Book of Fate that die he must before the great King, then will I come to thee, and even as I have served him, will I serve thee."

Then the great King let him go and Mahaw returned to Mateela.

### PART III.

After many years, it happened, even as was foretold in the Book of Fate, that the King of Mateela died. Then Mahaw went to the city of the Soldan and said :

"Lo ! I have come according to my word to serve the great King even as I served my master who is dead."

And the Soldan was very glad, and he gave Mahaw riches and honours, and made him next to himself chief in all his dominions. Wisely and well did Mahaw rule; to rich and poor he administered justice alike, and he was trusted in all things by his master.

But the Queen Mother saw her enemy's prosperity with angry eyes. She had not forgotten how her plot to ruin Mahaw had failed; she remembered how he had spoiled her of a hundred thousand measures of gold, and that, when she had been carried away captive to Mateela, he had said no word in her favour.

So she hated Mahaw and daily schemed to destroy him. Her spies watched his every movement, and day by day she warned her son that his new favourite was a traitor. But Mahaw was ever able to prove his innocence. His influence increased and hers decreased. Those who had feared and hated her in former days now only showed their hate, and the dark stories of her life were repeated from mouth to mouth.

So she shut herself up in her palace to brood over her wrongs and to plot her revenge.

On a certain day, Mahaw gave a feast, and a great play was performed in the courtyard outside his house, and he with all his friends sat round and watched it. And the Queen Mother looked out from her palace window and saw the crowd assembled and heard the drums beating and the cymbals clashing and asked why it was. They told her it was Mahaw's birthday, and he was celebrating the day according to the custom of his people.

Then the Queen Mother went to an inner chamber and she brought out a certain powder and gave it to her servant, and bade him make some cakes and mix the powder into them: and when the cakes were ready he brought them to her, and she, picking out some, placed them on a golden dish and told the man to carry them to Mahaw and say:

"The Queen sends thee an offering on thy birthday to show her love and friendship."

So the servant took the cakes to Mahaw and said:

"The Queen sends thee these."

And Mahaw, thinking the offering came from the great King's wife, took the cakes, and, breaking a piece off one, ate it. Then the poison ran through his veins and he knew he had been betrayed by the Queen Mother. And, the messenger being gone, he turned to his friends nearest him and said:

"I am dying, but, oh my friends, show your love for me this once again, and obey the last request I shall ever make. Bind me to this pillar against which I now sit, with my face turned to the players, and let the drums beat and the cymbals clash,

and let no one know that I am dead until ye hear the death-cry go up from the Queen Mother's palace : then ye may loose my bonds and weep for me."

So they bound Mahaw to the pillar while the death dewds stood on his brow, and none knew when the soul of their great ruler passed away.

But the Queen Mother sat at her palace window and waited with a dark smile on her evil face, for her messenger had come back and told her that Mahaw had eaten of the cakes. Therefore she waited and listened for the sound of weeping and wailing. But no cries came; the drums beat, the cymbals clashed and the people shouted, while Mahaw still kept his place with his face turned to the players.

Then the Queen Mother sent again for her messenger and asked :

" Didst thou take the cakes as I commanded ? "

And the messenger answered :

" I took the cakes."

" And thou sayest Mahaw ate of them ? "

" Mahaw broke a piece off one, and I saw him eat it before I returned to thee," said the messenger.

" I am deceived," said the Queen Mother angrily. " Thou hast lied to me when thou saidst thou hadst made the cakes as I commanded. That which I gave thee to mix with them was a poison so strong that it must have slain twenty men, and lo ! Mahaw has eaten and received no hurt. Thou hast lied to me."

" Nay, but I mixed the powder with the cakes even as the Queen commanded," said the servant.

" Thou liest," cried the Queen. " Wouldst thou have me believe this man is a god and may eat poison and live ? These cakes are food for babes, behold ! " and in her fury she broke a bit off one and swallowed it. And hardly had the piece passed her lips than the strong poison did its work and she fell dead on the floor.

And Mahaw's friends sat round their master and listened as he had bidden them, till they heard the death-cry go up from the palace of the Queen Mother. And one came running in all haste and told them :

" The Queen Mother is dead."

So they bade the players be silent, and they showed the people Mahaw's dead body, and told how even in his last mortal agony he had triumphed over his enemies.

Then the death wail went up through all the city and there was mourning for many days.

## ART. VII.—DOMESTIC POLITICS OF SOUTH AFRICAN STATES.

**T**HERE may be considerable enlightenment with regard to the great and broad Imperial problems which affect South Africa, and yet the questions which locally agitate the different States and Colonies comprised in it may remain totally unknown. Each community or Government has its own individual political life, which, though but little generally known, often supplies the explanation of events of wide, and even serious, import. Who would have thought, for instance, that an anti-Chinese feeling in New South Wales, nearly a quarter of a century ago, would have resulted, only the other day, in enactments to exclude all Asiatics whatsoever from the great island-continent of the South, or that the example thus set would have been followed by another considerable colony in South Africa? It will, thus, be evident that any intelligent view of South Africa problems must be incomplete unless the internal and domestic questions which affect each State be also considered. It is to state these problems—that is the object of the present paper. They are, as will be seen, not only very numerous, but form the theme of daily controversy and argument in a score of South African journals, and our task would be endless, were we to attempt to do more than merely state them. If we can present a plain and lucid view of things as they are, we shall consider that we have done enough.

We take the questions of each State or Colony in the order of the States themselves, save that we reserve one matter of considerable importance, which affects each in turn, to be dealt with by itself at the close.

### THE CAPE COLONY : POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS— CUSTOMS AND TARIFF—RHODES.

There are two great political organisations which divide this the largest, oldest, and most thickly peopled province of South Africa. Roundly speaking, there are nearly a million of white inhabitants, divided in nearly equal proportions into Dutch and English. The Dutch, a long while since, formed themselves into an "Africander Bond" for mutual help, advice, and the return of members to Parliament. Owing to subsequent political events, especially the Raid and Rhodes's well-known views, but more especially to acrimonious and heated political discussion in the Press, the Bond has gradually come to take, as the principal plank in its programme, "South Africa for the South Africans," as against the world outside. It thus appeals to native patriotism; and includes many locally well-known

leading English names as well. It has become a power in the State and a factor in its politics to be dealt with. Under present circumstances it is loyal to the British rule, and has no active desire to change even for a possible independent South African rule. It nevertheless sympathises strongly with the two Dutch republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. It thoroughly distrusts Rhodes. How it distrusts him, may be seen from the following words uttered in Parliament by one of its English members:—In a glowing peroration Mr. Merri-man said: "There was no shame attaching to the English name through Majuba; but the shame lay in the attempt to rob the Boers of their liberties. There was no shame in the defeat of a lot of untrained boys led by military burghers at Doornkop; but the shame lay in the disgrace, treachery, and fraud which surrounded that attempt. He believed the Transvaal and the Free State would be a barrier to that bastard Imperialism and bastard Capitalism which would destroy their liberties in a flood of corruption." The reference in the last sentence, of course, is to Mr. Rhodes. The Bond, too, being mostly composed of the country farming element, have imposed Protection—dear bread (flour being imported), and cheap brandy (their own produce)—on the Colony.

The British element—or, rather Rhodes's Party in it—, seeing the extreme views held and the trend taken by the Bond since the Raid, have brought into existence a counter Association, and called it the South African League, nominally in order to conserve British rule, but really to carry out the political views and personal ambitions of Rhodes. Being rather in the minority as regards numbers in the Cape, it sent out agents and formed branches in the other Colonies and States of South Africa. It has not, however, been very enthusiastically received even by the British in Natal, who cannot understand the mere tip-word of "loyalty," and to whom Rhodes is not either a political, personal, or financial force, though it is true he began his career there. In the Transvaal even, only a portion of the Uitlanders joined the League. In the Orange Free State it is totally disregarded. And the Chartered Company's territory—Rhodes's peculiar domain—is of very little count here, with its half a dozen hundred British police included. As, in viewing the public questions of Natal, we shall have to revert to the League, we omit saying anything further about it here, save to express the general conviction of the thoughtful that it was unneeded; that it will serve only to widen the breach between the two races; and that, although it pretends not to meddle in local politics, it will render sane legislation impossible by interfering with them.

As a corrective to both the above extreme parties, the Bond

and the League, there has lately been formed a new progressive Association which has seceded from the former. At its first meeting, held in April last, it was resolved that it should be called the Colonial Progressive Association, and that its principles should be as follows:—(1) The acknowledgment, maintenance and vindication of British Supremacy in South Africa, and of existing treaties with adjoining States and Colonies. (2) The acknowledgment of equal rights to the different European nationalities in the country, especially the Dutch and English; the promotion of a good understanding and co-operation between the different races and the removal of all racial feeling. (3) Co-operation with adjoining States on constitutional lines, and the promotion of internal harmony as a means to the formation of an internally united South Africa. (4) The development of a sound, progressive, colonial policy. (5) Co-operation in the extension of commerce and civilisation to the north. (6) The acknowledgment of both languages (Dutch and English) within the union, as well as in society, and in every department of the State. (7) The formation of a moderate progressive party in the Legislature.

After Bonds and Leagues, the question of free trade or protection divides the community—not however, to any great extent. The farming class form the majority of the population, as well as the wealth of the colony, and these, whether British or Dutch, naturally object to having foreign cheap competition in produce. Hence there is cheap brandy, of home make, and dear bread, of imported flour. Such of the artizan classes as live in the towns object to this state of things and wish to amend the tariff. They are in a great minority, and without much influence, though the outcry in some of their organs is loud enough.

While, as we have seen, there are two parties and more in the preceding questions, we come now to a matter in which all alike agree, and that is that the Cape Colony should take the lead in every thing in South Africa. She is by no means the wealthiest Colony—the Transvaal being that; nor is she the most enterprising and progressive—that position being appropriated by Natal; but, as the premier colony, and the headquarters of the British “Lord High Commissioner” for Native States (the Governor for the time being), she conceives she has a right—which is strenuously resisted by the other States and Colonies all round—to impose her will on them in regard to every matter. In fact, she wishes, not merely to dominate—which her size and population enable her to do—but to dictate. In this her great antagonists have been Natal and the Transvaal. Her unseemly behaviour, in this respect, has evidently been the product of her late Premier, Mr. Rhodes. In politics



Mr. Rhodes has forgotten, or never recognised, his true position, as only one among many, and has behaved and acted as if he was seated at the head of his Kimberley Diamond Mines Board of Directors. This view denies him any insight of real statesmanship ; but it is the only view that explains his perpetual political blunders, and that fits into the history of his career. He began as a small cotton-planter in the Richmond district of Natal, and he failed there ; for nature and natural operations require patience, care and study. Kimberley at the time opening up a prospect of sudden wealth, he made one of the earliest "rush" there. By taking things at the start, and by the device of amalgamating and shutting down other mines from competition, he emerged as a millionaire and a political magnate. Elected Premier at the Cape, he set himself—as is but too well known—to deprive Lobengula of his extensive territory, by cunning at first, and then by force. He then formed the Chartered Company, and got some figure heads to sit on it. What, however, others would never have done, or thought of doing, he put a patriotic and political colouring on his financial move, and thenceforward began to figure as one of "the makers of empire." Charterland failing to turn out trumps, he next turned his attention towards the Transvaal, with what results are well known—results that have only tended to disaster, and to create race and other animosities, and even to shake British rule in South Africa to its foundations. This is the man who is now again, untaught by sad experience, as his late message to Sirdar Kitchener shows, free to pursue the bent of his crude fancies, act again in the very responsible position of Premier at the Cape, and set the European world by the ears. The question whether Rhodes should, or should not, ever again be in a position to do mischief, is a very serious one, not merely for the Cape, but for South Africa, and even for the world. At present it occupies the minds of the entire South African white populations. His message above referred to, of meeting the Sirdar in Uganda, is sufficient to rouse the latent opposition of several European Powers, as well as of Abyssinia, and it would be well for the Empire in general if his energies could be diverted to a region where they would not "mar" its peaceful progress.

The last and remaining subject, the black or Kafir population, is one which no one in the Cape, or even South Africa, seems able, or feels inclined, to deal with. But it is one that, more than any other, requires solution, and will have to be faced, and that very soon, as Bryce, in his late work on South Africa, so well and ably points out. As a question affecting each State and Colony by turn, we reserve it for separate consideration at the end, and pass on.

ORANGE FREE STATE : KIMBERLEY MINES—UNION  
WITH THE TRANSVAAL.

The Orange Free State, although largely peopled by Boers, is a model State, for peace and quiet, in South Africa. The reasons for its being so are many and various. Except for being cleverly "jockeyed out" of the Kimberley diamond field, which was originally included within the State borders, they have no cause of complaint against the British. There is no latent sore rankling unhealed within their minds; no bitter wrong remaining unavenged. Even as regards the robbery perpetrated on them in the matter of the Kimberley Diamond Mines, they have since found some consolation in very payable grounds within their present borders. There is also a very large admixture of the quiet sort of steady English farmers settled throughout the country—not the idle and lazy Jingo, or the restless, unprincipled adventurer and continental Jew Uitlander of the Transvaal. Many of the Magistrates and officials are British. And, perhaps, the most efficient reason of all is the pure, healthful, bracing and invigorating climate, which makes mere existence a delight in this happy country.

The same question assumes a very different aspect when viewed by the embittered and fighting Boer of dusty and arid Transvaal, when viewed by the domineering British community of the Cape Colony, or the spirited and "loyal" community of Natal, and when viewed by the peaceful farming community of the Orange Free State, living in an ideal climate. In any contentious question, for instance, where the man of the Free State will say: "I am not in it, my friend; depart in peace!"—the Transvaalite Boer will say: "I am ready for you, *roineks*; come on!" and the Natalian, in Jingoistic fashion, will exclaim, "Let us go for them; only I am so very, very, small that my courage may not hold—send us some more regiments!"—the Cape Colonist (*ala Rhodes*) exclaiming, "Hunt out the villains off the face of creation—what right have they to all that gold?" Thus it is that the Free State pursues the even tenour of its way, even amid war's alarms, extending its railways, raising its cereals, and increasing its output of diamonds. Only within the last year, however, it has managed to be deluded by astute uncle Paul (President Kruger) into concluding a defensive alliance with the Transvaal, should the independence of one or other power be threatened from outside. From the Boer point of view, it may be nothing but proper, and it has the effect of immensely increasing the resisting power of the Boer republics. Let us trust, however, that no war with Great Britain will test this alliance. There are, thus, no great "burning" questions in the Free State; and the President's last speech—at the open-

ing of the present *Volksraad*—at the delivery of which the Governor of the Cape, Sir Alfred Milner, was present as a visitor, must have excited his admiration, if not envy; for it was wholly occupied with peaceful matters of railway extension and other tame domestic subjects.

### THE S. A. R.: ITS TROUBLES.

The above letters S. A. R. stand for the South African Republic, by which imposing title the Boers of the Transvaal call their territory. Here the policy of the country almost entirely hinges on resistance to the domineering instincts and interference—an interference created, and kept up, by indefinite clauses in the London Convention of 1884—of the British Jingo party. There are, of course, several other matters, such as the rights and wrongs of the Uitlanders and the mining population foisted in their midst by the gold industry; the question of “colour;” the question of “aliens” coming into the Transvaal, and the “Indian evil;”—all which more or less agitate the Boers. Let us view them in as few words as possible.

The matter of their “independence,” that is, freedom from the domination or dictation of the British, is one of life and death to the Transvaal Boers. They founded their State and established their liberty and independence—like the old Kingdom of Scotland—after numerous bloody and severely contested battles with the British forces. They are proud of their feats of arms, and they may well be; and whoever would attempt to deprive them of their dearly-purchased independence, deserve to lose their own. But there would have been no “burning” question regarding it, had it not been for the late senseless raid, and the very ill-defined provisions of the London Convention above referred to. The subject of the raid need not again be discussed, but the Convention opens up numerous causes of difference.

While recognising the perfect independence of the State, and implying no sort of suzerainty on the part of Great Britain, it is a bar to the freedom of the Republic in the matter of forming alliances out of Africa, and interferes in its internal arrangements wherever these relate to British subjects, which means in almost every imaginable direction. The Convention was intended to put an end to strife, and should be regarded in that light; but it has created more differences than it has ended. There is, too, no provision made in it for explaining disputed clauses, or putting an end to contention by arbitration or other machinery. The natural consequence is that almost everything becomes an open question, especially with a Secretary of State with a Birmingham or Ameri-

can turn of mind. To anyone of dispassionate views it would seem to be imperative—the imperfections of the Convention having been discovered in the actual working—that England should agree either to amend certain points in it, or to appoint arbitrators to decide on them, which the Boers ask for. This would be the ordinary common-sense view of the case ; but, as we know from the success attained of late years by British “high politics” and “diplomacy” in other parts of the world, a common-sense view is not to be thought of when a smaller State has to be dealt with. Arbitration may be sought for from the United States, but is to be repelled with scorn when proposed by the Transvaal. At present there may be no designs against the independence of the Boers ; but if ever, unfortunately for South Africa and its peace, unity and progress, there should happen to be a war with the Dutch Republic owing to these continual bickerings and misinterpretations of the Convention, we are safe in asserting that it will be a hard nut to crack, even with an army of dimensions fitted to engage in a European conflict. The Boer is a first-rate marksman ; is within reach of his commissariat, and knows the contour of every inch of his very difficult country, for both offensive and defensive purposes. We may occupy his country once and again, and yet not conquer it ; and it will make future peace and progress, and the fusion of the races in South Africa, utterly impossible.

The Uitlander” question comes next in importance. First of all, it has to be remembered that the Uitlander is not wanted by the Boer, and that he is there, in the Transvaal, only for financial reasons. Every Uitlander, in one way or other, is connected with the gold industry. But for the gold, probably, there would not have been a single one. The cries about the repression of English education ; State concessions and monopolies, and the like, come directly from the gold mines and their managers and employés. Besides being, thus, for the further gain of the gold people, who already make immense profits, they are altogether *ab initio* false. The Uitlander is popularly supposed to be the honest, free-born Briton ; but as often as not he is a wily, disreputable Russian, or German Jew ; a Frenchman, an American, a Greek or an Italian. These, however, especially the Jews, all take unauthorised shelter under the convenient name of “Englishman,” some even modifying their native names to sound as if English. The journals, being nearly all English—very few Dutch—naturally represent all these indifferent allies, and, for their own gain and notoriety, make a huge outcry. Besides, these Jews, too cowardly themselves to fight, egg on honest and plain-dealing John Bull, and are cunning enough to get on his

weak side by any amount of shameless misrepresentation. For the most part they are an idle, unprincipled, and criminal element. There are more police in Johannesburg, for its population, than anywhere else in the world. A good many have of late disappeared, it may be, Klondyke way, but there are enough left still to make mischief.

There is no question that, if the British alone were concerned, there would be very little trouble. As for the cry about the Boers not allowing English education, it may be seen what it amounts to when it is remembered that it has reference only to the Dutch Government schools. Englishmen, if they want it—and they have ample means for it—, may establish any number of English schools without let or hindrance. But the Continental Jews wish to scoop out of the country all the gold they can, without putting their hands into their own pockets, and to get everything they possibly can out of the State—and all this through an easily-misled home British public. The cry regarding State concessions and monopolies amounts to precisely the same thing—*viz.*, that the gold industry, which makes a clear profit—to say nothing of enormous salaries—of over three millions sterling a year, and in numerous leading cases pays dividends of over 100 per cent. per annum, wishes to make some more profit still, on the ruins of, and by annihilating, every subsidiary small profit made by the State or others. A great deal, too, has been heard about an “Aliens” law enacted some time back, and since repealed. Its object was to prevent the introduction of an undesirable class of immigrants—mostly Russian and other Jews. The London Convention, here too, interfered in a matter of purely domestic concern. India can pass a law for her European vagabonds, but the Transvaal may not!

As regards the “Indian evil,” Indians are viewed with intense dislike everywhere in British and Dutch South Africa. We shall have to deal with this question again in considering Natal, where the evil is very acute and threatens to submerge the white population, and therefore would only state here that, strongly as the Boers would wish to exclude the low—generally Bombay—Indian trader, who thrives on the ignorance and vice of the Kafir native population, and ousts the legitimate white small trader by his cunning and cheap living, altogether from the Transvaal, it has been found impossible to do so under the indefinite clauses of the Convention. Indian natives may be kept out of British Native African States by a simple proclamation of the British Governor, and the self-governing colonies may exclude them by legislation, but the independent Dutch Boers may not do it in their own territory, by the terms of the Convention! A more complete farce

cannot be imagined. The neighbouring Dutch Free State excludes Asiatics—Indians included—together, not one being permitted to enter its territory; but the Transvaal must put up with them;—nay, suffer the still greater evil of giving the Indians the liberty of living intermixed with them! The Boers wish to place them apart in “locations”—native quarters as we should call them in India—; but the Indians are resisting, and appealing to the Home Government to save their status as “British subjects!” The same Convention is appealed to; and in this matter, too, it is indefinite. There can, however, be no doubt that Indian and other Asiatic natives were not contemplated in it. The question of “colour” is very strongly maintained in the Transvaal, being not merely a social one. Yet many of the Boers themselves have some strain of African blood. Of course, it is never acknowledged.

We may now end our statement of the questions which occupy the Transvaal. Most of them are the result of the defects of the London Convention, which ought by agreement to be amended, or submitted to arbitration or some other specially created machinery or Court of Appeal.

There is one subject—the anxiety to possess a sea-port—which is peculiar to the Transvaal, and which we omit from the list furnished above, as it may be more properly included in the other class of the broad Imperial problems of South Africa, and would be out of place here.

### NATAL. HER DREAMS.

It is very remarkable how, diminutive as she is in size, Natal has quite a number of “burning” questions—and very burning, too, they are at times. Somebody once said that she was a great soul confined in a small body. But it also shows how the grant of self-government has at once the virtue of drawing out the latent powers of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The first thing to be done is, of course, to get up a “Parliament” after the latest approved colonial style. The next is the bestowal of honours all round. The burning questions—usually started by an able, independent and fearless Press conducted with remarkable ability—then begin to engage attention. Natal was granted self-government only the day before yesterday, and yet she has enough of politics to create a revolution in a first-class European State.

First, she also has the South African League, previously referred to as having been started as the Cape Colony. A very small and unnoticeable section of the inhabitants joined it. It is to be remembered that, though there are plenty of Dutchmen in Natal—for Natal, too, was Dutch before being “acquired” by the British—there is no powerful *Africander* Bond

here as at the Cape. The reason, therefore, for this League here—except pulling secret wire-strings—is not quite evident. Although at first it almost fell flat on the Colony, it has lately been working its way among members of Rhodes's and the "loud loyalty" party. It has also begun to move, as was anticipated at the first, in matters very far removed from mere "loyalty." This pretence was too flimsy to impose even on the lower working classes, and the following funny story is exactly as related by one of them :—"You see, sir, I was anxious to know what that there League did mean, so I attended a lot of the meetings, and I was clean flummoxed, I were, to know what the dickens them gents were up to. Dr. Hartley, he do talk fine, but I could not for the life of me see, as how we wants to bluster like that there Bond, which they are all down on. Henglishmen don't like bluster. Then Mr. Bale, 'e's a nice man; but he do talk wot we calls through his 'at, and 'e's hinged to be too patronising to suit my book. Mr. Tatham is a nice young gent, but I thinks if he went back to school for a year or two it would do him a power of good. As for Colonel Hime, he might have been a missionary, he was that anxious about the coin. Well, I was clean puzzled, so I thought I'd go and see my old chum, Pat O'Halloran, and ask him what he thought about it all. Pat is Irish, and he studies politics and things, and is wot you might call an out-and-out knowledgable man. "Wot in the creation of cats is this here League?" sez I to Pat as soon as we were seated over our comfortable pints. "Well Bill," sez he, "they first was to play Hades and break things with the Boers and Government, and the Indians, and all sich like rubbish." "Well Pat," sez I, "that's good, and I don't mind giving my 2s. 6d." "Stop a minute, Bill," sez Pat, "that's fwhat they was to do, but they funk'd the programme, and," sez Pat, "it's nothing but a talk-shop, and that's all." "Well," sez I, "they'll have to talk till they busts to get any hanged arf-crowns out o' me." That's all I knows about the League, sir."

Diminutive Natal, however, is not content with one League or political Association—it must have several, nearly half a dozen! There is, for instance, the European Protection Association, which numbers some half a score of names, all told, of "working men," who come down inconveniently on Government, at election and other odd times, with questions relating to "colour," wages, and the like. There is also the "Anti-Asiatic Committee," represented by a martial medico, a thriving butcher, and an Irish election agent. And so on. But one of the principal cries in the colony up to a few months ago was for the annexation of Zululand, which was governed directly from home by a Queen's Commissioner. Zululand is a

small, compact territory between the northern borders of Natal and Delagoa Bay ; but it has a population of a quarter million of Zulus, the strongest of the fighting races of South Africa. The reason for coveting a purely native territory with a warlike population, which was already peacefully governed by Imperial officers when Natal herself had an overwhelming majority of natives, who could not be properly attended to—as will be seen hereafter—and who were always a source of danger, does not appear on the surface. But when it is stated that Zululand is supposed to contain traces of the great Rand Gold Reefs (of the Transvaal), it will be seen why Natal longed and sighed for the Zulu country. She has now got it, too. The annexation, or incorporation, Bill has just been passed by the Premier, Mr. Binns, an able and conscientious politician ; and the change of Government is at present in process of being carried out. It remains, however, to be seen whether, with their removal “to locations”—a favourite term for depriving the African race of their ancestral lands—and the rush of a low and unprincipled class of Europeans, the Zulus will not once more strike out to regain their lost independence, and perhaps carry the Kafirs of Natal with them. In such event, Isandhlana may not be again enacted ; but there will be a sore time of trial for the few Natal colonists. Every small out-station will suffer, and the progress of the black races be indefinitely retarded.

The Asiatic, or “Indian Evil,” question is one that strongly agitates the colony. Natal has been gradually introducing some scores of thousands of “cooly” labourers for her various cultivations of tea, sugar, &c., on the coast, and the work of the farms in the interior. As these Indians worked off their indentures, they settled down in the colony, took up plots of land, and became market-gardeners. Some few became domestic servants, and others opened small shops for their brethren. All this was simple enough. But there also began to come large numbers of free Bombay native traders, who everywhere very soon ousted the small white trader. This could not be suffered, and an effort was made to stop Indian natives from being brought, or coming to the Colony. “Cooly” labour, however, was needed to carry on the cultivation—and they are largely employed even on the railways,—and so, a clause was introduced into their indentures under which they are now relanded in India. The Bombay men were got at by requiring them to be of a superior class, and further, by refusing them licenses to trade. In regard to the evil effects of the Indians on the Native Kafirs, the following is the report of a Government official :—“The free Indian is now gradually ousting the native from private lands, and



forcing him into the locations, already crowded, except for those large sacrificed (?) areas known as 'Mission Reserves.' Many free Indians are employers of native labour, but among these natives I frequently find outcasts, and men of bad character. Experience shows that the native learns nothing but evil from his association with the coolie. Ignoring the example set him in habits of industry, he readily learns to become an expert thief and superlative liar."

The "colour" question relates to the offspring of mixed marriages, and it agitates Natal even more seriously than other parts, being raised there from the social plane to one of "Wages." A "Coloured" man, who gave his name, lately wrote to the local Press, asking the following questions:—"Is it not a fact that a number of Europeans are married to coloured women? Have we not learnt our trades from European masters, who profited by our labour while we were apprentices? Do we not pay the same taxes and school fees as the white mechanic? If we are not allowed to work at our trades and earn our living honestly, how are we going to feed and clothe our wives and educate our children? Is it not a fact that a number of white men, who pose as tradesmen, have never served any apprenticeship, but are simply what are turned 'bandy men?'" The European Protection Association, who chiefly moved in the matter of excluding "coloured" labour, stated, at a deputation to Government on the subject, that "they, as artizans, recognised the inevitable advance of the coloured races." They also found that they had to reduce their extraordinary demand, and were made, before they left, to say that they "had no objection to working by the side of coloured workmen, provided they were paid the same rate of wages as themselves." This was having the tables completely turned on them, for they found that mere sentiment and jealousy would not go down with the Government. This question of "colour," as affecting wages and salaries, is not unknown even in India. But the Government of Natal has just "gone one better" than probably any other British colony, or country, under the sun. It is announced in the *Government Gazette* that "Europeans" will henceforth be "all persons other than Indians and natives," and it is implied further, that the performance or otherwise of the marriage ceremony will have the effect of making the children of mixed parentage either white or black in the eyes of the law. Here are plain and easily understood rules, which will have the effect of attaching the growing class to the colony, instead of raising a discontented and dangerous body ashamed of their fathers or mothers. There are many who think that the ruin of the numerous Spanish colonies, and their loss to

the parent state, have been caused by this same outcasting system—one which has now, as regards British countries, been broken by Natal, in the announcement we have given above.

The announcement of Natal's policy in this matter is the more remarkable since it is a fact that she wishes to be a "white colony." How this is to be accomplished, with her overwhelming Indian and Kafir populations, is a very difficult question, and one which is frequently brought forward. As one means to that end, white settlements of small farmers have lately come to be advocated. Only, as the greater part of the colony has already been alienated on merely nominal terms—a plan will have to be followed here similar to that of the late Sir John Robertson in New South Wales, in breaking up old and huge estates, which was the making of that colony, *viz.*, that of "free-selection."

We now come to the last of the public questions of Natal (always reserving that of the Kafirs for separate treatment)—that of Free Trade or Protection, which, further, is related to the question of a Customs Union with the Cape Colony. This latter colony is highly protectionist, while Natal has hitherto been free-trading. The duties set forth below will show this clearly:—

Meat, Natal	$\frac{1}{8}d.$	(5 <i>p. c.</i> )	per lb.	Cape	2d.
Flour "	6d.	( " )	"	"	5s.
Candles "	1d.		"	"	2½d.
Oils "	3d.		per gall.	"	1s.
Matches "	1s.		per gross.	"	2s.
Cheese "	2d.		per lb.	"	3d.
Rice "	1s.		per cwt.	"	3s. 6d.
Corn and Grain, Natal	6d.	(5 <i>p. c.</i> )	per 100 lbs.	"	2s.
Coffee, Natal	4s. 8d.		per cwt.	"	12s. 6d.

Natal, however, being largely peopled by a well-to-do class of farmers, has lately begun to think that some advance may be made in the direction of protection, and that thus a Customs Union might be brought about with the Cape Colony to the mutual advantage of both. That Protection is somehow bound to come, there cannot be much doubt, owing to the large majority in its favour. And yet, like New South Wales in Australia, Natal has thriven and prospered under Free Trade. Protection, however, might make living—which is already phenomenally dear all over South Africa—dearer, put back the white settlement above referred to, and send up wages—which, too, are higher than almost anywhere else—still higher.

### THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S AND THE PORTUGUESE TERRITORIES.

Very little need be said regarding the above territories. The "callow brood" of the former Rhodesian nest, numbering some five hundred and odd souls, want self-government. (There is an African population of some millions, and the extensive territory, larger than France, has not yet in parts been even explored.) This demand is the sheerest impudence, and the great Rhodes is actually found to foster it! In his public utterances he dangles the hope of it before the unhappy—because sure to be disappointed—settlers. Besides self-government, all want additional settlers, both farming and mining. But, as there are many other parts of the world, even in South Africa, better adapted for farmers, and richer in minerals, this acquisition of Mr. Rhodes must wait for another half century at least before it will begin to draw, and then, as Mr. Bryce points out in his work on South Africa, there will be only a very scanty population. Finally, there is the cry of speculative mining companies for forced native labour, something akin to the old slavery, and not near so good as the form we have just abolished in Zanzibar. The Imperial Government, however, who have to safeguard the country from native rebellions, may have much to say on this point before it is carried.

The Portuguese Mozambique country, from Delagoa Bay north to the Zambesi, is probably the happiest in having no public questions—unless in regard to official dinners and the firing of salutes, and the probable future extinction of big and wild game in its malarious swamps and jungles. In regard to the wild game, the enumeration of their names would fill an ardent amateur sportsman with a strong desire to make their acquaintance. There are lions, leopards, panthers, elephants, rhinos, hippos, hyenas, wolves, wild pigs, buffaloes, giraffes, quaggas, crocodiles and a score of kinds of deer, large and small—eland, hartebeest, blaubok, koodoo, gemsbok, springbok, ouribi, rietbok, rooibok, rheebok, duiker, and others—and game birds. The extinction of the nobler forms of the above animals would be a subject of regret. When the Dutch first occupied Cape Colony, and Capetown was laid out, lions used sometimes to be found walking about in the streets. Lions were even till a late date to be seen along Lion's River in Natal. But they have completely disappeared. Elephants, too, roamed over both colonies; now there are only about 150 left, strictly "preserved" in an original forest. Hippos and rhinos, too, have disappeared, except a few of the former at Sea-Cow Lake in Natal and near the mouths of the Orange River in Cape Colony, and some in Zululand, where too an occasional rhino turns up. (As regards the

remaining purely Native States, their one cry is to be delivered from low whites and strong drink.)

### THE KAFIR, OR BLACK QUESTION.

We have reserved this question, which applies to each Colony or State in turn, to the last. It is co-extensive with South Africa—if not all Africa—and is of supreme importance. The question is more serious, owing to the smallness of the white population, than in the United States, and is barely grasped by men who live a hard, hurried and occupied life in South Africa, though continually referred to in the Press. The question is, can the Kafir rise to civilisation, like the Japanese, or the Malay? for the modern Malay gentleman, who can navigate a ship, and hold his own in a drawing room, will surprise any one who has no acquaintance with him. Even so high an authority as Bismarck, some three or four years since, declared that the African negro would never rise much beyond being a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the white races. We cannot, however, accept his authority in a matter of which he can have very little practical knowledge. If we are to quote authorities, we would rather take that acute and keen observer, Mr. Bryce, who has himself been in South Africa, and who looks forward to the day when the Kafir will govern and occupy his own country without the white man, unless the latter takes time by the forelock and makes a friend of him. Let us, however, place our data before our readers, leaving them to form their own judgment, and show the Kafir exactly as he is. The following scene shows him on his lowest present plane. On last Jubilee Day there were ten native chiefs, with their followers, assembled at a place called Harding, in the South West of Natal, to do honour to the occasion. This is how it went off, the references to “beerdrinks” (native beer), “courting girls,” “killing cattle that they may rejoice,” and the “vociferous cheering,” being quite correct. The Magistrate (mounted on a table!) addressed the assembly in their own tongue:—“When the Queen came to the throne this country was overrun by elephants and lions, and your forefathers had to sleep on their assegais, to be ready at the bark of a dog to flee for their lives, and you of the present day, now sleep in your huts until the sun is high in the heavens without any fear of being molested, and for this you have to thank your Queen, and if any of you are poor to-day it is but your own fault, because most of you spend your time attending beer drinks and courting girls instead of working, the same as all Europeans do. You can only remember dates by something unusual happening during that

year, as, for instance, the Battle of the Blood River; the Zulu war; and last year you have named the year of the locusts. This year you will be able to refer to, and hand down to your posterity, as the year in which you danced for your Queen. I am pleased to tell you that I have authority from the Government, which have your interests at heart, to kill some cattle for you, in order that you may rejoice in your own way, and they will be killed *just now*." The cheers for the Queen (and the "cattle") which followed "were so vociferously given," that, as the reporter adds, "they could be heard for some distance off." They then left to receive their meat—of the five large oxen which had been killed for them.

Finally, here are some of the causes which lead these simple and primitive—exceedingly sensitive and tender-hearted—people to commit self-destruction, the deaths being distributed equally between both sexes. A well-built, good looking young fellow, who set some store by his personal appearance, ended his career because an accidental fall over some stones broke off two of his front teeth. A middle-aged woman hanged herself because her son insisted upon the slaughter of a goat which she did not wish killed. Rhodes himself, who knows them, likened them at a public speech to "baboons." He treated them, however, in an even worse fashion by passing what is called the "Glen Grey Act," by which they have to labour for white masters under severe penalties?

What the primitive and rude Kafir becomes under a rough experience of travel, but without education, may now be seen from the following account of a couple of them who strayed from Natal. One, a surf boat labourer, first got engaged as a "cook" on a vessel which ultimately found its way to Bristol. By this time he had had quite enough of the ship and crew; and apparently they had had quite enough of him, for he did not wait even for his wages. Asked why this dissatisfaction, the Kafir answered that it was all on account of his cookery. "They tell me I make all things too much hard; then they kick me. I tell 'em I go speak Magistrate when we land; but no good; they kick me once more again. I say I give them knife; but no good; all days plenty kick. No good sailor men." Such was Jim's pathetic record of his career in the Merchant Service. His subsequent career included three months as a porter and boots at a west of England hydropathic establishment, manager of a Bristol coffee stall (prices  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per cup) for six weeks, a market-gardener's assistant for two months at 8s. a week, a fortnight's experience as a hawker of pins, tape, &c., and three days in tronk for not having a licence. When hauled up before the Bench on this charge, he made such an able

defence that it saved him from a month's "hard" as a rogue and vagabond. Later, he made acquaintance with casual wards, and earned 12s. a week on a farm, when a call came for him to assist in a show of Matabele warriors. He smokes a short pipe when off duty, drinks all the whiskey offered him and is always ready for more, and lives on fine terms with his white associates, whom he quite patronizingly salutes with "How are you blowing, boys?" when he meets them. The other Kafir has been in England two years, and has gone through a varied experience of prosperity and adversity. Asked if he was not anxious to return to Natal and his Kraal once more, he ejected a plug of tobacco he was chewing, and forcibly ejaculated "Kraal be d—d!" He likewise used many other swear words. He occasionally walks out with a white girl, and declares he is going to "properly marry her," as he puts it. He keenly loves a drink, and astonishes the crowd at the show by the ease with which he can take it "neat and cold, without sugar."

The above account may be amusing enough, but it shows the capacity to make a rough advance.

The last, and highest stage the Kafir at the present day, under the influence of education, is much what we should expect of any European race. Young men pass tough examinations and even get ordained. Young educated women are engaged as governesses by respectable white families to give daily home tuition to their children, *including music*. And there are, as will be seen below, others who write temperate and well-reasoned letters on their sad and neglected condition in the public Press. They are carefully excluded from receiving any instruction in the mechanical arts; but that they are capable of over-taking the white races in them, may be seen from the progress made by the Zambesi natives under Arab tuition and a non-restrictive Portuguese Government. We may, in our own opinion, despise the Arabs, and feel very superior to the Portuguese, but these peoples have helped to raise the education of African natives in the arts of daily life, and we have failed. And yet we profess so much. The reasons of our failure are not far to seek if we really wish to know them. There is not the least doubt that the Kafir can make as good a carpenter, or blacksmith, or tailor, or mason, or even we shall say type-setter, as an average white man; but we take care to keep him out of it, and we do our best to keep him down in the lowest ruts of severe labour, and even seek to tax him in them! In other words, if we have done away with slavery under its old form, we have it in a new form. Let us, however, see what we find among the natives of the Zambesi. Here is what a late visitor

writes :—" They are naturally clever carpenters. The wood is all native-fitted, sawn, cut, planed here. Frames, doors, windows, chairs, easy and ordinary, tables, cabinets, bedsteads, and even boats built as I have seen them built in Port Elizabeth, are all done by them. With rough tools they are wonderful blacksmiths and even gunsmiths. They can make gunsprings, and almost any part of a muzzle-loading gun, beautifully finished and strong. Gunstocks they make to perfection, hinges, hoes, anything and everything.

" Their walls are as straight as those of the best of masons. Bootmakers can make you as neat and strong a pair of boots as you can wish to have. We have tailors here who do, or can, turn you out anything, suits of clothes, underclothing, anything, and fit beautifully. As gold and silver workers they are surprisingly clever and ingenious, and will imitate our best makes. And for the thousand and one nic-nacs of rhino horn, elephant's foot or sole and tail hair, buffalo and bullock horn, and ivory, mat-making, &c., &c., their work is to be seen to be believed." In fact they would make a creditable and unique show even in a first-class shop in Regent Street in London. Such is the African negro to whom we venture to deny the capability of advancing in the ordinary arts and business of life !

We have now seen the South African native, in his several stages or degrees, as he exists at the present, and that he has the capabilities of progress. But neither the "swathing bands" system of a so-called "paternal" Government, nor the forced labour system of Mr. Rhodes, will admit of his advancement—indeed, they only make him dangerous. Even in Natal, where we profess to be extra-kind, we exact a hut tax from Kafirs—one over and above every other contribution which they make to the general revenues equally with the white community. Our system would create a rebellion at once if pursued in any other land ; and we are now *benevolently* proposing to tax their very labour, and at the same time restrict them from the best market for it. To mention in detail all these crude, mistaken, dangerous, and utterly disgraceful notions—worthy only of the old Slave States of America—would take us too far afield. What our system really is is justly hit off in the following clever "skit" which has lately made its appearance in the Press :—

" *Civilisation in Africa.*—A large strong man, dressed in a uniform, and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a grass hut on the coast of Africa. Who are you, and what do you want ? asks a voice from inside. ' In the name of Civilisation, open your door, or I will break it down for you, and fill you full of lead.' ' But what do you want here ? ' ' My name is Christian Civilisation. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute ; what do

you suppose I want here but to civilise you, and make a reasonable human being out of you, if it is possible?' 'What are you going to do?' 'In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. Its a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat, and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at reasonable rates.' 'What shall I do with them?' 'Wear them, of course. You did not expect to eat them, did you? The first step in civilisation is in wearing proper clothes.' 'But it is too hot here to wear such garments. I am not used to them. I will perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?' 'Well, if you die, you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilisation.' 'You are very kind.' 'Do not mention it. What do you do for a living, anyhow?' 'When I am hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink, or sleep, just as I feel like it.' 'What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you do not I will have to lock you up as a vagrant.' 'If I have got to follow some occupation, I think I will start a coffee-house. I have a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand.' 'Oh! you have, have you? why you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place, I want you to pay me 50 dollars.' 'What for?' 'An occupation tax, you ignorant heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilisation for nothing?' 'But I have not got any money.' 'That makes no difference. I will take it out in coffee and sugar. If you do not pay, I will put you in gaol.' 'What is gaol?' 'Gaol is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make some sacrifice for civilisation, you know.' 'What a great thing Christian civilisation is!' 'You cannot possibly realise the benefits! but you will before I get through with you.' The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since."

This is only a perfectly fair representation of what we are doing with our unfortunate Kafirs.

That the advanced and educated section—a very small one—can take some just views of their unfortunate condition, may be seen from correspondence ever and anon appearing in the English Press, and emanating from themselves. One, after noticing various matters in which the Natal Government—with over much profession—failed in respect of what the natives had a right to expect of them, writes:—"The natives, by direct taxation, contribute £110,000 per annum, and the Europeans not more than £5,000. This is only direct taxation,—there are other taxations." Another writes thus his homely appeal:—"What has the Government done to educate and civilise the natives? Does the colony pay any sum of money to educate and civilise the natives? It is wrong to think that



the solution of the native question is in leaving it alone. Sir, I will ask you to do what you can to help the native to get on ; he is most anxious to come out of degradation. When shall the native be represented in the House ? ”

We have seen their capacity for advancement. We have seen them kept down in the very mire of ignorance, even of the mechanical arts—for the greed of a few whites of the artisan class, and for the sake of employers of labour. We have seen them unjustly and unequally taxed. We have noted further attempts to reduce them to virtual and actual slavery. It does not require a prophet to predict the disastrous result. In the meantime, the following ordinance (of 1829), called the Magna Charta of the natives, flaunts the face of the world in solemn mockery :—“ All Hottentots or other free persons of colour lawfully residing within the Colony [Cape] are in the most full and ample manner entitled to all and every right, benefit or privilege to which any other British subjects are entitled.” And H. M. Secretary of State pens despatches on the “ suzerainty ” question.

## ART. VIII.—PARIS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

*Paris, par Emile Zola.*—Paris 1898.

THE greatest of French novelists is at present the best hated man in France.

"The greater the Truth, the greater the Libel," is a forensic maxim; and M. Zola has libelled the French nation. His master hand has, in this picture of the life of Paris, painted, in lurid lights and gloomy shades, a moving panorama of *fin de siècle* France, with its hide-bound bureaucracy playing\* at the forms of Republican Government. He has sketched, in succession, a corrupt Parliament, a servile Judiciary, a scandalous Society, and a venal Press. The indictment is a formidable one; but the events that have occurred since the framing of it (for the story was published originally in serial form, and appeared before the incidents had happened that led to the late famous Zola-Dreyfus trial) make it read like an inspired prophecy. Europe has since looked on in astonishment at French gentlemen belabouring each other in the Chamber of Deputies; at officials fined and degraded by the Government for having told the truth when put upon their oath in a Court of Justice; at French General officers and colonels bragging like Bobadil and lying like Ananias to maintain the conviction of a comrade condemned on evidence too flimsy to bear the light of day; at a people that has hitherto prided itself on its civilisation renewing the Jew-baitings of the Dark Ages of European history.

The now notorious case of Captain Dreyfus would be simply ludicrous were it not for the consequences to the unfortunate victim of the spy-mania in France, which makes the word "espionage" have the same effect upon a Frenchman as a red rag on a bull. The whole affair has been so shrouded in obscurity by the prevarications of the authorities and the conflicting accounts of the officers concerned in it, that it is impossible to say whether Dreyfus was the victim of a cabal, or whether suspicions were seriously entertained of his guilt. One plausible hypothesis is that he was denounced because he was the only honest man on the French General Staff; another, which seems to claim consideration from recent developments, is that a dead set was made against him because he was a Jew. He was tried in secret, and the Government, to excuse the secrecy of the proceedings against him, circulated stories too

silly to be believed by any one but a Parisian *gobemonche*. He was convicted on evidence produced behind his back, and the uniform of a French officer was defaced and degraded in public before a hooting mob. He was condemned to life-long imprisonment in a pestilential climate. But, after the *furor* of invective and invention had subsided, the voice of reason began to be heard, and a few honest and honourable men were heard to protest that, whether Dreyfus were guilty or no, he had not been proved so, and that he had not had a fair trial.

But the curious part of the story is that the French Government, the French Chamber, and the French public unanimously declared that the honour of the French Army was involved in the maintenance of the conviction of a French Staff officer for disgraceful conduct.

An Englishman's maxim is "*Fiat Justitia, ruat Cælum*;" a Frenchman's is that a conviction once obtained must be maintained, and that it is not justice that is sacred, but the *chose jugée*. M. Zola was among the ten righteous men found in Paris to advocate the re-opening of the Dreyfus case in the interests of truth and justice; and his powerful advocacy compelled the Government to take notice of a movement which they had hoped conveniently to ignore. If his conduct has not availed to awaken the French people to a sense of their own deficiencies, it has at least opened the eyes of Europe to the rottenness of the political institutions of France, and notably of her army, in which she fondly trusted to repair the losses and errors of 1870. Its officers appear as sorry specimens of national honour and chivalry, and the principal employment of its General staff seems to be raking among the contents of the waste-paper baskets of the Foreign Embassies in Paris.

The disinterested exertions of M. Zola on behalf of the condemned Dreyfus recall the similar conduct of another great French writer, equally celebrated for his love of truth and passion for justice, the famous Voltaire, in the case of the family of Calas. The latter was a Protestant in the south of France, one of whose sons committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity; and an unfounded charge was brought against the father, that he had murdered his son in order to prevent him from becoming a convert to Catholicism. The unfortunate man was convicted and executed on evidence that would not have sufficed to hang a dog: his property was confiscated, and his family reduced to beggary and deprived of civil rights. Voltaire, at whose satire tyrants trembled, and whose wit pierced with its shafts the shield of priestcraft, never rested till he had wrested from unwilling Power full

reparation to the memory of Calas, the revocation of his unjust sentence, and the restitution of his bereaved family to their property and their rights. His reward was the consciousness of a good action, and the applause of his fellow-countrymen and of the world; and he said that it was the proudest moment in his life when he heard a man in the street say to another, as he passed by, "c'est le sauveur de Calas."

M. Zola, like Voltaire, is the sworn enemy of sacerdotalism. He recognises the fact that its era has passed away; that the Priest is no longer the teacher of the people; that the knowledge which is power has passed from the church to the Laboratory and to the Press. "Paris," the last volume of the "Les Trois Villes" Series, is, like its predecessors, "Lourdes" and "Rome," an account of the methods, and an exposure of the aims, of the Catholic re-action in France, the attempt to stem the tide of Rationalism and to arrest the march of progress by the apotheosis of the absurd and the exaltation of the incredible; the endeavour to divert the attention of the peoples from their hope in the future to the faith in a discredited past. The Church, seeing its long and lucrative partnership with the World on the point of dissolution, in danger of losing all the profits and emoluments accruing therefrom, strives desperately and unremittingly to regain its old *prestige* and position, or at least to maintain what little there remains to it. And France is the chief field of the campaign to this end directed from the Church's headquarters at the Vatican: for France is the only professing Catholic country left in Europe worth re-conquering.

The disjointed Empire of Austria has been rudely thrust from the hegemony of Germany by Protestant Prussia, and is now distracted by the growing influences of Slavonic and orthodox elements. Spain is impotent: Italy is openly hostile, and almost bankrupt withal: France alone, once ruled by a Most Christian King and boasting itself of old as the whole world's gallantest Christian nation, still great in the spirit of her people, her past prestige and her present wealth, is capable of affording effective political aid to the Church in its schemes for the reconquest of the world. France is "the eldest daughter of the Church," and has, on more than one previous occasion, proved the obedient instrument of Papal policy. And, in the hope of regaining its ancient influence over modern France, the Vatican has definitely thrown over its old friends of the Royal Houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and has allied itself successively with the Empire and the Republic.

And now an active propaganda is carried on, under the cloak of charity and piety, to recapture the lost political power. In spite of the warnings of experience and the

lessons of history, the old fallacies are persistently reiterated, that the Church and the State are twins; that the disasters of France are due to their divorce; that her overthrow by Protestant Prussia was a Divine punishment for her neglect of Catholicism; that Jews, Protestants and Rationalists are the cause of all the scandals that disgrace the Government and distract the country. And, in its eager search for weapons to defend itself, the Church does not disdain to borrow them from the arsenal of its adversaries, and opposes Christian Socialism to the theories of socialism based on reason and argument. Since the Monarchy has fallen, it will ally itself with the Republic; since it can no longer put its trust in Princes, it must try to capture the confidence of the people; since the capitalists are Jews, it will preach a return to the principles of the early Christian community. And, though this change of methods is in itself a tacit confession of defeat, an acknowledgment that its old methods of tactics have failed, yet it regards its methods as only the means to an end to be attained at all risks and by any measures, the dethronement of Science and the re-establishment of Religion as the sovereign of the human intellect.

This attempted Catholic Revival may be compared to the Wahabi, Mahdist, and Senoussiya movements in the Oriental world, all forms of religious revival which have for their object the restoration of the political force of the religion of Islam: vain attempts to put back the hands of the clock of time to the point at which they stood ten centuries ago, and to restore the obsolete laws, and revive the dead faiths, of an ancient world in the world of to-day, full of new hopes and new ideas.

But the revival of religion in French political life derives support from many sources besides the fanaticism of the besotted believer who accepts his creed because it is incredible, and who refuses to recognise the facts of history which do not coincide with his theory of the designs of Providence. There is the philosophical statesman who, while not a believer himself, believes that religious belief is necessary for the maintenance of morality and efficacious as an instrument of Government.

Besides, it is a bulwark of social order, and its growth is inextricably intertwined with the growth of the human race. What would you put in its place? The human soul, in its craving for mysteries, in its inextinguishable thirst for the Divine, will always fly to some form of religion; and, in fact, we see to-day the people who profess to reject the Christian dogmas as absurd, taking refuge in Buddhism, in Spiritualism, in any and every form of superstitious charlatanism;

according to Mediums and Mahatmas the credence which they refuse to the miracles of the Gospels. Since people must believe in lies, it is much better to stick to the old ones, established by usage and sanctioned by tradition. There are some politicians, too, who are captivated by the phrase that France is the eldest daughter of the Church, and who think the political influence of the Vatican may serve France in the world just as well as France may serve the interests of the Vatican.

Then there are the æsthetic, the dilettante, whose artistic sense is gratified by all the historical and archæological associations of the past, and who regard the Church of Rome as a glorious monument of mediæval architecture, and, as such, worthy of veneration and preservation. This sentiment is strong in the old families belonging to the historic houses of past times, and also in the *nouveaux riches*, who would gladly be confounded with them, and who adopt devotion to the old Church, along with their brand-new armorial bearings, as the hall-mark of aristocracy.

And, lastly, there is the mass of the *petite bourgeoisie*, of *les gens bien pensants*, who, in their terror of Socialism and Anarchism and their dislike of the levelling-up principles of Republicanism, are ready to accept any *régime* that gives promise of keeping, all things just as they are in this best of all possible worlds; influenced also to a great extent by its women, who read nothing but works of fiction and devotion; the example of noble and self-sacrificing lives set by priests, nuns, and sisters of charity in France must also exercise a considerable influence over the public mind.

This Catholic revival is condemned by M. Zola as an anachronism and as a retrogression; a negation of truth and justice; an attempt to substitute the bond of a common form of belief for the bond of a common humanity. In the parable of the Good Samaritan, Christ taught the lesson that it is not the community of creed that makes the human brotherhood. And the secondary, or, perhaps, we should say the leading, motive of this new book, "Paris," is the justification of Socialism, as a necessary outcome of the age we live in, and a righteous effort to redress the injustices and remove the inequalities of human Society. The contrast between wealth and poverty is still greater to-day than when the Hebrew prophet poured out his scathing denunciations of wealth and luxury, or when Christ bade the rich despair of the kingdom of Heaven; and the Utopia of philosophers and the Kingdom of God upon earth still seem far away. But, though most men profess to believe in their eventual realisation, they have really treated them as idle dreams and have branded those who sought to realise

them, like the Anabaptists of Munster and the Fifth-Monarchy-men in England, as pestilent heretics or crazy fanatics. And even in these days of free thought and free speech in the countries of Europe, socialist advocates and agitators were watched by spies, tracked by the Police, exiled or imprisoned for expressing opinions condemning the social system of Christendom, advocating a fairer re-distribution of wealth and work, preaching the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This repression and persecution had bred Anarchism out of Socialism, and had turned many a harmless theorist into a dangerous criminal; for it is an historical experience that severity of repression increases resistance, and an idea is most surely and widely propagated by the blood of the martyrs who die for it.

Russia, in which the safety valve of public opinion is kept hermetically sealed, has thus given birth to the monstrous growth of Nihilism; while England, where Socialists are allowed to air their theories to their heart's content, is not only less troubled than any other country of Europe by the Anarchist scum, but has fewer socialists among its working classes than any other nation.

In a previous volume, "*Germinal*," M. Zola gave us the portrait of a Russian apostle of Anarchy pushing his propaganda among his fellow-workmen in France with all the zeal of a Dervish and all the skill of a Jesuit, and plotting the destruction of the society around him with the energy of a giant and the cunning of a fox. And in "*Paris*" an Anarchist outrage and the events which spring from it form one of the main incidents of the story.

A novel is not an essay on social problems or a political pamphlet, and it is as impossible as it would be unfair to judge of a novelist's sentiments and opinions from the language he puts into the mouths of the characters of his story; but it might be plausibly argued from the general tenour of "*Paris*" and the preceding volumes of the series that the sympathies of M. Zola are with social reform, and that he regards *doctrinaire* socialism as a step, at all events, in the right direction; an attempt to increase the general sum of the happiness of the human race, and a valuable contribution to the discussion of problems for its future welfare, the ultimate solution of which must be left to reason and justice.

The present volume contains the conclusion of the story of the Abbé Pierre Froment, which commenced in "*Lourdes*" and was continued in "*Rome*," and might have, as an alternative title, "*The Adventures of a Priest of an old Faith in search of a new one.*" Guillaume and Pierre Froment are the offspring of the marriage of a man of lofty intellect and deep science with a sweet and pious woman: their father is a Rationalist

and their mother a devotee. The sons fortunately inherit the qualities of both parents, the head of the father and the heart of the mother. The eldest son, Guillaume, succeeds to his father's studies, aids him in his laboratory and adapts his opinions; but Pierre is still a child when his father is killed by the explosion of some chemicals from which he was too successfully endeavouring to evolve a new explosive force. After his death, the eldest son, estranged from the mother by difference of belief and consequent lack of sympathy, quits the paternal home and sets up his laboratory in another quarter of Paris: while the younger remains with her in the quiet little villa at Neuilly, and is educated in the principles of the Catholic faith. He becomes a priest, and his mother dies soon after the dearest wish of her heart has been gratified by seeing her darling son officiating at the altar, offering up the daily sacrifice. Pierre's labours in nursing his dying mother, and his anguish at her loss, prostrate him with a serious illness; and, while he is weak in body and mind, he falls under the influence of his rationalistic brother and his father's scientific library, now unsealed for the first time since his death; and an honest doubt of the dogmas which he had till then believed to be eternal verities, seizes upon his perturbed soul.

The reason he has inherited from his father clashes fatally with the faith of his mother. He joins in the pilgrimage to Lourdes in the hope of dispelling his gloomy doubts, anxious to recover the innocent credulity of the child, the primitive faith of the ancient nations, crouching beneath the terrors of the unknown; and he returns disillusioned, his whole soul revolted by the glorification of the impossible and the incredible, the absolute negation of common sense in the minds of the devotees

" Who hoped to rise,

On nonsense piled on nonsense, to the skies ! "

The peace of the world, the salvation of humanity, the fulfilment of the needs and desires of the world to-day could never be found in this puerile abandonment of reason and common sense. But still he trusted in the efficacy of Christian charity, and, in spite of the opposition of his intellect, he again put his faith into a pilgrimage to Rome, in the hope that there, at the head-quarters of Catholicism, he might find the old religion renewing its youth, reverting to the spirit of early Christianity, becoming the religion of the democracy, the faith demanded by the social evolution of the modern world; and he had found nothing but ruins, the rotten trunk of an old tree incapable of putting forth new shoots; he had heard nothing but the ominous creaking and cracking of the timbers and masonry of an old edifice crumbling to decay. And he returns



to Paris, disenchanted, disheartened, to resume his duties as a faithless priest, watching over the faith of others ; to continue the work of devotion and charity to the outcasts of society with which he was wont to satisfy the cravings of his soul for love and righteousness.

It is here, in the slums of Paris, that the scene of the third volume opens. It is not so much a story as a succession of moving pictures of Parisian life and society, like the shifting scenes of a drama on the stage, or the changing canvas of a diorama.

In the first scene, Pierre is sent by his simple and pious old friend and Director, the Abbé Rose, to succour and relieve an old pauper, the workman Laveuve, now past work of any kind, racked with pain and pinched with hunger, perishing in the mid-winter cold and sordid filth of his empty garret in a wretched rookery of a squalid quarter of Paris, among sick and famishing wretches as miserable as himself, driven by want to take refuge in the revolting theories of anarchy. Here we meet the out-of-work mechanic Salvat, living, or starving, with his widowed sister-in-law, Madame Theodore, and his little daughter Céline, and his instructor in anarchic principles, the young Victor Mathis, son of a *petit employé*, whose widowed mother had educated him at the cost of all her straitened means, and still supported by her unremitting toil, while he, unable to obtain the situation that his talents and education entitled him to aspire to, preached the gospel of Socialism and Anarchy. Pierre, finding Laveuve in such dire straits, thinks himself of the Asile des Invalides, a charitable institution founded for the reception of the destitute, and supported by the subscriptions of the wealthy ; and he hurries off to obtain a card for the admission of the patient from the Baroness Duvillard, one of the Lady Patronesses of the Institution.

The scene changes to the splendid mansion, the sumptuous apartments, and the luxurious breakfast-table of the Hotel Duvillard, occupied by a fresh set of *dramatis personæ* : the Baron, one of the greatest financiers of France, descended from a grandfather who acquired a fortune as a Commissary to the armies of Napoleon, and from a father who was ennobled for financial services by the covetous *bourgeois* King Louis-Philippe ; adding the appetite for indulgence to the inherited aptitude for business ; joining the Christian voracity for pleasure to the Jewish rapacity for gain : his wife Eva, fat, fair, and forty, the daughter of the great German-Jewish banker, Justus Steinberger, who had hoped to make a bargain, profitable to both parties, in selling his darling child to the son of his Christian financial rival : his son Hyacinthe, Aesthete and Cynic, a *fin de siècle* masquerader, equally contemptuous of work and pleasure,

"le dernier expression de l'épuisement d'une race : " and his daughter Camille, undersized, dark-complexioned and ill-favoured, clever and satirical, mortally jealous of the good looks and youthful graces of her mother. The Baron, the Sampson of the financial world, is entangled in the toils of the fair Silviane, an impudent third-rate actress: her great ambition is to join the *troupe* of the Comedie-Francaise, and all her lover's influence of the purse-strings must be brought to bear to this end on all persons and powers connected with the stage, ministerial, managerial, and critical. La Baronne, whose soft and selfish nature cannot exist without love and sympathy, seeks it in the society of the noble and handsome young Gerald de Quinsac, whose feebleness of mind and frailty of constitution belied his well-bred assurance and his imposing physique: a type of the old noblesse of France, a front of brass with feet of clay. And he figures among the *convivés* at the breakfast table, on this day, along with his uncle, the General de Bozonnet, ci-devant Royalist and late Imperialist, who never ceased to denounce the new-fangled system of universal service which had ruined the French army.

The remaining guests were the Juge d' instruction, Amadieu, a popular and fashionable pillar of the law, whose ambition for glory and fortune made him prefer the rôle of the politician to that of the lawyer, and sacrifice the interests of justice to those of his patrons in the Ministry: and Dutheil a young deputy of promise from the provinces, who, in his rage for the pleasures of Paris, and his need of money to satisfy it, had become jackal to the Baron Duvillard, and his obedient instrument in any kind of shady transaction. And the topic of conversation at the table is the article which has appeared that morning in *La Voix du Peuple*, a sensational journal which, under the pretence of the advocacy of justice and morality, launched a fresh flood of scandals every day with the sole object of increasing its circulation.

This time it had got hold of an enterprise fostered by Baron Duvillard, a concession for an African railway; and it threatened to publish a list of the Ministers and Deputies whose support and suffrages had been purchased to pass the measure through the House.

The Baroness, whose connection with the Charitable Asylum for the Invalid Poor is more ornamental than useful, sends Pierre on to procure what he wants from its Secretary, M. Fonségue, who is at the Chamber of Deputies; and the scene shifts to the Salle des Pas Perdus, where we are introduced to the pillars of Parliament and of the Press: *le petit* Massot, the reporter, *vrai enfant de Paris*, without creed or conviction, with little knowledge and less education, whose

articles aimed at being neither a record of fact nor an aid to argument, but were simply intended to amuse and interest the public : Mége, the collectivist deputy, with his hawk nose and bony frame, like a bird of prey scenting the battle from afar ; a cast-iron *doctrinaire*, honestly and simply believing that the salvation of society lay in the realisation of his pet theories ; always attacking and overthrowing Ministry after Ministry in the fertile hope of finding himself one day at the head of a socialist Cabinet, while he was urged on by more astute and less disinterested politicians, who seized on the spoils of office when Mége had won them : Barroux, the chief of the Cabinet, an honest Republican, who had honestly accepted the money of Duvillard as a subvention for the Republican organs of the Press, and had so employed it : Montfessand, his colleague, who had put the money into his own pocket, and who boldly swears that he never touched a centime : Sanier, the editor of *La Voix du Peuple*, feeding a greedy public on the carrion and sewage of journalism : Fonségue, the editor of the *Globe*, believing neither in God nor in Devil, worshipping money alone, while he tickled the ears of the Philistines with phrases about order and decorum, the maintenance of morality and the respect for religion.

The scene of the debate in the Chamber, the interpellation of Mége, and the narrow escape of the Ministry from a vote of censure are painted from the life, and might be taken for an actual page from the French Parliamentary reports. And Pierre is sent on from pillar to post, in search of the card of admission, by people too much occupied with their business, or too much absorbed in their pleasure, to the dull old Mansion of old Madame de Quinsac, in the ghostly haunts of the ancient *noblesse* in the old aristocratic quarter ; to the Hotel in the Avenue Kleber occupied by the frivolous and cosmopolitan Princess de Harth, an eccentric little grass-widow, of bounteous charms, boundless wealth, and doubtful connections ; always leading the flock of fashionable fools in every new craze and every strange fad, cycling, fencing, spiritualism, Buddhism, palmistry, and now Anarchy. Her reception rooms were full not only of the *beau Monde* of Paris, but of strange adventurers of doubtful nationality and polyglot speech, who discussed the doctrines of Socialism and Nihilism with their hostess. And thence Pierre has to return once more to the Hotel Duvillard ; but, having an hour to spare, he enters the Church of the Madeleine, where the patriotic prelate and popular preacher, Monsignor Martha, is preaching the afternoon sermon to a crowded congregation of the wealthy and fashionable world of Paris, speaking fair words glozing upon Christian charity and the remedial office

of religion, in the secret hope of reconquering for the Church the wealth and power which had formerly corrupted it, as they were now corrupting the World.

Later on, as the Abbe Pierre is making his way again to the Hotel Duvillard, he sees before him his brother Guillaume, the Chemical Analyst, in conversation with a working-man whom he recognises as the haggard Salvat, whom he had seen that morning quitting his miserable den with Victor Mathis and a mysterious bundle, apparently in search of a job. And when the two parted, Salvat turned down the street of the Hotel Duvillard, still with the mysterious package under his arm. Guillaume watched him for a moment, hesitated, then hurried after him. Pierre, feeling some strange presentiment of evil, followed them both, just as the Baron's landau appeared, returning from the Princesse de Harth's reception, and just as a flaxen-haired and blue-eyed milliner's apprentice, *un petit trottin blond et joli*, passed under the archway of the *porte-cochère*. A flash like lightning and a crash like thunder stuns the passers-by and shakes the street; but the landau had been stopped by a brewer's dray which blocked a narrow part of the road, and its only occupants, Hyacinthe and Camille, escape unhurt. Pierre darts under the shattered archway, to find his brother bleeding on the ground, and the little *trottin*, stretched on her back, her whole body one gaping wound, a smile still on her rosy lips, and her blue eyes staring wide open to the sky, as if in blank astonishment at the sudden catastrophe of her innocent life.

Guillaume was soon on his feet again: he had been unfortunately too late to prevent the outrage, but luckily too far to be injured by the explosion, except for a splinter which had struck him in the wrist. In the confusion that follows, Salvat has escaped, and Pierre hurries Guillaume off to his own little house at Neuilly, where he lies *perdu* for a month while his wound is healing, fearful of being suspected of complicity in the outrage and still more afraid of the premature disclosure of the secret of the manufacture of the powerful explosive which he is engaged in preparing; for Salvat, who had at one time been in his employ, had stolen one of his cartridges. As for Laveuve, the old working-man for whom Pierre had taken so much trouble to obtain his admission to the Asylum for Invalids of the deserving poor, he was already dead, and still troubled the mind of Pierre by the memory of the misery which he had been unable to alleviate.

And while the two brothers renewed the affectionate intercourse of their childhood, the priest's little cottage became the rendezvous of Guillaume's scientific friends: the famous

*Savant*, Bertheroy, covered with decorations, and loaded with titles and honours, all of which he tranquilly accepted and despised, caring for nothing but truth and knowledge, believing the salvation of the world to lie in the progress of science and by slow process of evolution, not by a cataclysm which should usher in a millennium. Then there was Bache, the good old Municipal Councillor, disciple of Saint Simon and Fourier, who had joined the Commune in 1871, he did not exactly know why or how, had been consequently condemned to death, and saved himself only by flight into Belgium, where he lived until the amnesty. Neuilly had elected him to the Municipality out of sympathy with his sufferings in the cause.

Janzen, the Anarchist, of whom no man knew the country or the calling, the silent agitator despising the futility of words, and speaking only to advocate action, cutting short discussion with a trenchant phrase, came there too, with Nicolas Barthes, the white-haired patriarch who had spent fifty years in prison for the sake of Liberty. Freedom of thought, speech and action was his craze and he had spoken for it, written for it, and conspired for it, under Monarchies and Empires which had kept him in prison for it : and when the Republic came, the Republic that he had so ardently hoped for and so zealously fought for, it sent him to prison too. Yet he was as hopeful and as ardent as ever, still looking for the advent of a form of government under which freedom might be enjoyed in France. And another visitor was Theophile Morin, professor of science and Positivist, who, in his youth, had made the campaign of Sicily with Garibaldi, the only break in the monotonous round of his scholastic life : a little grey, parched old man, caring only for science, hating wealth and pleasure. And the war of words engages around Guillaume's invalid couch. All these fanatics air the theories of Saint-Simon and Fourier, Proudhon and Comte ; and the ears of Pierre are deafened and his mind is dazed by the din of Collectivist and Positivist jargon. And, hostile as all these sects seemed to be to the established order of things, they were still more hostile to each other ; and those who differed least, hated each other the most.

Guillaume's accident now for the first time threw Pierre into close relation with his brother's family, installed in the little house on the heights of Montmartre which furnishes the next scene in the drama.

Guillaume had installed himself there when he married the orphaned daughter of a poor paralytic professor who had occupied lodgings under the same roof as himself. When the father died suddenly, Guillaume comforted and aided the

widow and daughter; and finally married the latter; the mother, Madame Leroi, taking up her abode with the young ménage, and acting as housekeeper and nurse. Three boys were the offspring of the marriage, named Thomas, François, and Antoine; their mother died while they were yet young, and they were brought up by the grand-mother in Spartan fashion, while the father was always busy in his laboratory. Madame Leroi had come from a Protestant family of the Cevennes, and had been brought up in strict Calvinistic principles; but her clear intellect cast aside the dogmas which revolted her reason, and she had formed for herself an ideal cult of the worship of Truth, Love, and Duty. Her mind had been tempered in many trials, and had emerged from them firmer and purer than ever.

The family was completed by Marie, an adopted child, the daughter of one of Guillaume's dear-friends, a crack-brained genius who devised impossible inventions and dissipated his fortune in promoting them. He died a beggar, commending, with his dying breath, his only daughter to the care of his friend, who faithfully fulfilled his request and took the girl into his family, where she aided the grand-mother in the ménage, and was destined eventually for the life of a governess.

At the period when the story opens, the three sons are already earning their bread, Thomas as a mechanical engineer, François as a teacher in a school, and Antoine as a wood-engraver.

The manner in which the love and peace and joy of this little household are contrasted with the envy, hatred, and malice of the wealthy and luxurious Duvillards, reminds us somewhat of the virtuous labourer and wicked squire of didactic fiction in the Sandford and Merton epoch of English literature. The story follows the fortunes of these two families, with whose lot all the other characters are linked by a somewhat audacious violation of probabilities. The scene in which Guillaume and Pierre take shelter from a shower is a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne in an upper chamber of which the Baroness Duvillard and Gerald de Quinsac are having a clandestine meeting; the invasion of the police on the track of the anarchist, Salvat, concealed in the cellar, and the prompt arrival of Rosamond, Princesse of Harth, and her reigning favourite, Hyacinthe Duvillard, at the moment of the criminal's arrest, savour more of melodrama than of real life. The characters and the scenes are painted from the life, but the grouping is awkward. But this censure cannot be extended to the descriptions of the debates in the Chamber and the trial of Salvat in the Court of Justice, in which the characters naturally fit the scene, and no theatrical surprises are necessary for their introduction.

While the Baron Duillard is plotting the ruin of the too scrupulous Minister of Beaux-Arts, who objects to the appearance of Silviane d'Aulnay on the boards of the Comédie-Française, and his hopeful son Hyacinthe is amusing himself by alternately gratifying and disappointing the eccentric caprices of the Princesse de Harth, the Baroness Duillard and her daughter, Camille, are desperately disputing the possession of Gerald de Quinsac. Camille hates her mother, and, through mischief, sets herself to lure away her lover; and the feeble Gerald succumbs to her artful wiles and her audacious energy, backed by the prospect of her dowry, which runs into millions. The consent of the poor and proud Countess de Quinsac is secured by her desire to assure the future of her darling son, and by her dread of his falling into straits little suited to his gentle and easy nature after her death. So the marriage of Gerald and Camille was celebrated with much fashionable pomp at the church of the Madeleine, a marriage truly Parisian, as *le petit* Massot remarks; a symbol of the apotheosis of the bourgeoisie, the ancient noblesse sacrificing one of its scions on the altar of the golden calf, to propitiate *le bon Dieu* and the Gendarmes, who, once restored to power in France, will make short work of the anarchist rabble.

In the humbler home there is trouble, too. Guillaume had long meditated making the orphan Marie his wife, in spite of the disparity of their ages: and she was not unwilling, mistaking her respect and sympathy for him for love. But the entrance of Pierre into the family changes the situation. Influenced by his brother, he has finally discarded his scruples, thrown off the soutane, renounced his false priesthood, become a man among men: and, before he and Marie are aware of it, they are in love with one another. Pierre withdraws himself from the dangerous society; but the keen eye of Madame Leroi has taken in the situation, and she apprises Guillaume of it.

He generously insists on releasing Marie from her promise, and, in spite of her protestations, hands her over to Pierre and makes them both happy. They go bicycling together all over the environs of Paris, Marie *en pantalon*, Pierre no longer encumbered by priestly petticoats.

All or most of the principal characters of the story are again assembled in the Salle de Justice at the trial of the anarchist, Salvat, already judged and condemned in advance by the Ministry, who made political capital out of his arrest, and by the public, which is driven half mad by the Anarchist spectre.

And in this solemn mockery of justice, the privileged and the wealthy classes, fearful of the social edifice which sheltered them, threatening one day to crush them under its ruins,

exercised all the enormous force of which they still remained masters, to crush this human insect, this poor distracted wretch, brought before the bar there by his confused sense of wrong and suffering, his disordered dream of an avenging justice.

Salvat was condemned to death, and the execution of his sentence gives another occasion for the muster of the *dramatis personae*. He had kept the secret of the manner of his procuring the explosive ; and, when he recognised in the Court his former employer, Guillaume, who had been kind to him, he greeted him with a look like that of a faithful dog. He dies with the patience and constancy of a martyr, as he is reckoned by his comrades, and Victor Mathis avenges him by a bomb thrown into a café and the slaughter of more innocent persons : and he, too, in his turn, expiates his crime on the scaffold.

But the mind of Guillaume Froment had been strained by the sacrifice of his love for Marie, and the horror of Salvat's fate unhinged it still further. He became moody and gloomy, and Madame Leroi and Pierre divined that he had some secret on his mind, and surprised him carrying out parcels of his formidable explosive, of which he alone held the secret, from the house. He had formed the design in his own mind of blowing up the Church of the Sacré Coeur at Montmartre, which to his mind impudently dominated Paris with the monumental embodiment of a Lie. The miraculous vision of the Bleeding Heart, portrayed in the crude popular pictures like the raw contents of a butcher's stall, offended his taste as much as the stories of a child born of a virgin and a man risen from the dead affronted his intelligence ; and, in his hallucination, he was about to play the part of a second Guy Fawkes, and had stored the vaults under the chancel and nave of the church with the infernal explosive.

On the fatal day when all was ready, Pierre followed him, and prevented him carrying out his atrocious design, at the cost of a struggle in which Guillaume felled him to the ground. The sight of his brother's blood shocks him into his senses, and his temporary madness passes away.

All this is unartistic and highly improbable : it is very unlikely that a man so wise and good as Guillaume Froment is represented to be would contrive, even in a temporary aberration of mind, such a dreadful crime, or that a mind so well-balanced and well-trained could suffer temporary aberration from any but a physical cause. And the episode is not at all demanded by the exigencies of the plot, nor does it add another point of view to the panorama of Paris ; Paris, the brimming vat seething with the best and the worst of humanity ; the huge witch's cauldron of unutterable ingredients from which was to be evolved the elixir of life. At the top was the froth and scum of political life ; the success-



ful statesman throttling his rival, buying up the needy and venal, exploiting the eager, duping the imbecile, artfully availing himself of the ardent aspirations of one and the besotted belief of another. Then there was the poison of wealth, the traffic of the African railways corrupting the virtue of functionaries, infecting the Chamber, personifying in Duvillard the successful trickster, the purchaser of the public conscience, the spreading cancer of speculation and finance. And thence came, as a natural consequence, the infection of the social life ; this Duvillard publicly proclaiming himself the patron and protector of the infamous Silviane ; the wife and daughter disputing the same lover ; the son, Hyacinthe, the despised toy of the madcap Princesse de Harth. Then came the old doting and dying aristocracy, typified in the pale figures of Madame de Quinsac and her coterie ; the old expiring military spirit, exemplified in General Bozonnet, following as mourner the funeral of France's departed glory ; the servile Magistracy, personified by Amadieu, a legal jackal hunting for the political lion, handling the weapons of the law like a trickster, selling justice like a huckster ; finally the Press, rapacious and mendacious, living and thriving on the scandals it invented and disseminated ; Sanier pouring forth his turbid quotidian flood of verbal sewage ; Massot, with his gay impudence, his frank independence of scruple or conscience, attacking everything, defending anything, simply in the way of his trade, at the word of command. And, as a herd of wild beasts falls on and destroys a sick companion, so all this mass of appetites, interests, and passions was heaped upon the head of the wretched famishing Salvat, whose paroxysm of crime, reminding the mob of the malady of misery in their midst, brought them to batten and raven on his starved carcass.

Are the shadows of Parisian life really as dark as they are limned by M. Zola, or has he libelled the city and the nation ? Dark as his picture is, it is no darker than the scenes of social life in France depicted by other eminent French novelists of the day, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, Victor Cherbuliez, Anatole de France, not to mention Guy de Maupassant, Huysmann, and a host of others, whose representations of the vices and follies of their fellow-countrymen, we must look upon as exaggerated caricatures. But all French fiction (if we except the "*litterature de blanc-manger*" which is written exclusively for the persusal of curés and school-girls) agrees in representing Frenchmen without honour and Frenchwomen without virtue. The fact that this is the only style of fiction that is palatable to the French public, shows the deterioration of the morals of the nation. The cause of this deterioration has been variously ascribed to the neglect of religion and to the

spread of democracy; but it must be evident to the student of history that it had already begun when the church and the aristocracy were both dominant in France, and, in fact, it was conspicuously present in the old noblesse which cut such a sorry figure in its downfall at the great Revolution. And the ruling Bourgeoisie to-day faithfully reproduces the faults and failings of its predecessor the old aristocracy. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

And we leave Pierre Froment, no longer an Abbé, happy in the society of his wife and child, with his troubled soul at last at rest in peace and joy. He had discovered the secret of happiness in love and labour; he had recognised the futility of charity, even of Christian charity, to heal the miseries of humanity. It was Justice, not charity, that the people wanted. There was the hope of the world; in Justice, after eighteen centuries of unavailing charity. Ah! in another thousand years, when Catholicism will be, like the religions that preceded it, nothing but an old dead superstition, with what surprise posterity will regard its predecessors who could have supported the yoke of such a religion of fallacies and fairy-tales!

God as an executioner; man chastised, threatened, restricted; Nature ostracised; labour cursed; life looked upon as a period of painful probation; Death only a liberator and a friend. For two thousand years the onward march of the human race had been clogged by this inhuman idea, of stripping humanity of all that was human; its desires, its passions, its clear intelligence, its free will, all that constituted its power and glory. And what a happy change when celibacy shall be a crime, fruitfulness a virtue, nature freed, desires honoured, passions utilised, labour blessed, and life loved!

Pierre Froment had cried out for a new religion at Lourdes and at Rome, when he felt the whole foundations of the old Catholicism sinking beneath his feet. But he no longer felt a feverish haste; he was cured of his childish impatience for a new Divine revelation ready made, a new religion with new creeds and new dogmas. Certes, a divine revelation seemed as necessary to man's existence as bread and wine; man had always returned to the idea of it, craving after the mysterious, finding consolation only in wandering through the unknown. But who can say that science, some day, with its new discoveries, may not at length quench this eternal thirst for the supernatural? If science is truth acquired in the past, it is equally the acquirey of truth in the future. In front of the truth conquered there ever remains a region still to conquer, a field for hypothesis, a realm of the ideal. The human thirst for the Divine, the craving for the supernatural, is it not simply the desire for knowledge of whatever is yet unknown?

And if science continues, as at present, to win new fields of knowledge, to encroach unceasingly on the domain of the unknown, is it not possible that finally everything may become clear, and that the thirst for the unknowable may be quenched in the satisfaction of the conviction of Truth?

A religion of Science and of Truth is the certain, obvious, and inevitable conclusion to the long and toilsome journey of man on the road to knowledge, at which he will arrive and rest in peace, after traversing so many stages of ignorance and deception. And is not such a religion already shaping itself in men's minds; the old idea of Duality, of Divinity as separate and distinct from Nature, of rival Powers, good and evil, beginning to give way before the idea of unity, Monism, a unity comprising universality, a universal law developing and controlling life by the slow and sure processes of evolution?

But how many centuries may elapse before the good seed sown by the prophets of the new religion, Darwin, Fourier and their fellows, comes to an abundant harvest? The evolution of Catholicism from the simple teaching of the prophet of Nazareth took four centuries of underground travail, for the completion and perfection of its doctrines and its ceremonies, its moral and ecclesiastical system, before it emerged as the ruler of the conscience of the civilised world. And centuries may elapse before the final triumph of the religion of Science; before the realisation of the ideal of Fourier—Love the lever that moves the world; Labour accepted, honoured, become the mechanism regulating social life; the energetic force of human passions excited, contented, utilised for the welfare and happiness of the human race. The cry for Justice which to-day goes up throughout the civilised world from the toiling and suffering crowds, the masses so long duped and exploited by priests and rulers, is a legitimate demand for the happiness which is the inalienable right of the human race, the satisfaction of their necessary wants, the enjoyment of life in the full fruition of all the powers of body and mind. But the time, however long delayed, will assuredly come, when the kingdom of God will be established on earth, and when the Fool's Paradise that has so long cheated the imagination of mankind will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten absurdities; however much the poor in spirit may suffer from the suppression of their illusion through the cruel operation of the Truth, forcing them to open their eyes to reality, to emerge from the long darkness of their blissful ignorance.

Is Zola also among the prophets? He, at least, has no honour in his own country. But the fickle people who turned from Buonaparte to the Bourbons, and from the Bourbons

to Buonaparte and back again, and who have changed their form of Government ten times within the space of a hundred years, need not belie their character, or their want of it, by remaining long in one frame of mind. Perhaps, before this article is published even, the cry of "Conspuez Zola" may be changed to applauding acclamation for the man who had the courage to stand up for the true honour of the nation against the false honour of the army ; for the interests of truth and justice against the machinations of a clique and the secrecy of a tribunal.

F. H. TYRRELL,  
*Lieutenant-General.*

## ART. IX.—VASCO DA GAMA'S VOYAGE.

### "THE JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE OF VASCO DA GAMA BY SEA TO INDIA IN THE YEAR 1497."

(Continued from July 1898, No. 213.)

**L**ADY DAY EVE, Saturday, March 24th, at daybreak a Moor came on board with a message, that, if we wanted any water, we must come and fetch it, and that there were people at the spring who would turn us back. On hearing this the Admiral resolved that we should go, just to show them that we had the power to chastise their insolence, if we would ; so we at once rowed in towards the village with bombards in the stern sheets of our boats and the crews armed.

The Moors had put up some stout palisades and a strong stockade of boards, dovetailed together, so that we could not see what was going on behind it. As we rowed in, they ran along the beach abreast of us. They were armed with bucklers, javelins, darts, bows, and slings, with which they kept casting stones at us. We, however, stuck to them so steadily with our bombards that they began to retire from the beach and take cover behind their palisades. Their retreat did them more harm than good. We were about three hours over this piece of work. We saw two men lying dead, one of them, whom we saw fall on the beach and the other in the stockade. After we were tired out, we rowed back to breakfast on board, on which our assailants at once took to flight and began to hurry off their baggage in pirogues to a village on the opposite shore. After breakfast we again went out in our boats to see if we could take any of them prisoners to exchange for their two Christian Indian captives, and our runaway negro ; so we chased a pirogue which belonged to their Scheriff, and had his baggages on board, and another with four negros. Paullo da Gama took the latter, and, when the baggage canoe reached the shore, all her crew jumped out and ran away, leaving her high and dry on the beach. We brought her back on board ship, together with another we had found drawn up on shore, and the negros we had made prisoners. In these pirogues we found quantities of fine cotton cloth and palm leaf mats, a glazed pot of butter, glass demi-johns of scented waters, books of their law, a box of balls of cotton, and many sacks of millet. The Admiral gave the sailors who had been present with him and the other captains on this expedition, leave to take any of the spoil they chose, except the books, which he kept to show the king. Next Sunday we went for water, and, on the Monday, we rowed up before

the town with the armed boats, whilst the Moors jeered at us from inside their houses, for they were afraid to come out upon the beach. After firing at them with the bombards, we went back on board.

On Tuesday we sailed from before the town and dropped down to an anchorage off Saint George's Islets,<sup>40</sup> where we lay for another three days waiting for a favourable wind. On Thursday, March 29th, we sailed from the Islets; but, as the wind continued very light, by Saturday morning, March 31st, we had only made twenty-eight leagues from them. On that morning we ran up so close in shore along the coast of the Morian's Land that we were driven back by the current, which runs extremely strong.

On Sunday, April 1st, we were off some islands,<sup>41</sup> which lie far out from the mainland. The first we came to, we named "Scourged Man's Isle," because on the Saturday afternoon the Moorish pilot we had brought with us had lied to the Admiral by saying that these islands were a part of the mainland, and had been flogged for his lie. The country ships take the inner passage between the islands and the mainland; but we kept outside of them. The islands were very numerous, and lie so close together that we could not make out the channels between them. They are thickly inhabited. On Monday we sighted some other islands<sup>42</sup> which lie five leagues from the coast.

On Wednesday, April 4th, we spread all our canvas and steered North-East. Before midday we sighted some high land, with two islands lying close into it.<sup>43</sup> Round it are many banks. When we had got close up with it, our pilots recognized it and told us that we were three leagues north of the Isle of Christians;<sup>44</sup> so we beat about all day to see if we could make it, but failed to do so in the teeth of a strong gale from the West. Upon this our captains decided that we should shape our course for a city which lay four days' sail further on and which is named Mombassa.

We were the more eager to make the island, as the pilots we had with us told us that its inhabitants were Christians; but, after failing in our attempt, we ran on till dusk before a

<sup>40</sup> Saint George's Islets are at the entrance to Mozambique Harbour.

<sup>41</sup> According to the Portuguese Editors, these were the Quermiha Islands, the *Iha do Acoutado*, Scourged Man's Isle (*acoutar*, to scourge), being the southernmost of them. They lie a little south of Jho Island on the parallel of the Comoros.

<sup>42</sup> The Islands sighted on the Monday were, probably Tambuzi, Numbu, and Rongwi Islands which lie South-East of O. Delgado. The "Isle of Christians" is Kilwa, now an important trading centre in German East Africa. The "two islands lying close into some high land" are the Songa Islands. The "high land" is the edge of the interior plateau. The "reefs" are the Ukyera and other reefs extending North-East from Kilwa Kivinge, the quarter of Kilwa on the mainland. Correia says the Christians were Armenian traders.

strong wind, and, as night was closing in, sighted a very large island <sup>43</sup> to the north of us, on which our Moorish pilots said there were two towns, the one of Christians and the other of Moors. The following night we steered out to sea; but, when morning came, we found ourselves out of sight of land; so we steered North-East, and by the afternoon again sighted the coast line.

That night we steered North  $\frac{1}{4}$  North-East, and in the morning watch shifted our course to North North-East. As we were running on this tack with the wind abeam, two hours before day break, the Saint Raphael ran sheer on some shoals which lie two leagues off from the mainland. When she struck, the crew hailed the other ships which were following her. On hearing their shouts, they cast anchor about a cannon shot off, and let down their boats. At low tide the ship was left high and dry; so they threw out several kedges into the sea from the boats, and, when the morning tide came in, got her off at high water to the exceeding joy of us all.

On the mainland opposite these shoals is a very lofty and beautiful range of hills, which we called the Sierra of Saint Raphael. <sup>44</sup> We gave the shoals the name of Saint Raphael's Banks.<sup>44</sup>

Whilst the ship was lying high and dry, two pirogues put out to us with a quantity of very fine oranges, much better than those we have in Portugal. Two Moors came on board and went on with us next day to Mombassa.<sup>45</sup>

On the Vigil of Palm Sunday, Saturday, April 7, we ran along the coast and sighted some islands <sup>46</sup> which are about fifteen leagues from the mainland and measure about six leagues in length. There are quantities of trees, well suited for masts, on these islands, and the ship builders of the country export many of them for this purpose. The population are all Moors. At sunset we dropped anchor off Mombassa, but did not enter the harbour. Just as we were stand-

<sup>43</sup> Mafia Island, according to German authorities the "coming rival of Zanzibar," was formerly an important centre of the slave trade. It lies off the delta of the Rufiji River, and was recognized as German Territory by the Anglo-German Agreement of 1890.

<sup>44</sup> The "Serras de Sam Raphael" are Shimha, Genda Genda and other peaks of the Uesua coast range, or Mhonda Mountains, which run down to the sea at the mouth of the Pangani River almost opposite Ras Nungwe, the northern point of Zanzibar Island. The "Sam Raphael Banks" are those which block the entrance to the bay at the mouth of the Pangani, which forms the harbour of Pangani Town. It is in German East Africa.

<sup>45</sup> Mombassa, or Mombas, is the well known port and capital of British East Africa.

<sup>46</sup> The Islands sighted on April 7, according to the Portuguese Editors, comprised the Island of Pemba, now a British possession, famous for its plantations of cloves, lying north of Zanzibar, and the Islands between it and the mainland, which are marked in old charts as the "Tree Islands," *Ilhas das Arvores*, but in Raper's "Practice of Navigation" as Mazeewy Island and Reefs.

ing in, a ship full of Moors ran up to us. Many ships of war were lying before the city, with all their pendants and standards flying. As a compliment to them, we hoisted all our own, and found we had even a larger store than they had. Indeed we lacked for nothing but men to man our ships, for even the few we had were by now very sickly. We anchored there with real pleasure, for we hoped that next day we should go on shore to hear Mass with the Christians who, we were told, lived at Mombassa in their own quarter and under the Government of their own Mayor.

Our pilots, indeed, were for ever telling us that this island of Mombassa was inhabited by both Moors and Christians, each of whom had their own quarter and their own chief, and assured us that, the moment we reached it, the Christians would welcome us with all due honours and invite us to their houses. All their statements were, however, merely made with a wish to please us and had not a word of truth in them.

The following night, a sloop with about a hundred men armed with scimitars and bucklers came alongside. When they reached the flagship, they wished to come on board without leaving their arms; but the Admiral would allow only four or five of the principal men amongst them to do so. They staid about two hours with us, and then left. We supposed their object in coming must be to see if they could take one of our ships by surprise.

On Palm Sunday the King of Mombassa sent the Admiral a sheep, a quantity of oranges, lemons and sugarcane, and a ring, as a pledge of friendship, with a message that, if we would enter the harbour, he would give us everything we wanted. His two envoys were almost whites and called themselves Christians, though, so far as we could see, we did not think they were. In return the Admiral sent him a branch of coral, with a message that next day he would go inside. This same day four of the greatest Moorish nobles came to stay on board the flagship. The Admiral also sent two of our men to the king to give him further assurances of our peaceful intentions. When they came on shore, a great crowd at once gathered round them and escorted them to the palace gate. Before they came to where the king was, they had to pass four doors, each guarded by its own porter, who stood beside it with a drawn cutlass. The king, when they came into his presence, bade them heartily welcome and ordered them to be taken all over the city. They were quartered at the house of two Christian traders, who showed them one of their sacred pictures, in which the Holy Ghost was represented.<sup>57</sup> When they had seen everything, the king sent the Admiral some samples of cloves, allspice, ginger and spring wheat, with a message, that, if we pleased, we might take in a cargo of them.



On Tuesday in Holy Week, just as we were weighing anchor to go inside, the flagship refused to answer her helm and ran into the ship astern of her, so we dropped anchor again. The Moors who were on board, seeing that we were not going on, went off in a sloop, and, just as she was crossing our stern, the pilots who had come with us from Mozambique, sprang into the sea and were picked up by her. After nightfall the Admiral tortured two Moors who had remained on board, by letting boiling oil fall on them drop by drop. They confessed that there was a conspiracy against us, and that, as soon as we had got inside the harbour, we were to have been made prisoners in revenge for what we had done at Mozambique. We had bound the hands of one of them and were dropping oil upon him when he threw himself overboard, and the other did the same during the morning watch.

On the following night, about midnight, two pirogues crowded with men put out to us. Their crews left the canoes in the offing and sprang into the sea. Some swam to the Berrio, whilst others came to the Raphael. Those who had swum to the Berrio began to back at the cable. At first the watch on board took them for a shoal of young tunnies; but, seeing what was really going on, they hailed the other ships. Some of the enemy were already in the mizen chains of the Saint Raphael, but, when they found they were discovered, they slid down quietly into the water and swam away. The dogs continued this and many other like wicked conspiracies against us, but Our Lord was not pleased to grant them success, because they believed not in him.

Mombassa is a large town and stands on high ground at the foot of which the sea breaks. Many ships enter its harbour daily. At the entrance of the port is a stone beacon, and a low fort stands close to the sea. Our men who went on shore, told us they had seen many men in iron chains, walking about the streets. We thought they must be Christians, as the Christians and Moors in this country are always at war.

The Christians of Mombassa live like traders in a factory, and are kept very strictly down. They cannot do anything without the express permission of the Moorish king.

God in His mercy was pleased to grant that, whilst we were lying here, all those of us who had been sick, at once recovered, for the air of the place is very good.

We staid on over Holy Wednesday and Maunday Thursday, after discovering the plots of these dogs against us. Early on Good Friday we sailed from Mombassa and anchored about eight leagues off. When the sun rose, we sighted two ships about three leagues out at sea to leeward of us. We at once

ran down to them to endeavour to make prizes of them, so that we might get pilots to guide us to our destination. At Vespertide we ran up alongside one of them and took it. The other escaped in under shore. On the prize were seventeen men, gold, silver, a large quantity of millet, provisions, and a young girl who was the wife of an old Moorish gentleman on board. When we drew close up with them, all on board threw themselves into the sea, and we went about with the boats picking them up.

At sunset the same day we anchored off a place named Melinde,<sup>47</sup> which is about thirty leagues from Mombassa. Between Mombassa and Melinde lie Benapa,<sup>47</sup> Toca<sup>47</sup> and Nugno Quinoete.<sup>47</sup>

On Easter day our Moorish prisoners told us that four ships belonging to the Christian Indians<sup>48</sup> were lying at Melinde, and that, if we would take them there, they would in return get us Christian pilots and all necessary supplies of meat, water, wood and other things. The Admiral, who was most anxious to get Indian Pilots, arranged to ransom the Moors on these terms; so we anchored off the town about half a league out, but the towns people did not dare to put out to us, as they had already heard of us and of our capture of the Moorish ship.

At daybreak on Easter Monday the Admiral ordered the old Moor to be landed on a reef opposite the town, and a canoe put out to fetch him on shore. He took a message from the Admiral to the king, to say how glad he would be to make a treaty of friendship with him. After breakfast he returned on a sloop which brought a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and one of the Royal Chaplains, as envoys from the king, with a present of three sheep and a message that His Majesty would gladly enter into friendly relations with us, and that, if the Admiral was in need of anything his country could furnish, he would very gladly send it him, and would let him have pilots. The Admiral sent him a reply to the effect that he would come inside the harbour next day, and also a present by the messengers, of a large cloak, two branches of coral, three basins, a hat, hawksbells and two lambis.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> Melindi is a well-known port of British East Africa. It lies at the mouth of the Galana Sohaki River. Benapa is not marked on modern maps. Toca may be Takaunga, and Nugno-quinoete, Ta-nganijko, both unimportant coast villages. The king of Melindi's friendship was due to the advice of a wizard.

<sup>48</sup> The *Indian Christians* were probably inhabitants of Cranganor on the Malabar Coast, who, according to Castanheda and Goes, had preserved a "tradition" of Christianity. Syrian and Nestorian Christian communities in the South of India, supposed to have been founded by St. Thomas, really by Pantenus of Alexandria, A. D., 189.

<sup>49</sup> Lambis are cotton cloths adorned with stripes of bright colours, which are worn as wraps or waist cloths, and are still well-known all over East Africa.

On Easter Tuesday morning we drew up nearer to the town, and the king sent the Admiral six sheep, with large quantities of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs and all spice, with a message, that on the Wednesday he would come to meet him out at sea in his sloop if the Admiral would come in his long-boat.

After breakfast on Easter Wednesday the king came up in a sloop quite close to the ships, and the Admiral put out to meet him in his longboat, which was very smartly turned out. When he came up alongside the king's boat, His Majesty at once got on board, and they had a very friendly conversation. The king told the Admiral it would give him much pleasure if he would come with him to his palace to amuse himself, and that he would go on board our ships. The Admiral replied that, under his commission, he had no power to go on shore, and that, if he did so, he would be rendering but an ill account of his mission to the Master who had sent him. The king answered that, were he to go on board our ships, he would have to justify himself to his people, who would greatly blame him for doing so. He asked our king's name and sent his secretary to say that, if we put into Melinde on our homeward voyage, he would certainly send an ambassador to Portugal, or write himself to our sovereign. After the conversation was over, the Admiral sent for all the Moors we had made prisoners, and handed them over to His Majesty. At this he was greatly pleased and said he esteemed our courtesy as highly as if we had given him a city.

The king rowed round our ships to his great delight, whilst we saluted him with many salvoes from our artillery. He enjoyed seeing the men firing off the cannon very much. Thus about three hours were passed. On going away, he left one of his sons and one of his priests on board the flag ships, whilst two of our men, at his express invitation, went with him to the palace, as he was very anxious they should see it. He also promised the admiral that, as he could not come on shore, he would next day come down to the beach and walk along it escorted by a train of his gentlemen on horseback.

The king had on a long royal mantle of damask lined with green satin and a richly worked cap on his head. He brought with him two bronze chairs with cushions and a crimson satin canopy which was round and fastened to a stick.<sup>49</sup> An old man who wore a scimitar in a silver scabbard, came with him as page. Many kettledrums attended him and also two trum-

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Umbrellas were used at Rome in Church processions in the early Middle ages, but were unknown elsewhere in Europe. They exactly resembled that described here, but were white in colour with gold fringe. Cf. the early painting in the Church the "Santi quattro Incoronati" on the Cœlian Hill at Rome.

peters, who played on instruments made out of enormous elephant's tusks richly sculptured, and blown through a hole in the centre. These trumpets were used with the kettle-drums in concerted pieces.

On Easter Friday the Admiral and Nicholas Coelho went up in the boats with bombards in the stern sheets, towed along the sea front of the town. Many men were walking along the shore, amongst them being two on horseback. The horsemen were playing at the jared and seemed, so far as we could see, to be enjoying themselves greatly. They then came and took up the king from a stone staircase in front of his palace and carried him down in a litter to the boat on board which the Admiral was. He again begged the Admiral to come on shore, as he said he had a paralysed father who would greatly like to see him, and said that, whilst he was on shore, he himself would go and wait for him on board the squadron; but the Admiral again excused himself.

Here we found four ships belonging to Christians from India. The first time they came on board Paullo da Gama's ship, on which the admiral then was, our men showed them an altarpiece in which were painted Our Lady, with Jesus in Her arms, at the foot of the Cross, and the Apostles. Directly the Indians saw it, they threw themselves on the ground, and during the whole of our stay at Melinde they used to come and say their prayer before it, and to make offerings to it of cloves, allspice and other things.

The Indians are dark men, very scantily clothed. They have thick beards and wear their hair long and plaited. They told us they did not eat beef. Their language is distinct from that of the Moors; but through their constant intercourse with them, some of them have learnt to speak a little Arabic.

The day the admiral rowed down to the town, the Indian Christian ships saluted him with many salvoes of cannon, and the crews kept throwing up their hands as they saw us pass, and crying out "Christe! Christe!"<sup>57</sup> with the greatest joy. This day they asked the king's leave to give us a banquet in the evening. After sunset they made us a great feast and kept firing off cannon, and sending up rockets amidst loud cheering.

They warned the Admiral, however, not to go on shore or to trust the Moor's flourishes, as their compliments were utterly insincere.

On Low Sunday, April 22nd, the king's sloop came along side with one of his favourites. As no one had come to the ships for the previous two days, the Admiral had him arrested the moment he stepped on board, and sent to tell the king he must send him the pilots he had promised him. On

getting this message, the king at once sent a Christian pilot ; so the Admiral let the nobleman, whom he had, in the meantime, kept as a hostage on board the flag ship, go free. We were, indeed, glad to welcome the Christian pilot whom the king had sent us.

We learnt at Melinde that the island of which the Mozambique people had told us, and which, they said, was inhabited by Christians, was really the one where the king of Mozambique himself lived, and that half the inhabitants were Moors and half Christians. Quantities of seed pearls are found on the island, the name of which is Kilwa. It was to Kilwa that the Moorish pilots wished to take us, with our own consent as we believed all they told us about it.

The town of Melinde extends along the shore of a creek and is about as large as Alcouchete.<sup>50</sup> The houses are high and brilliantly whitewashed. They have many windows. A large grove of palms stands between the town and the jungle, which comes down close to the houses. All the country round is laid out in fields of millet and other vegetables.

We lay for nine days before Melinde, and during the whole time perpetual festivals and joustings were going on on shore. The musicians here were very numerous.

On Tuesday, April 24th, we sailed from Melinde with the pilot sent us by the king, for a city named Calicut, which, the king told us, was very well-known to him by repute, so we steered eastwards in search of it. At Melinde land lay to the north and south <sup>51</sup> of us, for the continent here forms a great

<sup>50</sup> *Alcouchete* a town in Portugal near Lisbon.

<sup>51</sup> This reproduces the old notion of the South Eastward extension of Africa, first promulgated by Ptolemy, and founded on the eastward trend of the coast South of Zanzibar. This South Eastward extension is shown, not only in the Arabian and in Marin Sanutos' map of 1320, but also on Fra Mauro's map at the Doge's Palace in Venice, of 1459, with which all the Portuguese explorers were familiar, and likewise on Martin Behaim's Globe of 1492, which represented the latest state of geographical knowledge of oriental regions at the date of Vasco da Gama's departure from Portugal. Although latitudes could be observed with some approach to accuracy, within a few minutes of Arc, indeed, by the use of the quadrant, or of the astrolabe and cross staff, not a single determination of Longitude existed at that time which was of the slightest value. The error of the South Eastern extension of Africa was finally dispelled by the results of Vasco da Gama's voyage. The "bight" is, of course, the Arabian Sea; the Strait that of Babel Mandeb, leading into the Red Sea; the Christians, in some cases Hindoos, in others Nestorians or Abyssinians; the "six hundred known islands" are taken from Arabian Geography (representing the Maldives and Laccadives of reality) and are shown with much elegance and accuracy on Edrisi's Map of 1154 A. D. engraved in Oscar Peschel's *Erdkunde*, 1877, whilst the "House of Mecca" is the Caaba. This Map of Edrisi's, which in the main corresponds with those found by the Portuguese on the dhows at Mozambique, shows Africa as extending E. in the latitude of Cape Guardafui, at least as far as the longitude of Saigon (French Cochinchina), although it is clear, from the position of the names marked, such as Sofalla, that the navigators on whose reports it was founded, had penetrated as far South as the Natal coast. Delagoa Bay is marked as "Wag-wag," and a river, evidently the Limpopo, is shown flowing down from a range of mountains, evidently the Lehombo

bight and strait. On this bight are, we were told, many Christian and Moorish cities, amongst others a city which is called Cambay,<sup>52</sup> and there are six hundred islands known in it. Here, too, is the Red Sea and the house of Mecca. The following Sunday, April 25th, we once more saw the North Star, which we had not seen for so long, and on Friday, May 17th sighted a high lying coast.<sup>53</sup> We had been twenty-three days without seeing land and had been running on during the whole time before a stern wind, so that we cannot have made less than six hundred leagues since leaving Melinde. We must have been about eight leagues off the land when we first sighted it, and, on casting the lead, found bottom in forty-eight fathoms; so this night we steered South-East to keep off the coast.

Next day we beat in again, but could not get close enough up for the pilot to say with certainty where we were, especially as showers and tornadoes kept bursting on the coast from a quarter oblique to the course we were steering. On Sunday we were close up with some mountains,<sup>54</sup> which were higher than any men ever saw, and rise above the city of Calicut. We drew so close in that our pilot recognized them and told us that this was the land to which we wished to go. That afternoon we anchored about two leagues below Calicut, as the pilot mistook that town for another which is called Capua,<sup>55</sup> below which, again, is another called Pandarany; <sup>56</sup> so we anchored off the coast about a league and a half out.

Directly we had dropped anchor, four boats came out to us from the shore to inquire who we were. Next day the

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Mountains, beyond which the coast line extends some five degrees Eastwards, (*i. e.*, Southwards). It will be remembered that "old workings," in the style of those of Rhodesia, have been found in parts of Fontpansberg, S. A. R. at least as far south as the Olifant River.

<sup>52</sup> *Cambay*. Cambay, the capital of Guzerat, at the head of the Gulf of Cambay, was, at this time, the largest commercial port, except Calicut, on the West coast of India. Its Sultan Mir Hoesin had the largest fleet of war vessels on the Indian Ocean. In alliance with the Turks and Venice, he, with the help of an Egyptian fleet, attacked the Portuguese in 1508; but in February 1509 the allied navies were totally annihilated off Diu by D. Francisco de Almeida, the first Portuguese Viceroy of India. cf. Luciad X. 29-36. Surat, and subsequently Bombay, have deprived Cambay of its commercial importance.

<sup>53</sup> The landfall was made at Mt. Dilli, North of Calicut, a high peak of the Western Ghats, in Cananor. (Correia).

The name means "Rat Mountain," as so many rats live there.

*Capua*, according to Sir R. Burton, is Kappakatta, four leagues from Calicut. It is Correia's "Capocate".

*Pandarani* is a small village, North of the main Harbour at Calicut, founded by Cheráman Perimál, the first Mohammedan Samorim of Malabar, about A. D. 830.

*Calicut* first became famous as a trading mart in the 15th century, when it became known to Europeans through the travels of the Venetian Patrician Josaphet Barbaro, about A. D. 1436. It has given the word "Calico" to the English

same boats again came out to us; so the Admiral sent one of the convicts <sup>54</sup> to Calicut with a Moorish escort, who took him to a house where he found two Moors from Tunis who spoke Castillian and Genoese. Their first greeting ran word for word as I have here set it down: "Go to the Devil, where I send thee! Who brought thee here."<sup>55</sup> They then asked him what he had come to look for so far from home. He replied: "We have come to look for Christians and for spices." They answered: "Why do not the King of France and the King of Castille and the Seignory of Venice send here?" He replied that the King of Portugal would not permit them to do so. They answered that the king was quite right not to. They then gave him a more hospitable welcome and brought him up some wheat bread and honey. After he had finished, he went back to the ships accompanied by one of the Moors, who, as soon as he stepped on board, cried: "Good luck, good luck, many rubies, many emeralds, many a thanksgiving must ye offer up to God, who hath brought you to a land in which there are such great riches!" It gave us an awful fright to hear him speak, for we could scarcely believe that so far away from Portugal we had met a man who understood our language.

The town of Calicut <sup>56</sup> belongs to Christians. The natives are very dark and wear their beards and hair long, though some shave their heads and others have their hair in plaits. On their foreheads they have tufts of hair to show that they are Christians. The corners of their beards are curled and twisted upwards. In their ears, which are pierced, they wear large gold ornaments. Though they go naked from the waist up, they wear very fine waistcloths. Such is the dress of their greatest nobles. The lower classes go about any how. The women are generally ugly. They are very small and slender and wear heavy gold ornaments round their necks, and quantities of bangles on their arms. On their toes they have rings set with precious stones. They are very gentle, and, so far as

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language through the Portuguese "Calicute." According to Sir W. W. Hunter, the name is derived from "Kolikodu"—"Cockcrowling," or "Kolikotta"—"Cockfort." Its "Moorish" inhabitants are the descendants by native wives of some Arab traders who settled in the 9th century A. D. at Chálíam on the Beypur River. The "figure of a Cock" in the first temple visited by Vasco da Gama commemorated the legendary account of the foundation of Calicut, which, according to Sir W. W. Hunter, had had allotted to it as its territory all the land over which the crowing of a cock kept in the Tali Temple could be heard. Its founder was Oheráman Perimál. The "Christians" were Hindoos.

<sup>54</sup> The Moors spoke Genoese. The one who came on board was Moncaide, a Tunisian Mohammedan, who had been employed as a contractor in the service of Ferdinand of Arragon. He is called "Felix" by Camoens; in allusion to the meaning of his name, "El Masúd," "the Happy" (Burton).

"Convicts," "Degradados 'lit.' "Banished," were always allowed to commute their sentences by accompanying an exploring expedition to be employed on dangerous missions.

we could see, kindly, and, to judge from first impressions, both ignorant and extremely covetous.

At the time of our arrival at Calicut, the king was at a place about fifteen leagues off; so the Admiral sent two men to him with a message, that he was come as an Ambassador from the King of Portugal from whom he had letters, which, on receiving His Majesty's orders, he would bring to him. The King of Calicut sent back his thanks to the Admiral for his message by our two men, who had also brought him a present of some very fine cloths. He added that he offered the Admiral a hearty welcome, and that he would come back to Calicut immediately. In fact, he at once set out on his return journey with a large suite. He sent us back, with our two men, a pilot to take us round to a place called Pandarany, which is further down the coast than our first anchorage. He wished us to remove thither from our anchorage at Calicut, because we were lying in very foul ground with many rocks. This was the case; and, as a rule, for the sake of safety, the country ships lie in Pandarany Roads. When the Admiral got the king's message and learnt that we were lying in an unsafe position, he signalled to us to make sail and go down to Pandarany. We ran as far in as the pilot whom the king had sent us, would allow us to do. Just as we had re-anchored and taken up our new mooning, a message from the king reached the Admiral to announce his arrival at Calicut and to inform us that he was sending a Vali,<sup>55</sup> that is a kind of mayor, down to Pandarany, with an escort of two hundred men, armed with swords and targets, to accompany him to the palace, where he and his nobles<sup>56</sup> were staying.

The message reached us late in the afternoon; so the Admiral put off his departure until the following day. At day break next morning Monday, May 28th the Admiral went to see the king. He took with him thirteen of the crew, including myself. We were all in our best clothes, and had bombards in the stern sheets of the boats, and trumpets and quantities of banners. The Admiral was received at the landing place by the Vali, with a large escort, some of whom were armed and others not, and was very cordially greeted by him, as if they were really pleased to see us. Yet every now and then things looked very ugly, for one could not forget that they had their swords drawn. They brought down a palanquin for the Admiral, like those used by their nobles, though some of the merchants here pay a tax to the king to be allowed to keep them. The Admiral took his place in it, and six men took it in turns to carry him; and so we set out for Calicut with this mob at our

<sup>55</sup> The Vali, is the "Catual" of Camoens and Correia, a high officer of the Palace Guard. The "Nobles" are the "navis," or Warrior Caste, amongst the Moplahs.



heels. Our road lay through Capua.<sup>53</sup> The Admiral had quarters assigned him here in a nobleman's<sup>55</sup> house, and they had a dinner got ready for us, consisting of rice boiled with a quantity of butter<sup>56</sup> and some very good boiled fish. The Admiral himself would not, however, eat anything; so, after we had finished, he went on board a boat on a lagoon which runs hard by the town and which is separated by a spit of sand from the open sea. We got on board two boats, which were lashed together so that we might not be separated by the crowds of craft, thronged with men, which pressed around us. I say nothing of the countless thousands who kept up with us along the shore, and who had come together merely to see us. We rowed about a league up the lagoon, until we reached a place where some very large broad-beamed ships had been hauled up on the beach with windlasses, for want of a better harbour. Here we landed again, and the Admiral got back into his Palanquin, and we went on our way through countless crowds of on-lookers. The women with children in their arms came out of their houses to stare at us, whilst some even ran after us. Here they brought us to a great church in which were the things I am now going to describe to you.

In the first place I noted the body of the church.<sup>57</sup> It was as large as a monastery and is all wrought of hewn stone. The roof is of brick. Beside the great door stands a brass pillar as high as a mainmast, on which is the figure of a bird like a

<sup>56</sup> The "butter" was "ghee."

<sup>57</sup> The "Church" was the Tali Pagoda. For many years after the discovery of India, misunderstood legends concerning Prester John and the "Christians of St. Thomas," together with the external similarity of Brahmin ceremonies and doctrines to those of the Christian faith, led the Portuguese to believe that the Hindoo inhabitants of India were Christians like themselves. Varthema is unable to distinguish between the Hindoo Triad, "Brahma, Vishnu and Siva," and the Holy Trinity, and, as Alvarez Velho's references to Indo-China prove, the same mistake was very excusably made with regard to the Buddhists, whose founder Buddha had, indeed, since the Sixth Century A. D. been canonized by the Catholic Church as St. Josafat.

According to Sir R. Burton, the Picture of the Holy Spirit which the Indian merchants at Mombasa showed Da Gama, was really one of Kapotesi, the Hindoo Pigeon god and goddess, and an Incarnation of Shiva, the third Person of the Hindoo Triad. The cries of "Cristi! Cristi" with which they were greeted by the Indian sailors at Melinde, were really, according to the same authority, "Krishna! Krishna!" The Holy Virgin at Calicut was Gauri, the white goddess, the Sakti of Shiva the Destroyer. Mr. A. R. Macdonald, writing to the translator, says, however: "The goddess you mention is probably Kali, or Doorgaotatu of the East Coast. If the child has an elephants proboscis, it is Gunpatti." Mr. Theodore Bent, however, made discoveries in Sokotra, which have been confirmed by explorers of Somaliland, showing that, as late as the Fifteenth Century, Christianity was still widely spread on the East Coast of Africa. Consequently the Christian "Merchants at Mombassa may really have been Abyssinian or Jacobite Christians. The "Quafees" were, of course, Brahmin priests. The thread also mentioned by Camoens, is the Janco of the Hindoos and is worn by the twice-born. Its triple-strands signify the Hindoo Triad. The "holy water" is that of the Ganges: the "white clay," a paste made of the ashes of sandalwood. (Burton). The "saints" were representations of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

cock; <sup>53</sup> and their is another pillar on the other side of the entrance which is as high as a man, and very wide. In the centre of the nave is a little chapel of hewn stone with a pointed roof. It had a doorway just wide enough to let a man pass in, and a stone staircase by which one could go up to the door, which was of bronze. Inside was a little Image, <sup>57</sup> which they told us was that of Our Lady. Seven little gongs were ranged along the wall before the great door of the Church. Here the Admiral prayed, <sup>58</sup> as we also did. We did not go inside the chapel, because no one is allowed to enter it except some men called in the native language "Quafees," <sup>57</sup> who serve the Churches. These "Quafees" have threads <sup>57</sup> passed over their left shoulders and under their right arms, as our deacons wear their stoles. They sprinkled us with holy water <sup>57</sup> and gave us some of the white clay <sup>57</sup> which the Christians of this country smear over their heads and breasts, round their necks and under their arms. They welcomed the Admiral with all due ceremony and gave him some of the clay to put on. He accepted it, but at once handed it to one of us to carry, saying he would put it on afterwards. Many other saints were painted on the walls of the Church. They wore diadems, <sup>57</sup> but their pictures were very different from those in our churches, for their teeth were so large that they stuck an inch out of their mouths, and every saint had four or five arms.<sup>57</sup> Under the Church was a large tank lined with hewn stone and very like many which we had seen beside the roads.

We went on from here and when we got to the entrance of the town were taken into another Church which was exactly like the one we had just seen. Here the crowds who had come together to see us grew so great that there was no room for them on the road, so after we had gone a long way along this street, they brought the Admiral and ourselves into a house to escape the press. The brother of the Vali, who is Lord of this city, was sent by the king to meet us here, and escort us back with him to the palace. He brought with him many drums and trumpets and bagpipes, and a musketeer who walked before us firing off his piece, and so they brought in the Admiral with very great state, as great or greater, indeed, than they could use in Spain towards a king. The crowds grew so thick that no man could number them, and the roofs and houses were all thronged, to say nothing of those who pressed around us in the street. At least two thousand men-at-arms were scattered about amongst the multitudes. The nearer we drew to the Palace where the king was, the greater was the crush. When we got up to the palace, many nobles and great Lords came forward to meet the Admiral, who had already many in his escort. It would then be an hour or so before

sunset. On reaching the palace we went in through a gate to a very wide esplanade, but before we got to the gate where the king was we had to pass four others and elbow our way through the crush as best we could. When we came to the last gate a squat, little old man came out, who fills an office like that of our bishops <sup>58</sup> and directs the royal conscience in all Church matters. He embraced the Admiral in the entry of this gate, and in this very entry men were crushing and wounding one another and we could only force our way through by great exertions.

The king was in a small court, lounging on his side on a divan which was thus arranged. Underneath was a green velvet sheet. On this was a very good mattress and on the mattress was a cotton cloth very white and finer than any linen one. The cushions were also made of the same stuff. The king was holding a very large golden cup in his hand. It stood about as high as a six quart pot, was about eight inches wide at the mouth and seemed to be very thick. Into this jar he kept spitting the remains of some herbs he was chewing. The natives eat them as sedatives and call them betel. At his right side stood a gold basin, as large round, as a man could span with both arms, in which were these herbs and several Moorish knives of silver. The canopy was gilded. As the Admiral was entering, the king saluted him in the manner of the country, that is, by clasping his hands and raising them up towards heaven as the Christians do to God, and whilst raising them, opening and clenching his fists repeatedly. He beckoned with his right hand to the Admiral to come under the alcove where he was, but the Admiral would not come close up to him, as it is the custom in that country that no one should come near the king save one of his kinsmen who kept handing him the herbs: so when any one speaks to him, he holds his hand before his mouth and stands some way off. After beckoning to the Admiral he glanced at us and bade us sit down on a stone bench near him in a place where he could see us, and had water brought to us to wash our hands, and sent us some fruit <sup>59</sup> which was just like melons, except that outside they are covered with hairs. The inside is sweet. They also brought us another fruit <sup>59</sup> which is like a fig and tastes very good and attendants were ordered to keep peeling them for us,

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<sup>58</sup> To the visit to the Tali Pagoda belongs the story of Joam de Sa, sailing master of the S. Raphael. Being struck by the ugliness of the paintings with which the temple was adorned, he whispered, whilst on his knees, to Vasco da Gama: "If these are devils, I adore the Living God," at which the Admiral smiled. The "Bishop" was a Brahman.

<sup>59</sup> The fruit like a melon was the Jack (*Artocarpus integrifolia*); that like figs bananas; the palm-like leaves of which were used for writing is the Talipot Palm. (Burton.)

whilst the king again and again looked laughingly at us to see how we were getting on and then chatted with his kinsman who was standing by him handing him the herbs to eat. After this he looked at the Admiral, who was seated before him, and told him he was to speak with the men who were with him, for they were of very high rank, and if he would tell them what he wanted they would convey it to him. The Admiral replied that he was ambassador from the King of Portugal, and had been entrusted with a message from his master, which he had orders to deliver to no one except His Majesty alone. The king said that, that was very well, and at once ordered the Admiral to be brought into a chamber, and when he was gone in, the king rose up from where he was and went to join him, whilst we stayed behind where we were. It would be by then just about sunset. Directly the king rose, an old man who was standing in the court went and carried off the divan, leaving the gold plate behind. The moment the king came to where the Admiral was, he threw himself down upon another divan, covered with many cloths, embroidered in gold, and asked the Admiral what he had come for. The Admiral replied that he was the ambassador of a King of Portugal, who was the Lord of many lands and richer in every way than any other king in his part of the world. For the last sixty years<sup>60</sup> the kings of Portugal, his predecessors, had been sending out ships every year to discover the way to the Indies, as they knew that kings who were Christians, like themselves, reigned in those countries. This, indeed, was the reason why they had wished to reach India, and not out of any vulgar greed for gold or silver, as they had such quantities of them themselves, that they had no need to come to India to get more. Hitherto their captains had taken a year or two years on their voyages out and home, just as their provisions might chance to hold out, and had come back to Portugal without having found anything. Don Manuel, however, the king now reigning, had commissioned him to fit out his three ships, and had appointed him to command the expedition, with orders not to come back to Portugal before he had reached the country of this Christian king, adding that if he returned without having done so, he would cut his head off. If he reached the Christian king's country, he was to give him two letters, both of which (added the Admiral,) he would hand to His Majesty next day. His Portuguese Majesty had also entrusted him with a message to deliver by word of mouth that he was his brother and his friend. The king of

<sup>60</sup> The "sixty years" during which the Portuguese expeditions had been seeking the sea road to India date from 1434 when Gil Gamas, the Admiral of Prince Henry the Navigator, first rounded Cape Bojador, until then the furthest known point on the western coast of Africa.

Calicut replied that the Admiral was very welcome, that he would gladly have him as his brother and friend, and that he would send ambassadors by his fleet to His Portuguese Majesty, when he sailed for Portugal. This the Admiral had asked him to do as a personal favour to himself, on the ground that he would not dare to appear before his Master unless he had with him some native Indians. This with much else passed between them during their conversation in the private chamber, and, as it was now late at night, the king asked the Admiral whether he would rather be quartered on Christian or on Moors? The Admiral answered on neither, as he would greatly prefer to have his own separate quarters with no one else lodging in the house. The king told him he would see to this, and so the Admiral took his leave and came back to where we were lying down in a verandah which was lighted by a large brazen candelabrum, for by now it was about four hours after sunset. We then all went off to our quarters with the Admiral, escorted by countless multitudes of people. It was raining so hard that the streets were flooded. The Admiral walked beside his men, but we went all over the place for so long that at last he complained about it to a Moorish nobleman, who is the king's agent, and who had been sent by His Majesty to take us to our quarters. The Moor brought him to his own house, in which was an open space with a dais in the centre covered by a brick-roof. On this dais a quantity of quilts were spread. It was lighted by two very large candelabra from the king's wardrobe on which were some iron lamps filled with oil or butter and each having four wicks. They gave a bright light. The natives usually carry these lamps as links. The Moor had a horse brought round for the Admiral to ride to his quarters, but as it was not saddled, he refused to mount, so we all walked thither from the Moor's house. When we got to our quarters, we found some of our men there who had come up with the Admiral's bed and a quantity of his other baggage, from which he had to select a present for the king. On Tuesday the Admiral chose the following present, namely, twelve striped cloths, four crimson hoods, six hats, four branches of coral, a crate full of basins containing six pieces, and four casks, two of oil and two of honey. As it is the custom here that nothing should be taken to the king unless previous notice has been given to the Moor, who is the Royal agent, and to the Vali, the Admiral accordingly sent for them. The moment they arrived they burst out laughing at the presents and told him that was not the sort of thing he could send to the king, for the least little pedlar from Mecca or East Africa <sup>62</sup>

<sup>62</sup> In the original East Africa stands as "Dos Indias," which evidently means Northern India, that is Abyssinia and the Zanzibar coast. The "rich merchant

would give more than that ; if he wished to make His Majesty a real present, he must send him some gold, for the king could not, consistently with his dignity, accept such a mean present. On seeing how matters stood, the Admiral grew very grave and said he had no gold, as he was not a mefchant but an Ambassador, and that he was giving His Majesty the best he had. He added that these goods belonged to himself and not to the king of Portugal, who, by the next mission he sent to their country, would send them far more numerous and more valuable presents. If, then, His Majesty the Zamorin did not choose to accept his gift, he would go back on board his ships. They replied that, consistently with their duty, they could not allow him even to offer such a mean present to their Master. After they had gone away, came some Moorish traders, all of whom held the present the Admiral proposed to send the king, very cheap.

As the Admiral saw they were determined not to allow him to send the present he had chosen, he told them that as they would not let him send such a gift to their king, he wished to go and speak to him himself, as he was anxious to get back on board. They replied that if he would wait a little where he was things would come all right, as they would go and settle matters with the king and then come back at once and take him with them to the palace. The Admiral waited all day for them, but they never came back. Being very much annoyed at seeing what nonchalant and unreliable men he had to deal with, he at first thought of going to the palace without them, but, on second thoughts, considered that he had better remain where he was until next day. Meantime, however, we amused ourselves very pleasantly with singing and dancing to the trumpets, and had a very good time. Early on Wednesday morning the Moors came and took the Admiral and us all to the palace, where many armed men were walking about. The Admiral and his escort were kept waiting for four full hours at a door which was not opened until the king sent orders for them to come in, adding that the Admiral was only to bring in two men with him, and was to let him know who his companions would be. The Admiral replied he would be accompanied by Fernam Martins who could interpret for him, and his secretary. He thought, as we all did, that this wish to separate us was of evil omen. When he had come into the presence, the king said he had expected the Admiral would have come to see him on the Tuesday, but the Admiral

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named Guzerati" was, of course, a trader from Guzerat, the country round Cambay. The "shelters" are sheds of mats, over a platform of brick work, which serve as a humble kind of "dāk bungalow :—" 300 reis of Portugal," = 1s. 4½d. "Two fanocs, which are worth thirty reis of Portugal" therefore, = 1'62. "One Xarafin"—300 reis, so 600 Xarafins = £40-10-0.

answered he had not done so because he was so tired with his journey. The king again repeated he had told him he came from a very rich kingdom, yet he had brought him nothing, and that he had never given him the letter for him he said he had with him. The Admiral's answer was that he had brought His Majesty nothing, because he was only on a voyage of discovery. When, however, the next Portuguese fleet came to India, he would see they would bring him some presents well worth having. As for the letter, it was perfectly true that he had one for him, and he would duly give it him.

On this, the king said "What have you come to discover? Is it stones, or men? If, as you say, you have come to discover men, why have you not brought something with you? My people tell me that you have a golden statue of Our Lady and the Child on board." The Admiral answered his statue was not of gold, and that even if it were, he would not give him Our Lady, as She it was, who had brought him safely through all the perils of the seas, and he, therefore, wished to carry Her back again to his own country. On this the king told him to give him the letter. The Admiral said that as the Moors had such evil intentions with regard to him and would, therefore, be sure to say the exact opposite to what he did, he must ask His Majesty as a favour to send for some Christian who could speak Arabic. The king replied that he was quite right, and at once sent for a very funny looking youth, named Quaram. The Admiral then said that he had brought two letters, one of them in Portuguese, the other in Moroccan Arabic. The first he could understand very well, and knew it was couched in very friendly terms. The latter he could not read, so could not be sure whether, although its general tenor might be unexceptionable, there might not be some things in it which might give offence. As the Christian did not know Moroccan Arabic, four Moors took the letter, and, after first reading it over to themselves, read it aloud to the king. The king was pleased with the letter and asked the Admiral what articles of export his country produced. The Admiral said Portugal could furnish stuffs of various kinds and large quantities of wheat, iron, bronze, and many other things which he named. The king asked if he had any merchandize on board. He answered he had brought samples of all the different commodities he had mentioned, and would ask His Majesty's leave to go back again on board, that he might have them unpacked. He added that he would leave four or five of his men behind him at his quarters. This the king would not ask him to do, but said he should like him to go back at once with all his men, and, after laying up his ship in safety, land his cargo and sell it to the best advantage he

could. When the Admiral had taken leave of the king we all went back to our quarters, but as it was already late, he would not start for the ships at once. Early Thursday morning a horse without a saddle was brought round for the Admiral. He, therefore, refused to mount it, but bade them bring up one of their country horses, that is to say a palanquin, as on no account, whatsoever, would he ride a horse bare-back. So they took him to the house of a rich merchant, named Guzerati<sup>62</sup>, who had a palanquin got ready, into which the Admiral got and set off with a large escort on his way to Pandarang, off which his ships were lying. We could not keep up with him and so were left a long way behind. Whilst we were going on as best we could, the Vali caught us up and passed us without stopping, but overtook the Admiral. We, however, missed our way and wandered far inland, but the Vali sent a man after us and put us in the right road. When we reached Pandarang, we found the Admiral in a shed made of mats, just like many we had seen along the road, which serve as shelters for travellers and wayfarers from rain. With the Admiral were the Vali and many others. On our arrival the Admiral asked the Vali to have a pirogue got ready to take us out to our ships, but he and the others replied that it was very late, as was indeed the case, for the sun had just set, and so he must go on board next morning. On this the Admiral told him that if he would not give him the pirogue at once, he would go straight back to the king by whose express orders he was returning on board, although they chose to prevent his doing so. This was a wicked act on their part, for he was a Christian like themselves. Seeing the Admiral was really annoyed, they told him he should go on board, and that they would have thirty pirogues got ready for him, if he wished it. Then they took us along the beach, so the Admiral, thinking this looked suspicious, sent three men on in front to find the ship's boats and tell his brother to come to him in disguise. They went off, accordingly, but found nothing, so turned back again, but as the Moors had taken us by another road failed to meet us. As it was now late, they took us to a Moor's house and when we got there, told us they wished to go and look for our three men who had not returned. After they had left, the Admiral sent and bought a quantity of chickens and rice, and we had supper, tired though we were with our long day's march. The Moors who had left us only came back at daybreak, but the Admiral said he thought they must mean well to us, and that their only reason for not having

<sup>62</sup> The "Moor of the Country," who, as Camoens says, "earned Paradise" by warning da Gama of the Zamorin's intended treachery, was Mançaide, already mentioned as having boarded the fleet at its first arrival at Calicut.



let him go on board, the day before, was that it was so late, and that they thought they were doing right in preventing him from setting out. We, sailors, on the other hand, were most suspicious as to their intentions, for we thought their conduct to us during the last few days at Calicut looked very bad. When they came next day the Admiral told them to give us boats to take us back on board. At this they all began whispering to one another, and told him that he must have the ships brought nearer in shore, and that then he could go on board. The Admiral replied that even if he were to order the ships to draw nearer in, his brother would think they were keeping him a prisoner and had extorted this order from him by force and would at once have all sail set and start for Portugal without delay. They reported that if he would not have the ship brought nearer in shore, he should never go back on board at all. The Admiral then said that he was going back on board by the express command of His Majesty the Zamorin, and that if they would not allow him to carry out their king's orders, he would go back to him (and complain against them). The Zamorin was a Christian like himself, and if he would not allow him to leave, but wished him to remain in the country, he would very gladly consent. They said he might certainly go to him if he wished, but they took good care not to give him a chance of doing so, as they had all the doors of the house where we were locked at once and put a large guard of men-at-arms over us inside, so that none of us could stop outside the courtyard for a moment without being followed by several of them. They again began to besiege us with requests to give up the sails and rudders, but the Admiral replied that he was in no wise bound to give them up anything, as the Zamorin had left him free to go back on board his ships without imposing any conditions, and that, though they might work their will on him as they would, he would not give them up one single thing.

Although both we and the Admiral were very sad at heart, yet no one, to look at us, would have thought that we took any account of the Indian's acts, and the Admiral asked them to let his men go on board, as they were dying of hunger, even if they would not let him do so himself. They answered we might stay where we were as it was nothing to them whether we starved to death or not, so we might make up our minds to die. We were in this plight when one of the men came in who had strayed from our party the night before. He told the Admiral that Nicholas Coelho had been on shore with the boats, since the previous evening, waiting for us. On hearing this the Admiral at once sent off a man as secretly

as he could, though it needed great pain to do it, as we had so many guards set over us, with a message, to Nicholas Coelho to put off to the ships at once and to keep a good look out. He put off at once on receiving the message, but just as he was doing so, the men in charge of us heard he was leaving. They had several pirogues manned with the greatest haste, which chased him for some distance, but seeing that they could not catch him up, they came back to the Admiral and again told him to write to his brother to bring the ships nearer in shore and to draw up further into the harbour. The Admiral said he would have gladly complied with their wishes, had he had powers under his commission to do so, but even if he were to write, his comrades were not bound to obey his orders, and would not consent to come to their deaths by doing so. They retorted "How can this be the case, for we know very well, they will carry out any orders whatsoever you may give?"

The Admiral would not, however, order the ships to come further up the harbour, thinking, as we did, that once inside they would be taken and the crews massacred, and that he and ourselves would be the first victims, as we were already hostages in their power.

All this day we passed in this agony, as you have seen, and by night-fall an ever increasing crowd had gathered round us. They would not allow us even to walk about the enclosure in which we were, but put us into a courtyard with a brick pavement, and made us keep together in the middle of a ring of guards. We thought next day they would separate us from one another, or would do something else to us, as we saw how enraged with us they were, yet for all this, they did not forget to send us a very excellent supper of such provisions as were to be found in the village. This night more than a hundred men mounted guard over us, armed with swords, two-edged battle-axes, targets, bows and arrows, in such good order, that some slept whilst the others stood sentinal, and so they relieved one another the whole night through.

When morning broke on Saturday, June 2nd, the Lords came very early, but were now of a better countenance towards us, and said that as the Admiral had told the king that he would land his cargo, he must now order this to be done at once, as it was the custom of the country for any ships that came there to land their cargo immediately on their arrival and their crews likewise, whilst no trader was allowed to go back on board before all his goods were disposed of. The Admiral said he would certainly write to his brother to land the cargo at once. They replied that if he would do this it would be all right, and that they would let him go back on board the moment the cargo was landed. On this the Admiral at once wrote to his brother to send him some things he wanted and

they were accordingly sent. As soon as the goods were landed the Indians let him go back on board, two men being left on shore in charge. We were all greatly rejoiced at this happy turn of affairs, and offered many thanksgivings to our Lord in that He had brought us out in safety from amongst men who had no more sense of right and wrong than if they had been brute beasts, for we knew full well, that once the Admiral was on board, they would not harm any one we left on shore. Once the Admiral was on board, he ordered no more goods to be landed for the time being. Five days afterwards the Admiral sent a message to the king that he had gone back to the ships by His Majesty's express orders, but that some of his subjects had detained him on shore for a day and a night, that, moreover, to comply with his orders he had already landed his cargo, but the Moors did nothing but plunder it. He, therefore, entreated His Majesty to be pleased to take such measures as would prevent them from doing this, seeing that he was not charging him anything for his goods, but on the contrary, his whole fleet was at his disposal. The king at once sent us a message that the thieves were bad Christians, and that he would see that they were punished. He accordingly sent seven or eight merchants to look over the cargo and purchase it at their own valuation, and also a nobleman who was to act in conjunction with his agent on the spot, and likewise gave orders that if any Moors came near the cargo they might be cut down without those who killed them incurring any pains or penalties.

The traders sent down by the king remained for a week, but instead of buying the cargo did nothing but plunder it. The Moors ceased coming to our warehouse, and at length got to hate us so cordially, that when any of us went on shore they used to spit on the ground and cry "Portugal! Portugal!" because they thought this annoyed us. From the very first, indeed, they had been contriving ways and means of taking and killing us. When the Admiral perceived that the cargo would find no sale at Pandarang, he at once sent to tell the king so, and said that as he had invited him to Calicut, he ought to look into the matter. On receiving the Admiral's message, the king at once sent to the Vali to get together enough porters to convey the cargo on their backs to Calicut at his expense, as he said he wished the King of Portugal to be his guest in his country. This was only a part of his scheme for doing us all possible harm, as he had been misled by some false reports, which had reached him, to the effect that we were a pack of pirates who had come on a plundering expedition, and so he followed the policy I have described to you.

*(To be continued.)*

## ART. X.—RISE AND FALL OF THE PORTUGUESE POWER IN INDIA.

**A**S the 400th Anniversary of the landing of Vasco da Gama at Calicut has been recently celebrated, a brief sketch of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Power in India may not be uninteresting.

The Portuguese, as is well-known, were the first to open up the East for Western enterprise and to establish direct connection between India and Europe ; and Vasco da Gama, who arrived at Calicut on the 20th May, 1498, was the first European to visit this country—at any rate the first European duly accredited by his Sovereign. A few stray travellers had previously, from time to time, come to India with the object of acquiring trade and wealth ; and in 1486 a Portuguese, named Covilham, actually came to Calicut overland ; but all of these were more or less adventurers, and were acting for the most part on their own initiative. Vasco da Gama, however, came out as the representative of the then powerful king of Portugal, and the nature of his visit was very different.

At that time the throne of Delhi was occupied by an Afghan Sovereign of the Lodi dynasty ; Bengal was ruled also by an Afghan ; and there were Muhammedan kings at Ahmedabad [Gujarat], Ahmednagar, Bijapur, Golconda, &c., while the Hindu House of Vijianagar was supreme in South India. On the West Coast the Zamorin of Calicut was the leading Malayalam Ruler, and was the first to be brought into contact with the Portuguese new comers. On Vasco da Gama's arrival, the Zamorin appeared on the whole to be favourably disposed towards him ; but the Moplah traders were much opposed to him, and their hostile influence had the effect of diminishing the hospitality which might otherwise have been accorded to the Portuguese. After remaining in Malabar for about six months Vasco da Gama returned to Europe, bearing a letter from the Zamorin to the king of Portugal ; and his return to Lisbon was hailed with national rejoicings ; for the Portuguese believed that a land overflowing with milk and honey had now been opened up to them. In 1500 Alvarez Cabral sailed for India with 1,200 soldiers. He had orders to propagate Christianity at the point of the sword, if necessary ; and, with such a mission to fulfil, it was scarcely possible that success could be expected for his Oriental exploring venture. He arrived at Calicut in 1501, and, with the acquiescence of the Zamorin, established a factory there. In a very short time, however, the Moplahs destroyed it ; and fifty of his people were killed.

Cabral, in consequence, bombarded Calicut and inflicted severe punishment.

In the following year (1502) Pope Alexander VI. issued a Papal Bull to the King of Portugal, constituting him "Lord of the Navigation, Conquests and Trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India;" and very shortly after this Vasco da Gama again sailed for the East with twenty ships. On his arrival in India he formed an alliance with the Rajahs of Cochin and Cannanore against the Zamorin, and bombarded Calicut, as a punishment for the destruction of Cabral's Factory. Relations with the Rajah of Cochin were now strengthened, and in a short time the Portuguese were permitted to build a fort at Cochin and to establish themselves there.

In 1503 Alfonso d'Albuquerque, who is so famous in Indo-Portuguese history, sailed for India in command of an Expedition; and in 1505 the first Portuguese Governor and Viceroy of India was appointed, in the person of Francisco de Almeida, who also came out with an Expedition. In 1510 Albuquerque became Governor and Viceroy. One of his first acts was to attack Calicut, and the Zamorin's palace was burnt and the town wrecked. A large force of natives, however, soon drove him off. He now proceeded to attack Goa with twenty ships of the line together with some small craft and about 1,200 soldiers. The city was at that time under the sway of the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur; no resistance, however, was made to the Portuguese invaders, for a *jogi* had prophesied that Goa would be conquered by foreigners hailing from a distant land. The inhabitants were accordingly disheartened, and surrendered without striking a blow; and on the 17th February, 1510, the keys of the city were delivered up to Albuquerque by eight of the leading citizens on their knees, and the Portuguese made a triumphal entry into the place.

The Muhammedan Bijapur Ruler, however, soon appeared on the scene; and, after much fighting, ejected Albuquerque and his host, on the 15th August of the same year. But the Portuguese were reinforced in a short while, and succeeded in recapturing Goa on the 25th November. 2,000 Muhammedan soldiers were killed during the assault, and for three days following the city was given up to pillage. When order was restored, Albuquerque set to work fortifying Goa, and at the same time embellished it to a high degree. He constituted it the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, and it has ever since retained that position. Albuquerque now proceeded to Malacca and conquered it, and founded a trade with Siam and that neighbourhood. He next turned his attention to the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, where he established the maritime and commercial supremacy of Portugal.

Albuquerque is justly reckoned as the most distinguished of Portuguese Viceroy's; for he not only established and extended Portuguese rule in the East, but won over the conquered people by his conciliatory and statesman-like conduct. His glorious career terminated in 1515, when he died at Goa. In 1513 the Zamorin of Calicut made peace with the Portuguese, who at once started Factories in Malabar and otherwise established themselves in that region. Many other Native Chiefs also became friendly and were prepared to bow down before the European conqueror. In 1524 Vasco da Gama came out for the third time, and he died at Cochin in 1527.

The Portuguese Power was now at its zenith, and for a century or so after this Portugal was paramount in the East. Goa developed into a great city and enjoyed the same privileges as Lisbon. Its wealth and magnificence were unparalleled, and it was known as "Golden Goa;" while a contemporaneous proverb had it that "whosoever hath seen Goa need not see Lisbon." About 1523 the Primatial See for the Catholic Church in Portuguese India was established here, and ever since Goa has remained the capital of the Indo-Portuguese Church of Rome, with the Patriarch of Goa as its Oriental Ecclesiastical head. In 1545 St. Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies," came out and commenced his mission of conversion. His coffin now lies in the Church of Bom Jesus in old Goa, which was completed and consecrated in 1603. As is well-known, St. Xavier's remains are periodically exposed to the Faithful, and on these occasions crowds proceed to Goa.

In the meanwhile the Portuguese extended their possessions on the West Coast. Diu, on the coast of Kathiawar, was acquired in 1535. The Muhammed king of Gujarat, fearing an invasion from the Moghul Emperor, Humayun, contracted an alliance with the Portuguese and made over Diu to them, so that they might fortify it and be in better position to defend him against the Delhi Emperor. After the cession both sides distrusted each other, and the Muhammedan king was killed in 1536 in a scuffle which ensued on his landing from a visit to the Portuguese Admiral on board. Diu at that time commanded the trade with East Africa and along the neighbouring Indian coasts. In 1558 Daman, on the coast of Gujarat, about 100 miles north of Bombay, was seized by the Portuguese, who thus obtained another important trading centre. In addition to these possessions, there were numerous Portuguese factories and settlements all about the Western Coast.

During the period of their supremacy the Portuguese indulged in much oppression and overbearing conduct, which

alienated from them not only their own native subjects, but also several of the independent Rulers ; and in 1567 a regular combination of Western Indian Princes took place against them, and even the Rajah of Achin joined in this movement. In 1578 the latter besieged Malacca ; but 200 Portuguese soldiers routed 15,000 Natives ; and, though several subsequent attempts were made on Malacca, they were all repelled ; the drain, {however, on the Portuguese resources was very great and could ill be borne, and they in great measure lost control of the sea. Moreover, a few years previously to the second Dutch siege, Goa had been for about three years devastated by a peculiar pestiferous fever, which had a very detrimental effect on the prosperity of the place. The Native traders now left the city, owing in great degree to the oppression of the Portuguese, and such trade as was left fell into the hands of the Jesuits. In fact, a state of commercial stagnation was steadily approaching. In 1683 the Mahrattas devastated the whole of the neighbouring country right up to the walls of Goa, and would have doubtless sacked the city, had they not been driven off by a Moghul Force.

About this time signs of decay were becoming visible. The luxury and magnificence of Goa had led to effeminacy on the part of its inhabitants, who simply gave themselves up to pleasure and idleness, to the utter neglect of serious business. Moreover, in 1580, the Crown of Portugal became united with that of Spain under Phillip II., and the interests of Portugal were much neglected. In 1640 she once more became a separate kingdom ; but by this time the Dutch and other Europeans were in the field. The Dutch twice laid siege to Goa—in 1603 and in 1639. They were unsuccessful on both occasions ; but the neighbouring Mahratta Princes next embarked in hostilities, and Goa became a regular burden to Portugal. By the commencement of the eighteenth century every vestige of prosperity had departed ; and the 2,000 odd Portuguese soldiers who were maintained had to content themselves with meagre rations of fish and rice ; while a Captain only received Rs. 6 a month. Various Mahratta attacks now followed, and, though they were all repelled, they had the effect of exhausting Portuguese resources. When Napoleon I. was supreme in Europe, the Lisbon Government could do absolutely nothing for its Indian dependencies, owing to the French invasion of the Iberian Peninsula ; and a small British Force was stationed in the vicinity of Goa for its protection. After the final overthrow of Tipu in 1799 British Power was firmly established all over South India, and the remnants of Portuguese influence in Malabar disappeared. During the present century the decay has been steadily going on ; the

Portuguese possessions—*viz.*, Goa, Diu and Damaun—are well nigh ruined ; and, after five centuries of rule in this country, all that the Portuguese can now show is their once magnificent Indian Capital running to rack and ruin ; while its two dependent stations are merely unimportant and obscure towns.

A. KEESS.

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## THE QUARTER.

**A**MONG the events of the Quarter, the war between Spain and the United States of which, as may be fairly presumed, it has witnessed the conclusion, dwarfs every other, not excepting even the capture of Khartoum. Judged by the magnitude of the operations which it has comprised, or even of the territorial changes which it has rendered inevitable, it is among the smallest of wars which can, in any sense, be called great. Yet, it is not too much to say that it is a war of epoch-making importance. That importance, as yet but imperfectly realised, depends upon the momentous significance to the world at large, and more particularly to England, of the new departure in the policy of the United States which its consequences connote.

As a Continental Power, to all intents and purposes self-contained and practically inaccessible to attack from without, the great American Republic could afford to regard the disposition of other nations towards her with a comparatively light heart ; and, in the case of Great Britain, she lay under special temptation to push this indifference to the verge of defiance. With what has just happened, or is imminent, the situation in this respect has undergone a profound change. As the possessor of important island territories for the defence of which against any of the great naval Powers she is but inadequately equipped, it has become of vital importance to the United States to secure the friendship, to say nothing of avoiding the hostility, of the greatest naval Power in the world. Not until she becomes herself a great naval Power, capable of coping with England on the high seas, will she again be in a position to treat her friendship with indifference, still less to challenge her enmity ; and, though, in all probability, that day will come, much may have happened in the interval to minimise the chances of misunderstanding.

This change in the situation can hardly be without sensible effect on the relations between England and the other European Powers, which, in their attitude towards her, will henceforward have to reckon with the danger of provoking at least a defensive alliance between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Its result must thus, almost necessarily, be to strengthen the position, and, as a consequence, probably, to stiffen the attitude, of Great Britain. This result will ensue

even though no overt understanding should be arrived at between the Cabinets of St. James and Washington ; and it is a result which, in many respects, will put an entirely new face on the politics of both Europe and Asia.

One of the immediate consequences of the war will be a great increase of the United States Navy, and probably also of her mercantile marine, accompanied by a corresponding increase of her share in the maritime commerce and carrying trade of the world ; while it can hardly be doubted that her further colonial extension is merely a matter of time.

A curious statement in connexion with the war has been made, in a quarter likely to be well informed. When hostilities were felt to be imminent, *pour parlers*, it is said, took place between the principal European Powers with the view of ascertaining whether a league could be formed for the purpose of intervention—armed, if necessary,—to avert the conflict and dictate terms between the disputants. The other great Powers being of one mind on the subject, Great Britain was approached, and it was owing to the fact that she not only declined to join in the scheme, but gave it clearly to be understood that she would not remain a passive spectator of any attempt to coerce the United States, that the plan collapsed. So runs the story. Whether it is true in every particular, or not, there is little doubt that the question of intervention was at one time the subject of serious discussion between certain of the European Cabinets.

The chief events of the war, the progress of which we shall not attempt to follow in detail here, have been the invasion of Cuba and the unconditional surrender of Santiago di Cuba and the entire Spanish army there, after an indecisive action between it and the American Expeditionary force under General Shafter, and the total destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet by the American blockading squadron outside that port ; the invasion of Puerto Rico, resulting in the peaceful surrender of the principal towns in the island, and the capture of Manila.

The landing of the American force in Cuba began on the 22nd June, and was completed on the 28th of that month. On Friday, the 1st July, a general advance was made, and the Americans, 13,000 strong, succeeded after severe fighting, which lasted from early morning till sundown, in taking the village of El Caney and the Spanish outworks on the north-east of the city, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. So strong, however, did General Shafter find the inner defences, that, in a despatch to Washington dated the 3rd July, he declared it to be impossible to carry them by storm with the force at his disposal. Then an altogether unexpected and inexplicable event occurred. The following day, at 9-30 A.M.,

the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, which for weeks had been shut up in the harbour, made a desperate attempt to run the gauntlet of the blockading squadron. The Americans detected the movement the moment the first ship left the harbour, and at once opened fire, with tremendous effect. A running chase ensued, in the course of which one after another of the Spanish vessels, crushed by the American fire, headed for the shore and was run upon the beach or rocks, where the survivors of the crews were made prisoners. Though the Spaniards fought their ships to the last, their fire proved quite ineffectual. The American squadron was practically untouched and lost only one man killed and two wounded, while the Spaniards are believed to have lost over a thousand in killed alone.

Admiral Cervera, who was himself among the wounded, escaped from the *Infanta Maria Theresa* in a boat sent to his assistance by the American armed yacht, *Gloucester*, and surrendered the moment he reached the shore. Immediately afterwards General Shafter again demanded the surrender of the city, which had been previously demanded and refused after the action of the Saturday; but this was again refused in unqualified terms. Some days later, the Spanish Government offered to surrender the place on condition of the Spanish forces being allowed to march out with the honours of war; but the offer was rejected at Washington; and on the 10th July the city was again bombarded without much effect. On the 14th July, however, General Toral, after an interview with General Shafter, agreed to surrender the town, together with the army under his command and the whole of Eastern Cuba.

These events having rendered the prolongation of the struggle practically impossible, the Spanish Government, after a great deal of hesitation, announced to President McKinley, through the French Ambassador at Washington, its readiness to treat. At a Conference which took place on the 30th July, a note was handed to M. Cambon, containing the terms of peace, and at the same time the State Department at Washington published the following proclamation:—

“In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations for peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the Note handed to the French Ambassador on Saturday last are in substance as follows:—

“The President does not now put forward any claim for a pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claims of sovereignty over or title to the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island.

“ ‘The cession to the United States and the immediate evacuation of Puertorico and the other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and the like cession of an island in the Ladronecs.

“ ‘The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbour of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.’

“ If these terms are accepted by Spain in their entirety, commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.”

To these terms, it is understood, the Government at Madrid have, in substance, agreed; and Plenipotentiaries are about to meet at Paris for the purpose of signing a formal Treaty of Peace.

After a bombardment of the town, which lasted two hours, the Americans, under General Shafter, to the number of 10,000, stormed the defences of Manilla and drove the Spanish garrison into the Citadel, whereupon the Spanish Commandant surrendered. The American loss in the attack is said to have been only fifty killed and wounded. Some trouble was subsequently experienced with the insurgents who refused to disarm, but there appears to be every probability of matters being arranged.

The Anglo-Egyptian expeditionary force under General Kitchener, which had concentrated at the confluence of the Atbara, began its advance on Omdurman from that spot on the 13th August.

Early in the morning of the 2nd September, the Khalifa's entire army attacked the force outside Omdurman, making desperate efforts to envelope its flanks, but was driven off after severe fighting. The force then advanced on the town, and its right flank was again heavily attacked by the enemy, who, however, after five hours fighting were completely routed and dispersed, with a loss of over 10,000 killed and 16,000 wounded. The Khalifa, whose banner was captured, fled in the direction of Kordofan on the troops entering the town, and is being pursued by the Arab camel corps. The remnant of his army afterwards surrendered to General Kitchener. The loss on our side was, British, 2 officers killed and 10 wounded; 23 non-Commissioned officers and men killed and 99 wounded; Egyptian 21 killed and 230 wounded.

When the troops occupied Omdurman, Neufeld and 150 other prisoners of the Khalifa were released. A requiem service was held at the palace at Khartoum in memory of General Gordon.

A serious disturbance has occurred in Crete, on the occasion  
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of the transfer of the Tithe office at Candia to the British. The Musulmans opposing the transfer, a riot ensued, during which the British force fired on the mob. This, however, seems only to have exasperated them, and they subsequently attacked and fired the British quarter and massacred a large number of Christians. In the struggle which ensued twenty soldiers and fifty blue-jackets were killed and wounded and the British Consul perished in the flames. Subsequently a British warship bombarded the town, before which eight war-vessels are now assembled.

The situation in China has recently entered on a fresh phase of a somewhat serious character. The Pekin Government having entered into a contract with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank for a loan for the construction of the Railway extension to Niu-Chwang, M. Pavloff, on behalf of the Russian Government, on the 11th June, addressed a protest to the Tsungli-Yamen, declaring the contract to involve a breach of the agreement entered into by China with Russia, to which the latter could on no account consent. In consequence of this protest, Sir Claude Macdonald, on the 29th July, acting under instructions from the British Foreign Office, made a declaration to the Tsung-li-Yamen, which was subsequently confirmed in writing, to the effect that England would not tolerate any interference of another Power with a contract freely entered into by China for the construction of a railway or other public work, and would support China in resisting any Power which committed an act of aggression on her for having granted permission to a British subject to make such a work.

The obligation thus undertaken by the British Government was emphasized by statements made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, and Mr. Curzon in the House of Commons. Immediately on hearing of the declaration, however, M. Pavloff re-iterated his protest; and it is stated that the Tsung-li-Yamen have since agreed to the Russian demand that the line should not be mortgaged as security to any foreign country, or any foreign control or interference be allowed, conditions which it is considered must necessarily be fatal to the carrying out of the contract.

At the same time, it is alleged that China, in violation of its undertaking with Great Britain as to the non-alienation of any part of the Yang-tse Valley, and in spite of a protest by Sir Claude Macdonald, has agreed to mortgage the railway about to be constructed from Pekin to Hankau, by a Belgian Syndicate in which Russia holds a predominant interest, as security for the loan.

The latest information, however, is that Russia has adopted

a more accommodating tone, and that negotiations on the subject of the railway concessions are to be transferred from Peking to London.

In the meantime, the Wei-hai-Wei Convention has been signed, leasing the place to Great Britain for the same period as Port Arthur has been leased to Russia, and placing under British jurisdiction all the islands and waters of Wei-hai-Wei, with a district ten miles in depth round the bay, and giving her the right to erect fortifications anywhere on or near the coast of the Shan-tung Promontory, East of longitude  $121^{\circ}40'$ .

The Select Committee on money-lending have submitted their Report, which is of a very thorough going, not to say extreme, character, the main recommendation in it being that, in the case of all transactions, by whatever name called, and whatever their form, which are in substance transactions with a person carrying on the business of a money-lender, in the course of such business, the Courts shall have absolute and unfettered discretion to go behind the contract and make what order they may think fit, on the basis of a reasonable rate of interest. The Committee also recommend that the Courts shall have the power, if they think fit, to hear cases in private; that absolute bills of sale taken in connexion with hire-purchase agreements should be declared illegal, and that all money-lenders should be registered.

As a result of the Imperial Conference on postal rates, it has been agreed that a letter-postage of one penny per half ounce shall be established between the United Kingdom, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, and such other Crown Colonies as with the approval of Her Majesty's Government may be willing to adopt it. Though no official announcement has yet been made on the subject, it is understood that the Government of India will accede to the arrangement, but the Australian Colonies are not at present prepared to do so.

The Conference at Brussels on the Sugar Bounties question has been adjourned *sine die*, and the conduct of further negotiations on the subject between the Powers concerned entrusted to the Belgian Government. At the Conference, all the Powers, except France and Russia, announced their readiness to abolish the bounties. France, however, declined to give up her indirect bounties, and Russia refused to modify her internal tariff. Mr. Chamberlain has since made an important statement regarding the subject in the House of Commons, in the course of which he said that, while the Government had not at present decided to impose countervailing duties on bounty-fed sugar, they reserved to themselves the right to do so; while, at the same time, he denied that they involved any infraction of the principles of free-trade.

On the 22nd July, Mr. Goschen submitted a supplementary naval programme, involving an additional expenditure of eight millions on four new battle ships, four armoured cruisers and twelve torpedo destroyers, the necessity for which, he said, had arisen from the extensive additions Russia was making to her fleet.

Parliament was prorogued on the 12th August after passing the Irish Local Government, Evidence in Criminal Cases, Prisons, Vaccination, and London University Bills. The Queen's speech stated that Her Majesty had witnessed, with the deepest sorrow, the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and America, to both of whom the Empire was bound by many ties of affection and tradition. The recently opened negotiations gave fair ground for hoping for the conclusion of an honourable and enduring peace. The changes in the territorial relations of other Powers with China had induced a conclusion of agreements, whereby Wei-hai-Wei and positions adjacent to Hong-Kong had been leased to Britain by the Emperor of China. Her Majesty trusted that these arrangements would conduce to the maintenance of the Emperor's independence and the security of his Empire, and be favourable to the development of the extensive commerce of Britain with China. The Speech mentioned the conclusion of the Anglo-French West African Convention, pending the ratification of which, by the French Chambers, the officials of both countries had been instructed to confine occupation to places in territories recognised under the Convention as belonging to their respective countries. Reference was made to the fact that where plague still existed in India the officials had done their best to relieve the victims of the epidemic and to arrest its growth, and thanks were expressed for the bountiful harvests gathered in India. The Speech thanked the House of Commons for the liberal provision made for the defence of the Empire, the sacrifices asked being severe, but not more than the exigencies of the time required.

The Niger question between France and England has been settled on the basis described by us in our last summary.

An important understanding is reported to have been arrived at with Germany. The details have not transpired; but it is understood that Germany withdraws her opposition to the purchase of Delagoa Bay by England.

Not the least remarkable event of the period under review occurred at St. Petersburg, on the 24th August, when Count Mouravieff, by order of the Czar, handed a note to the foreign Ambassadors there, declaring the maintenance of peace and the reduction of excessive armaments to be an ideal at which all Governments should aim, and inviting an International Con-

ference for the purpose of discussing the means by which this object might be attained. It is believed that the Powers will accept the invitation, which is said to have been issued after consultation with Germany ; but great difficulty is anticipated in arranging the basis of discussion, which must inevitably give rise to a multitude of embarrassing questions. The unanimous declaration of the French Press, that the retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine must precede any disarmament by France is not a symptom which augurs well for the success of the Conference.

The recent ministerial crisis in France has ended in the formation of a Radical Cabinet under M. Brisson, who, however, has abandoned provisionally, the chief plank in the platform of his party—revision of the constitution. On the re-assembling of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Brisson read a declaration of the Ministerial policy, which he described as union between Republicans alone for the Government of the Republic on Democratic lines ; and he added that Parliament should apply itself to two principal reforms—a Bill abolishing the taxes on property, real and personal, and on doors and windows, and substituting a tax on incomes, and a Bill dealing with the question of retiring pensions for workers. A declaration of confidence was carried by a majority of 316 to 230.

In the person of Prince Bismarck, who passed away at Friederichsruh on the 30th July, death has claimed the most masterful and probably the ablest statesman of the time. A contemporary critic, while speaking of him as a great diplomatist, and a man of iron will, dauntless courage and unconquerable spirit has disputed his claim to the title of a great statesman, on the ground of his intolerance of liberty, and predicts that time will show the precariousness of the foundations on which he erected the German Empire. But this, even if the prediction is true, is to ignore the conditions of the task he set himself. It is far from certain, however, that the prediction is true. Much may remain to be done to place the German Empire on sure foundations ; but the probability, none the less, is that it will endure, and that, whatever its ultimate fate may be, it could have been erected only on the basis on which its founder placed it.

Prince Bismarck had long outlined his fortune and his usefulness, but neither his vigour of mind nor his spirit. In the bitterness of his heart, he, perhaps, in his latter days, showed some littleness ; but this was pardonable. In the message which he sent Prince Herbert Bismarck, on receiving the news of the great ex-Minister's death, the Emperor who had discarded him described him as having earned the life-long friendship of his grandfather and also the imperishable gratitude of the whole German nation for all time, and added : " I shall



prepare the last resting-place for his remains in Berlin, in the Cathedral, by the side of my predecessors." But the deceased himself had willed otherwise, and, by his own desire, he was buried at Friederichsruh, the inscription on his tomb, written by himself, describing him significantly as "a faithful servant of the Emperor William I." A public memorial service for the deceased was, however, held in the Emperor William Memorial Church in Berlin, and was attended by the Emperor and Empress, who were also present at the funeral service at Friederichsruh, all the Princes and Princesses present in the Capital, the Members of the Diplomatic body and the chief Civil and Military dignitaries of the Empire ; and the following Imperial edict, dated Friederichsruh, August 2, was published the next day :

" With my exalted allies and with the whole German people I stand in mourning at the bier of the first Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Otto von Bismarck, Duke of Lauenburg. We who were witnesses of his splendid activity, we who looked up to him with admiration as the master of statecraft, as the fearless champion in war as in peace, as the most devoted son of his Fatherland, and as the most faithful servant of his Emperor and King, are profoundly moved by the death of the man in whom God the Lord created the instrument for the realization of the immortal idea of Germany's unity and greatness. This is not the time to enumerate all the deeds which the great departed accomplished, all the cares which he carried for the Emperor and the Empire, all the successes which he achieved. They are too mighty and manifold and history alone can and will engrave them all on her brazen tablets. I, however, am constrained to give expression before the world to the unanimous sorrow and to the grateful admiration with which the whole nation is filled to-day, and in the name of the nation to register the vow to maintain and complete the edifice which he, the great Chancellor, constructed under the Emperor William the Great, and, if need be, to defend it with our life and fortune. So help us God the Lord. I enjoin you to make this my edict public.

" WILLIAM, I. R."

A serious accident has happened to the Prince of Wales, who, on the 18th July, while on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at Waddesdon Manor, slipped on a staircase and fractured his knee-cap. It is believed that His Royal Highness, though now otherwise convalescent, has been permanently lamed by the accident.

Among the casualties of the Quarter has been one of the most terrible shipwrecks of recent times, that of the French liner, *Bourgoyne*, which collided with the *Cromartyshire*, a Glasgow ship, in the North Atlantic, on the 4th July, and sunk in ten minutes. Of 726 persons on board, more than 500,

chiefly passengers, were drowned. The officers, especially the second officer, appear to have behaved well; but the crew were paralysed, where not insubordinate, and the steerage passengers, many of them Italians, behaved with the utmost cowardice and brutality in their struggle for the boats, using their knives freely and driving back helpless women and children to certain death.

Prominent among events of the Quarter which specially concern India have been the proceedings of the Currency Commission in London and the appointment of the Honourable G. Curzon to succeed Lord Elgin in the Viceroyalty.

A Blue-book, containing the evidence of the witnesses already examined by the Currency Commission, which has adjourned till October, was published on the 25th August. An overwhelming majority of the witnesses, who include Lord Rothschild, Mr. Stephen Ralli, Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Antony Macdonnell, Mr. Lindsay, of the Bank of Bengal, and Mr. Leslie Probyn, are said to be opposed to the re-opening of the Mints, and such a course is considered to be no longer in question. It is generally believed that the Committee will recommend the establishment of a gold standard on the basis of an exchange of 1s. 4d, supported by an adequate reserve of gold, but that their scheme will differ in its details both from Mr. Leslie's and from that of the Government of India.

The appointment of Mr. Curzon is one on which, though the Viceroy elect has, in one way or another, been long before the public, it is somewhat difficult to pronounce judgment. Perhaps, the most serious fault that can be found with it is, first that, as Indian Viceroys go, Mr. Curzon is somewhat wanting in years, and, secondly, that he is endowed with more than an average measure of self-confidence. Such youthfulness, however, as can be predicated of him, is far from necessarily connoting a lack of any of the qualifications essential to the successful discharge of the duties of the high office for which he has been chosen, while it may reasonably be regarded as a guarantee of his possessing some that are conducive to it; and, as to the self-confidence, it may be a dangerous defect, or a crowning merit, according to the qualities that accompany it. It may, at least, be said of Mr. Curzon that he possesses a larger experience of Indian affairs, as well as of Asiatic politics generally, than any one appointed to the office since Lord Lawrence could boast.

In India itself the period under review has been comparatively uneventful.

The business before the Legislative Council at Simla has been more than usually devoid of interest. A Bill has been passed extending for two years the operation of the Indian

Paper Currency Act of last year, empowering the Government of India to issue rupees from the Indian Currency reserve against gold received in London. In a statement made by him on the Council, explaining the object of the measure, Sir James Westland said that it was only permissive, and, though the Government hoped that the result of the deliberations of the Currency Commission would be to enable them to take measures for the establishment of a Gold Currency, they thought it desirable in the meantime to retain a power which enabled the Secretary of State, in case of emergency, to obtain relief by drawing on the currency reserve. Sir James Westland also explained the circumstances under which the Government had decided to limit their rupee borrowings this year to a crore and twenty lakhs.

Among other measures introduced into the Council have been an Insolvency Bill, an Arbitration Bill, adapting the Home Act of 1889 to India, in place of the Home Act of 1854, hitherto in force ; a Burmah Code Bill, to make the Acts of the Supreme Council applicable to Burmah without a specific declaration to that effect, and an Indian Marine Bill, re-classifying the Native Staff of the service and adding the word Royal to its title.

The Select Committee on the Central Provinces Tenancy Bill have only recently commenced their sittings.

In the Bengal Council only two measures have been dealt with, the Bill to amend the Calcutta Port Act, which has been passed, and a Bill for shortening the language of the Bengal Acts, which has been referred to a Select Committee.

A Financial Statement laid before the Bombay Council in August shows the Local Government to be verging on a condition of bankruptcy, its balances having been completely swept away by the excess of its plague and famine expenditure over the sum in aid contributed by the Supreme Government, which, nevertheless, expects it to re-construct its balance out of savings. His Excellency the Governor, in his speech, insisted strongly on the duty of the Supreme Government to recognise the expenditure for these purposes as Imperial.

A strong Committee has assembled at Simla to consider the question of the improvement of the Indian Transport Service ; and the Railway Conference at the same place has concluded its sittings.

A Report on the working of the Irrigation Department throughout India, published in the *Gazette*, shows that a net profit to the State of 6·15 per cent. on major, and 9·05 per cent. on minor, works was realised, and seventeen million acres of land were irrigated during the year.

Tenders for a new Government 3½ per cent. loan of 120

lakhs of rupees were opened in Calcutta on the 24th instant, when the loan was allotted at an average rate of Rs. 94 12a. 6p., the minimum rate accepted being Rs. 94-9a., tenders at which received 76.5 per cent.

On the North-West Frontier, the only event worth recording has been a serious dispute between the Khan of Nawagai and our ally, the Nawab of Dir, in connexion with the rival claims of two Mahomedan Chiefs to succeed Umra Khan in Bajaur. Considerable armed forces were assembled on both sides and some fighting ensued in the Jhandol Valley; but quiet has now been restored, mainly owing to pressure put on the Nawab of Dir by the Government of India.

Owing to continued torrential rain, a serious landslip has occurred at Naini Tal, resulting in the partial destruction of the Brewery premises there, and the death of Mr. Beechy, the Assistant Manager, who was buried in the debris, and of between twenty and thirty natives. By the same slip the road above the Brewery was partially destroyed and several bridges were carried away. Several minor landslips have also occurred in the station of Naini Tal itself, causing considerable damage to house property, but no loss of life.

The Monsoon has been on the whole copious, but somewhat unevenly distributed, the rainfall in the Punjab and a limited area of the Madras Presidency being deficient. Except in these parts, the prospects of the season are generally favourable, and trade in produce has been active.

The plague still lingers in Bombay and Kurrachee, though its virulence seems to have diminished, and has broken out at Hublee, where it is raging with great severity and has already carried off between two and three thousand persons out of a population of about a hundred thousand; at Belgaum; and at Guntakal, Hospet, Bangalore and other places in Southern India. It seems, however, to have practically disappeared from the Punjab, and still shows no tendency to become epidemic in Calcutta. In Bombay, the Local Government have issued a new set of rules for dealing with the disease. Under these the Municipal Commissioner is to carry out, subject to the control of the Government exercised through the Plague Commissioner, all the measures to be taken to suppress or prevent the spread of plague in the City of Bombay. He is invested with powers to appoint special officers to carry out, under his direction, measures for the prevention or spread of plague. Powers are given to the officers to remove to hospital or to other places appointed for that purpose persons who are certified to be suffering from plague. The Municipal Commissioner will also exercise, in lieu of the Bombay Plague Committee, the powers commissioned under Rule 29 and the powers vested in a District

Magistrate under Rules 19 and 28 of the General Plague Rules for the Mofussil as applied to the City and Island of Bombay. Power is given to destroy any hut or shed that may be deemed necessary, to prevent the spread of the disease. Compensation may be paid to those who suffer loss. Power is also given to destroy clothing, bedding or other articles likely to retain infection, and compensation may be given for any article so destroyed. Save as may be otherwise directed by the Government, all expenses incurred in carrying out the plague measures will, in the first instance, be paid out of Municipal Funds, but the Municipal Commissioner, or the Corporation, may recover from any person any amount which such person would, under similar circumstances, be liable to pay to the Corporation under the Bombay Municipal Act.

The Calcutta Corporation have sanctioned a new agreement with the Tramway Company, extending their leave for thirty years, and establishing a court of arbitration to deal with cases of default.

A warrant has been issued in England conferring military rank on officers of the Indian Medical Service, which is to retain its old name.

On leaving Simla, probably in the beginning of November, His Excellency the Viceroy will visit Chittagong and Burmah, and is expected to reach Calcutta about the middle of December. The new Viceroy is not expected to reach India before the latter end of the same month. Among important personal changes may be noted the appointment of Sir Robert Low to the Bombay Command, in succession to Sir Charles Nairne; of Sir George Luck to the Bengal, and Sir George Wolsley to the Madras, Command, and of Mr. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, to the See of Calcutta, in succession to Bishop Johnson. It has been officially announced that Sir James Westland, whose term of office would expire in the usual course in November, but whose successor has not yet been appointed, will remain in his present post until March.

In the course of his autumn tour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has visited Dacca, Mymensingh, Comilla, Burrisal, Khoolna and Jessore.

Besides the name of Prince Bismarck, the obituary of the Quarter includes those of ex-Principal Caird; Sir E. Burne-Jones; the Earl of Mansfield; Major-General F. G. Pym, C.B.; Major-General R. G. Woodthorpe, C.B.; Dr. Cornelius Hertz; Sir John Scott, K.C.M.G.; Major-General Leet, V.C., C.B.; M. Buffet; Mrs. Lynn Lynton; Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; Sir Asman Jah; Admiral Massie; Sir G. C. Lees; Mr. John van Voorst; M. Rivier; Dr. W. A. Hunter; Surgeon-General J. F. Beatson; Surgeon-General J. Murray; Archbishop

Walsh ; Mr. Walter Wren ; Professor Ebers, Egyptologist and Novelist ; Lieutenant-General R. B. Hawley, C.B. ; Mr. J. Grose, C.I.E. ; Professor Anton Kerner, the Botanist ; Major-General Sir W. G. Davies ; General A. Fraser, C.B. ; and Bishop Alford.

*September 10, 1898.*

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# CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE OLDEST PAPER IN INDIA—THE BOMBAY SAMACHAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CALCUTTA REVIEW."

SIR,

WITH reference to my article in the last number of the *Calcutta Review*, I find that the claim of the *Samachar* to be the oldest paper has been contested by one or two critics. A friendly critic in the *Statesman* called my attention to the claim of the *Friend of India* to be called the oldest paper, as it was, as he stated, started in 1821—a year earlier than the *Samachar*. Now, apart from the fact that the *Friend of India* does not now exist as a distinct and substantive journal, I may dismiss its claim by pointing out that it was started, not in 1821, but several years later, in 1855, as a weekly journal, as will be seen from J. C. Marshman's *History of the Scrampore Mission* (Vol. II, p. 489). It is true, a "Friend of India" existed before 1835. But that was not a newspaper, but a monthly magazine, started in 1818, and later a quarterly periodical, commenced in 1820, (*idem, ibid.* Vol. II, pp. 164, 229).

Another critic privately suggested to me that the *Englishman* may be the oldest paper in India, as it says daily in its issues that it first appeared in 1821. This, however, can hardly be the case, as we have, fortunately, its founder's own narrative about its commencement. The *Englishman* first appeared in 1833, or thereabouts, as its founder, Stocqueler, says, in his *Memoirs of a Journalist* (p. 93). He had bought a moribund paper in a very rickety condition, the *John Bull*; and he wisely killed it and founded on its remains the new paper which has had such a long, prosperous, and honourable career.

BOMBAY ; }  
June 1898. }

R. P. KARKARIA.

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## THE DOCTRINES OF JAINISM.

SIR,

I AM glad to read an article in the *Calcutta Review* of the month of April, giving an account of the recent researches of European authors regarding Jainism and Buddhism, and correc-

ting certain erroneous ideas in connexion with the existence of the former. Though the article shows a great advance in the knowledge of Jainism and its religious books, still the author has been led to represent some points erroneously, as I will attempt, in the following lines, to show.

The first error of the author is that he calls Mahabira the founder of Jainism. Mahabira can in no way be regarded as the founder, he is only the last of the twenty-four Tirthankaras, of Jainism. Strictly and properly speaking, Jainism has no founder; it is eternal; and, if it can at all be said to have had any founder, it is only with reference to some particular time. According to Jainism, time consists of circles and there are twenty-four Tirthankaras for every half-circle. Of the twenty-four Tirthankaras for the present half-circle, Aad Nath is the first and Mahabira the last. Thus it is only with reference to the present half-circle that Aad Nath can be designated the founder of Jainism; but in no way can Mahabira be regarded so.

The second point which is misrepresented is that Jainism, in the strict sense of the word, is not a religion, but only a monastic order. The author does not say what that strict sense of the word is. The Sanskrit equivalent for religion is Dharm, which means, agreeably at least to all the eastern principles, the code of rules which tends to the liberation of soul from the bondage of Karmas, or, in other words, by the observance of which soul attains Salvation, and, in the Jain phraseology, becomes a Perfect Being, or God (Sidh Bhagwan). Hence religion may be briefly described as a way to God, and in this sense Jainism is perfectly a religion.

Moreover, it is doubtful whether a monastic organisation can exist without religion. Perhaps the author means that it is not an independent and separate religion, but is only a modification of Vedism; but this view is also not sustainable, because the first Tirthankara of Jainism, namely, Aad Nath, sometimes also called by the name of Rishab, or Rikhab Nath, existed in the far remote past.

The third point which is wrongly set forth by the author is that he speaks of Jainism as inculcating an atheistic theory; Now, the Sanskrit word for atheist is nastik, and nastiks are vehemently denounced in the Jain Shastras. How can they be called by an appellation which is denounced in their own Shastras? Properly speaking, atheists are those who deny the existence of soul, and consequently that of God; who say that there is no such thing as soul, distinct and apart from matter, and that what people call by that name is nothing but an outcome of a particular combination of material elements. Such have been the allegations of many scientific men. Can



Jainism be charged with an imputation of such a theory? Certainly not. Jainism gives such a detailed account of soul and God as can hardly be found anywhere else. Ask a Jain if he believes in the existence of God; his answer would most certainly be in the affirmative. His God possesses forty-six affirmative and eighteen negative attributes. The only difference between Jainism and the other theistic religions is that the former does not attribute the quality of creating or causing death; punishing or rewarding—in brief, the quality of Kurta Hurta (doer)—to God; and this leads the other religionists to speak of it as atheism (Nastikta); but, this is a gross mistake on their part. To disbelieve in the existence of a thing and not to attribute a particular quality to that thing are not one and the same thing. If the former is an atheistic theory, the latter cannot be called by the same name.

It is one of the chief doctrines of Jainism that the distinguishing attribute, or differentia, of soul is its power of knowing (gyan); and that all other qualities such as desire, anger, pride, covetousness, deceit, love and hatred, etc., which are found in Sansari Jiv (worldly soul), are owing to its combination with matter (eight Karmas, which are nothing but the assemblages of material atoms). Soul has power to know all things of the past, however remote it may be,—of the present, and of the future, without any limitation, and of all places (three Loks and Aloka kash), but the Karmas have limited its knowledge and involved it in various pains of the Sansar (world). When Jiv (soul) is liberated from this bondage, it gets its thorough knowledge and becomes God.

Of course the Jains do not believe in a personal, particular God. According to them, God is a condition of soul—a condition which is changeless, Suvabhavik (pertaining to its essence), and in which the soul knows all things, is free from all pains and defects, and is dependent upon nothing but its ownself.

The Jains worship none but God, who has infinite knowledge, infinite seeing, infinite power, infinite happiness, infinite goodness, infinite shudhta (purity); and who is Betrag (having no concern or desire to do anything); Nirlap (having no plaster or cover) i.e., free from Karmas, an unadulterated soul, only an embodiment of knowledge; अमूर्तीक bodiless; अव्याबाध undeclinable; अगुरुक्षु neither heavy nor light, consequently needing no throne or chair to sit on; अवगाहन unobstructible.

According to Jainism, whatever exists from eternity, will exist for ever, can never be annihilated. Something cannot come out of nothing; nor can nothing be the

result of something. Every Draba (being or element) has its own Suvabhas (differentia, constituting and indicating its very existence) which is not found in other beings, as well as has qualities in common with them. Nothing can exist without a quality and condition; nothing can come into existence; nor can anything be ever annihilated. What we call birth and death are only the changes which soul undergoes owing to the effects of matter (Karamas) upon it, and these Karamas are with the Sansari Jiv (worldly soul), owing to its having desire and Rag Dwaish (loving and hating Par Drabas, *i.e.*, other Beings). It is only these changes which make us speak of creation, extinction, birth and death; and, according to Jainism, it is not God who brings on these changes, but they are brought about by the powers and attributes of the six Drabas (beings) acting upon one another. All the changes that soul undergoes are owing to its own effects upon other Drabas (beings); that is, owing to its desiring, loving and hating, them and to their effects, in return, upon it, which are in the shape of Karamas. So long as the soul continues to throw itself upon other Drabas (beings), it does not attain freedom from their bondage and is deficient in itself and dependent upon them; but, when it keeps within itself, it becomes free and attains the state in which it is all-knowing, perfect and changeless. Jainism does not like to call the sum of all the powers, attributes, and effects of all the Drabas (beings) by the name of God and worship it, because to do so will not benefit the Sansari Jivas (worldly souls) in any way. Our chief aim is to free ourselves from the changes and to acquire the condition of God; and this we cannot attain except by thinking of, and worshipping, such a God as I have described briefly above. By doing so, we shall be naturally led to make efforts to render ourselves in the same condition; but, by thinking of, and worshipping, a Karta Hurta God, we are most apt to acquire the same sorts of attributes and conditions and thus become more and more entangled in sansar (world).

Jainism regards it as imprudent to spoil all the above-mentioned good qualities of its God by attributing to Him the quality of Kurta Hurta, which would necessarily produce in him *desire*, which is the very cause of the soul's being enslaved by the Karamas, and, consequently, the cause of its wandering in the world.

If God is made Kurta Hurta, there remains no great difference between him and the worldly souls of limited knowledge, limited power and limited happiness; and consequently he appears only a caricature of a worldly king.

The above lines, I hope, will clearly show that Jainism cannot be regarded in the light of Atheism, and that it allows the

existence of soul, as well as of God, and describes the latter as existing in the purest and perfect state.

Yours truly,

RICKHAH DASS JAINI, B. A.,

NEAR JAIN TEMPLE,

*Meerut City.*

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*Letter to the Right Honourable Lord George Francis Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, on the Famine Policy in India, and the Measures necessary to secure the Material well-being of the People.* By JOHN MURDOCH, LL. D., Madras. The Christian Knowledge Society's Press. 1898.

*Letter to Samuel Smith, Esq., M. G., Member of the Parliamentary Indian Committee, on Indian Reforms.* A sequel to the above. By JOHN MURDOCH, LL. D., Madras: The Christian Knowledge Society's Press. 1898.

THE first of these letters deals primarily with the questions : "How to feed the two million mouths added yearly to the population of India? How to stimulate the growth of an industrial spirit among the people themselves? How to relieve the congested districts by emigration?" In the second the writer discusses, in addition to these subjects, certain questions of Indian taxation, connected especially with the agitation for a reduction of the Salt Duty and for an extension of the Permanent Settlement; of a Parliamentary Grant to India, and of Popular Education in India; and both letters open with certain reflections on the growing tendency among a section of the educated Native community to vilify British rule in India, the conclusion arrived at by the writer being that, while educational reform on the lines advocated by Sir John Strachey would help to remove the bitter feeling which is at the root of this tendency, it is the solution of the "bread problem" that offers the only complete remedy for it. That problem, he adds, "can only be solved by the educated classes turning their attention more to developing the resources of the country," and, while education may do much in this direction, "the active co-operation of the Government in other respects is indispensable."

On none of the subjects with which the letters deal, do they contain anything that is new, or has not been often said before.

The main object of the Government, the writer holds, should be to increase the food supply of the people. For this purpose, while not neglecting extension of irrigation and railways, to which efforts have hitherto been almost entirely confined, it should spend money freely on agricultural improvement, which it has hitherto starved, and on the development of manufactures, towards which it has so far done little or nothing; while

it should also take more active measures for the relief of congested districts by emigration. Both for the improvement of agriculture and for the development of manufactures the first step necessary is the organisation of distinct departments officered by experts. At present, he says, instead of having competent men able to give their undivided attention to the work, attempts are made to get information through Divisional Officers and Tahsildars, overburdened with their own duties. . . . In Madras the same officer is 'Commissioner of Revenue Settlement and Director of Land Records and Agriculture.' It is impossible for the last to receive sufficient attention, while it also requires a special training. Men of ability and experience are wanted entirely devoted to agriculture and manufactures. We have in England Presidents of the Board of Trade and Agriculture, and most enlightened Governments have corresponding officers. Much more are they needed in India.

Dr. Murdoch is further strongly of opinion that the Government should revert to the system under which the State in ancient times acted as the ryot's banker ; and this, he is of opinion, it could best do by the extension to agriculture generally of a system of advances through a special department, like that now followed in the case of opium cultivation in Upper India. There are two points of importance, however, in this connexion, which he seems to us to overlook. One is that the relations between the State and the ryot under Native rule differed widely in many respects from those which exist at present, or which would be possible under British rule ; and the other is the enormous quantity of capital that would be required to enable the Government to become the banker of some two hundred millions of people the great majority of whom require financing, not merely to enable them to cultivate their holdings, but to enable them to subsist while the crop is in the ground.

Dr. Murdoch is a strong opponent of the reduction of the salt tax, on the ground that, in the interests of the country the revenue is imperatively required, and that no other means can be devised of raising it that would not be attended by greater injustice and hardship. "Exclusive of railway receipts," he says, "salt is the most productive tax next to land revenue, amounting to nearly nine crores a year. Its incidence was estimated by the Famine Commission at 5 annas per head a year, or 5 pies (=  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) a month. This is the only *imperative* tax upon a landless labourer. As Sir H. S. Cunningham remarks : 'He is no doubt a very poor man, but his poverty can scarcely be said to be grievously enhanced by the exactions of the State.' In the interests of the poor, it has been suggested

that the ' Salt Tax ' should be largely reduced. The objection to this is that, in attempting to relieve the poor, the income would be lost from the much larger proportion that can afford to pay. How would the sacrifice of four or five crores of revenue be made good ? The outcry does not come from the people themselves, but from Western theorists. In 1896 an able-bodied agricultural labourer in the Madras Presidency earned, on an average, Rs. 5-15 per month. If the tax were reduced one half, the saving would be only 2½ ples per month—about a farthing, while 4½ crores would be lost to the country to be employed for the good of the people. The amelioration of the labourer's lot must come from another quarter."

This is unanswerable, as long as it is assumed that the money raised is properly expended. The real hardship is that so large a portion of it is wasted upon unproductive enterprises which the country cannot afford.

Dr. Murdoch also pronounces emphatically against the principle of a Permanent Settlement of the Land Revenue, entering into the subject at considerable length, and he advocates a Parliamentary grant to England on grounds of both justice and humanity ; reduction of military expenditure, educational reform and mass education on a large scale.

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*A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age.* By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, PH. D., D. D., WASHBURN, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York : Edinburgh T. and J. CLARK, 38, George Street. 1897.

WHETHER as regards matter or style, Dr. McGiffert's work is eminently worthy of the great subject with which it deals. As a study of Christianity and its development before the Church, it leaves little to be desired. The author's method is sufficiently described in the Preface, in which he says : " It has been my endeavour in writing a history of Christianity in the Apostolic Age, to treat the theme as a unit, and to trace the development so far as possible in its totality. The volume necessarily contains much that falls properly within the province of special works upon New Testament literature, exegesis, or theology ; for the Apostolic Age is the age of the New Testament, and in the pages of the latter are found the thoughts and deeds of the leading actors in the history. But it has been my constant aim to subordinate all such special subjects to the common end, and to deal with them only in so far as they constitute a vital part of the larger whole."

The most interesting portion of the work is, perhaps, the writer's account of the Christianity and work of Paul. The following passage regarding the conversion of the great

Apostle of the Gentiles will convey a good idea of his style. After commenting on the statement regarding its cause and nature made by Paul himself in Gal. i, 12 *et seq.*, he says : " Paul, therefore, believed that at a particular period of his life the risen Christ appeared to him, and to that appearance he owed his Christian faith. In order to understand what such an appearance must mean " ( ? have meant ) " to him, and what effect it must have " ( ? have had ) " upon him, it is necessary to acquaint ourselves as fully as possible with his state of mind at the time the great event took place, and to enquire whether he had been in any way prepared for it by his previous experience.

The Galatian passage shows that Paul conceived of his conversion to Christianity as a sudden and abrupt event, as a transformation effected not by the influence or instruction of men, but by the direct interposition and sole agency of God. The passage also apparently excludes the idea that his conversion was the result of a gradual change in his own mind, or the consummation of a process beginning with doubts and fears as to the truth of the Christians claims, and as to the wisdom and justice of his own course of action and terminating in his final decision to accept Christianity. Such a gradual process seems to be ruled out by his own statements. He was at any rate not conscious before the critical moment came at any leaning toward the new faith, or of any lack of decision and determination in his attitude of hostility. The event seemed to him absolutely sudden and unheralded ; at one moment he was the determined enemy of Jesus, at the next he was his disciple. Nevertheless, though it is clear that Paul thus pictured his conversion, there can be no doubt that his experience had been such, not as to effect, but certainly to prepare him for, the change. Such a transformation necessitates some preparation : without it the event is psychologically inconceivable. The preparation need not be direct, but some preparation there must be. What it actually was, we may learn from Rom. vii. 7 sq., a passage which is evidently a leaf out of Paul's own experience before his conversion. It is clear from that passage that, zealous as Paul was in his observance of the Jewish law, and blameless as his conduct was when measured by an external standard, he had become conscious that all his efforts to attain true righteousness were a complete failure. When this consciousness forced itself upon him we do not know, but it was evidently the result of his perception of the fact, which was entirely overlooked by the majority of his contemporaries, and may have been long overlooked by Paul himself, that inner as well as outer sins, sins of the heart as well as of deed, were forbidden by the law ; that the Tenth

Commandment made covetousness and lust a crime, even though the lust or the covetousness never manifested itself in acts of sensuality or of dishonesty. . . . Though he apparently knew nothing as yet about Jesus' teaching, he had reached the principle of which Jesus had made so much, that all external observance of the law is worthless unless it is based upon obedience of the heart."

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*Corleone*: A Tale of Sicily. By Marion Crawford. Macmillan and Company, London and New York.

THE further we advance in Marion Crawford's wild story of Sicilian life and follow the exciting adventures of the principal characters, the more are we inclined to exclaim with Don Orsino, the hero, "such things are not done in a civilised country in the nineteenth century." "As for the brigands, everyone laughs at that sort of thing now-a-days. They belong to the comic opera." But we have too much confidence in the writer's general accuracy and intimate knowledge of the countries he describes to suspect him of playing on our credulity, or of introducing into his tale glaring anachronisms for the mere sake of sensational effect. We take it, then, that however civilised and law-abiding Italy may now have become, in Sicily, at all events, the brigand is by no means to be laughed at, but still makes himself a terror to peaceful citizens, and occasionally rouses people to a sense of their obligation to ransom a relative by sending them an ominous reminder in the form of a severed finger or ear. That the *Mafia*, which is the embodiment, so to speak, of "the resistance which the whole Sicilian people oppose to all kinds of government and authority" is still a living force; and that *Vendetta* still keeps its hold on the masses to the extent that they will perjure themselves to send an innocent man to the galleys—even though he may have rendered them a service—rather than forego their vengeance on his race. The man who is not prepared to avenge a member of his own family, or even his own countryman, is counted as a coward, but one, nevertheless, who must be protected, at all costs, from the hated foreigner. The Sicilian, it seems, is not only a good hater, but he is a good curser, and when thoroughly roused could give points to an Arab camel driver. In his gentler oburgatory moods, when driving obstinate cattle, for instance, his flow of forcible language recalls that of his Indian *confrère* under similar circumstances. "May they slay you! May your vitals be torn out! May you be blinded! Curse you! Curse your fathers and mothers and whoever made you. Curse the souls of your dead, your double dead and your extra dead, and the souls of all



horses yet to be born!" screams the Sicilian coachman as he belabours his skinny horses, and, when expostulated with, justifies his abuse on the ground that, as their bodies are but "straw and water"—"bones and air," the beasts can be approached only through their souls. "There are their souls, you see, so I speak to them, and they understand." The horses themselves, too, would seem to be no better or worse physically than the Indian tat, and they are apparently equally sensitive to bad language.

We meet in the story some old friends who will be familiar to readers of Marion Crawford's Italian tales, but the book is quite free from that suspicion of level monotony which at one time threatened to make his Roman nobles a trifle tedious. Although we have encountered many of them before, we do so now under such fresh and exciting circumstances that our interest never for a moment flags, and we are held by the power and the amount of incident to the last page of the book.

So romantic and out of the ordinary is the general atmosphere of *Corleone* that the introduction of Miss Lizzie Slayback, the American heiress, seems to us somehow to strike a slightly false note, which probably accounts for the fact that she impresses us as being the least convincing person in the tale. She seems to belong almost to another world than that in which the poor bereaved Concetta, and the brilliant singer, Aliendra Basili, move and have their being. Those who know Marion Crawford's works do not need to be told that the style is picturesque and effective. In the matter of plot and strong situations *Corleone* is equal to any thing she has written.

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*Helbeck of Bannisdale.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. MacMillan and Company, London.

IN her latest book Mrs. Humphry Ward has returned to her first love and seeks once more to interest her readers in the contest between agnosticism and dogmatic belief. Whether *Helbeck of Bannisdale* will achieve the success which attended *Robert Elsmere* is, we think, very doubtful. The novelty of religious controversy disguised as fiction has worn off, and there is little in the story itself to attract those who read novels for amusement and like their serious reading in another form. There is nothing amusing in this story of the mutual struggle of the devout, fanatical Catholic, and the girl who has been brought up as a free thinker, against their growing love for each other. It is, at best, a dreary one, albeit relieved now and again by a telling bit of description or a swift touch of pathos. In no other of her books, perhaps, are Mrs. Ward's salient characteristics so conspicuous as in this.

She is at her worst and at her best in it. There are, on the one hand, the long wearisome pages filled with colourless conversations, moralisings and explanations, unrelieved by either humour or brilliancy. On the other, vivid pieces of word-painting, as when she describes the Westmoreland woods, or powerful descriptive passages, as when she tells of the accident at the iron works at Froswick. In spite, however, of these rare purple patches, the story drags, and its general atmosphere is touched with gloom from the moment when the heroine is made welcome at Bannisdale till her—as it seems to us—unnecessarily tragic end. Whether due to some fault in ourselves or to some failure on the author's part, the characters do not in any way lay hold of our affections. The Squire of Bannisdale, who gives the title to the book, is no doubt intended to be a striking personality, but somehow he fails to interest us greatly; while Laura Fountain, the heroine, almost deprives herself of the sympathy which should be her due by her excessive waywardness and her apparent determination to compromise herself with her worthless young cousin, for no reason that we can discover beyond what the Americans call "cussedness."

Of the minor characters, the weak and invertebrate Mrs. Fountain, Laura's stepmother, is perhaps the most natural, as she is the most harmless. The rest are more or less unpleasant, with the exception of the Friedland family, of whom we see hardly enough. There is marked evidence of care in all that Mrs. Humphry Ward writes—the smell of the lamp is sometimes almost painfully obtrusive—and the result to the reader is not only a certain sense of monotony, but a quickening of the ear towards any slip or falling off in the evenness of her style. In *Helbeck of Bannisdale* she shows a disposition to fall into set phrases which have apparently so captured her brain that they slip off her pen unconsciously. We should be afraid to say how many times, for instance, the principal characters "stare" at each other when under the influence of their emotions—Laura being especially given to this somewhat ill-bred form of expressing her feelings, and it becomes in time a little tiresome. There are one or two other instances of the same failing, which, trifling as it may seem, is one to be guarded against, as tending to destroy that sense of spontaneity which is one of the chief charms of a well told tale.

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*The Forest Lovers.* By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Company, London.

**M**AURICE HEWLETT'S book is so good in its way that we cannot help wishing that it had been even better. It is unfortunately marred, here and there, by little affectations

of style, which, designed, we presume, to create a sense of reality, act in an opposite manner by diverting the attention of the reader from the story to its writer. But these blemishes are few and are not likely to detract seriously from the pleasure which lovers of the old romantic class of fiction will derive from following the varied fortunes of the persecuted but much sought heroine. It is a mediæval romance of the days of chivalry, when knights rode forth in search of adventure and seldom rode in vain. The author tells us that "blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland vales; dogs, wolves, deer, and man, Beauty and the Beasts will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment. When you have read the *Explicit*, if you have laboured so far, you will know something of Moregraunt Forest and the Countess Isabel."

And his readers have certainly no cause to complain that he does not keep his promise. Prosper le gai, a young Norman knight, hot-headed, self-satisfied, and at the outset, a bit of a prig, but valiant and honourable withal, goes out into the world full of lust for blood, but recking nothing at all of love. So little concern, indeed, does he give to that important factor in mens lives that he is ready to marry the first distressed Maiden he comes across, to save her from the gallows or worse. That she is beautiful in a wild sort of way is a mere accident in his favour. He would apparently have married her all the same had she been as ill-favoured as her reputed mother, Mald, the witch of the Moor. From the time when he so unceremoniously makes Isoult la Desirous his wife, only to pop her immediately into a convent, to keep her, as he thinks, out of harm's way, to the time when he finds himself in love with her and restores her to her real mother, we are led through a labyrinth of complications, adventures, and misadventures which should satisfy the most ardent advocate of exciting incident. Never surely, even in the middle ages, did an injured woman go through so many trials in so short a space of time, or so undeservedly, as Isoult la Desirous; and she is a striking contrast to the heroine usually met with in modern fiction. Her only idea of love is service, and her loyalty, devotion and patience under the most terrible ordeals would certainly excite the vehement scorn of the "new woman" and her adherents. At times it almost seems as if there were some hidden allegory intended by the writer, but if so, it is hidden to such purpose that it eludes us. On the surface, the tale is wild, fantastic and charming and will be welcomed by many readers as a pleasing relief from the morbid realism of which we have had such a surfeit of late.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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